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CASTLE LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

AS priest and knight were the typical figures, so castle and cathedral were the landmarks of the Middle Ages.

That epoch of disintegration and reintegration beginning with the fall of the Roman Empire and merging itself in the Renascence was a complicated one. There was a confusion of struggling states and tiny provinces, each capped with a coronet which might swell into a crown or lapse into nothing :—a medley vague and romantic to us (though vital enough to contemporaries) of men and things which we find to-day in the miniatures of old missals, or preciously preserved in museums. The very name of the Middle Ages suggests a thousand pictures of narrow-streeted cities crowded with quaint gables, where armored knights, long-gowned burgesses, and ladies with tall head-dresses walked grotesque and splendid, or of pinnacled castles on impossible heights, where portcullises and drawbridges were the commonplaces of daily life, and the now rusted swords struck each other into brightness.

We stand in the darkness of twisting tower staircases and peer through loopholes at the outer light. The tapers shine again in the colored gloom of the chapel, where the patron saint in the jewelled armor of the stained window looks upon the steel-clad suppliant at the altar; fierce eyes flash at us through barred visors, or from black cowls of inquisitorial monks; and in the dungeon underground, justice with axe and block and scarlet executioner stands in the shadow of the torture chamber. We think of a time when there were plague and famine, pageants and monster feasts; when men drank their wine by hogsheads and roasted oxen whole, or starved in their harried fields; when death walked abroad on the Roman roads, ambushed in the forest, and swooped down from the mountains; and when men, unglutted by all this slaughter, invited it to their holidays and rode out to meet it at the tourna-

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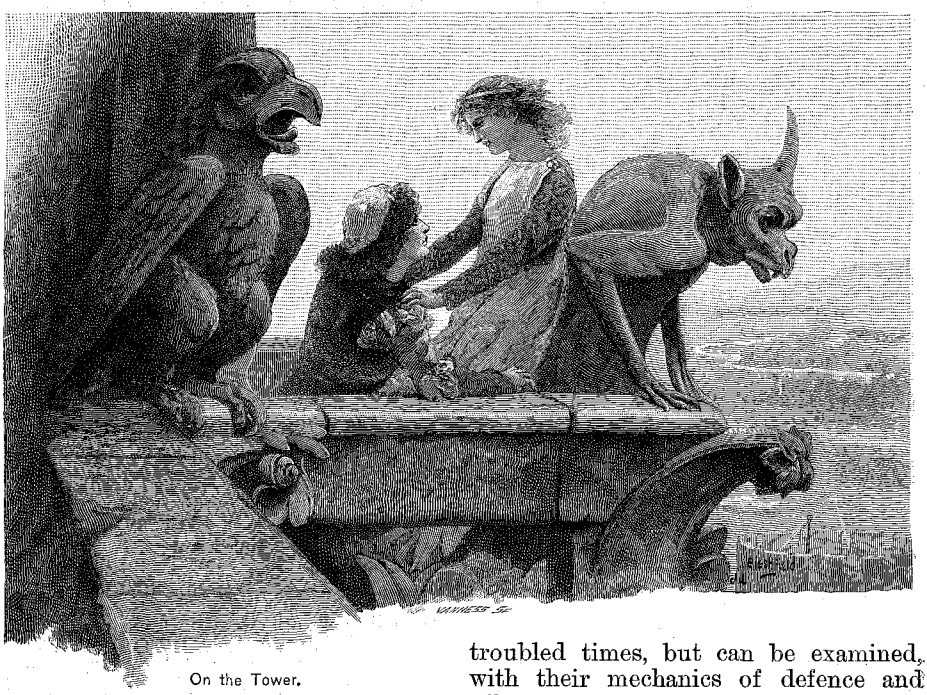
ment. Or we turn from the more sombre side of the Middle Ages to a kind of romantic dreamland. The king, always a king of clubs in those hard-hitting



On the Tower.

times, wears his crown daily, and the whole pack of court cards follows him in parti-colored splendor. The world is topsy-turvy, queens nurse beggars, warriors turn hermits, the robber is always generous, and the officer of justice always gets a drubbing. We fling whole purses of gold, never less, to our commoner whom we call yeoman or churl, as we wish him well or ill; while our hero, who is sure to be a foundling and a king's son, with muscles of iron under armor of steel, rides down armies. The horn blows from the castle watch-tower, and Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, followed by a long procession, from the seven champions of Christendom of our Boys' Books to the grave heroes of Froissart, ride through a chaotically picturesque dream.

But upon examination this romantic world becomes real; the two glittering pyramids of bishops and knights, with pope and emperor at either apex, separate into units of intense personality; the tapestries come to life; the carved furniture tells of growing crafts; the castles are no longer unsubstantial wonders outlined against the sky of troubled times, but can be examined, with their mechanics of defence and offence, as so many posts on the road of evolution. The master enchanters of fiction are followed by the scientific inquirer; and upon the pages of romancer and historian alike, of Green and Freeman and Viollet-le-Duc, as well as of Scott and Reade and Kingsley, we see clearly through all the bloodshed and chaos that the great gift of the Middle Ages to the world was *Individuality*—the *Sense of Personal Responsibility.*

A complete system of fortification existed in antiquity, beginning in the East; but the true castle builders came from the North. As far back as the time when the barbarians hung up in their huts the spoils of Varro's legions we can find the germinal idea of the feudal domain in the assertion of Tacitus that the Teutons loved to dwell apart, and even in villages kept wide spaces between their houses. When the frontiers of the Roman Empire disappeared like a new Jericho before the trumpets of the Barbarians, the Frank watching

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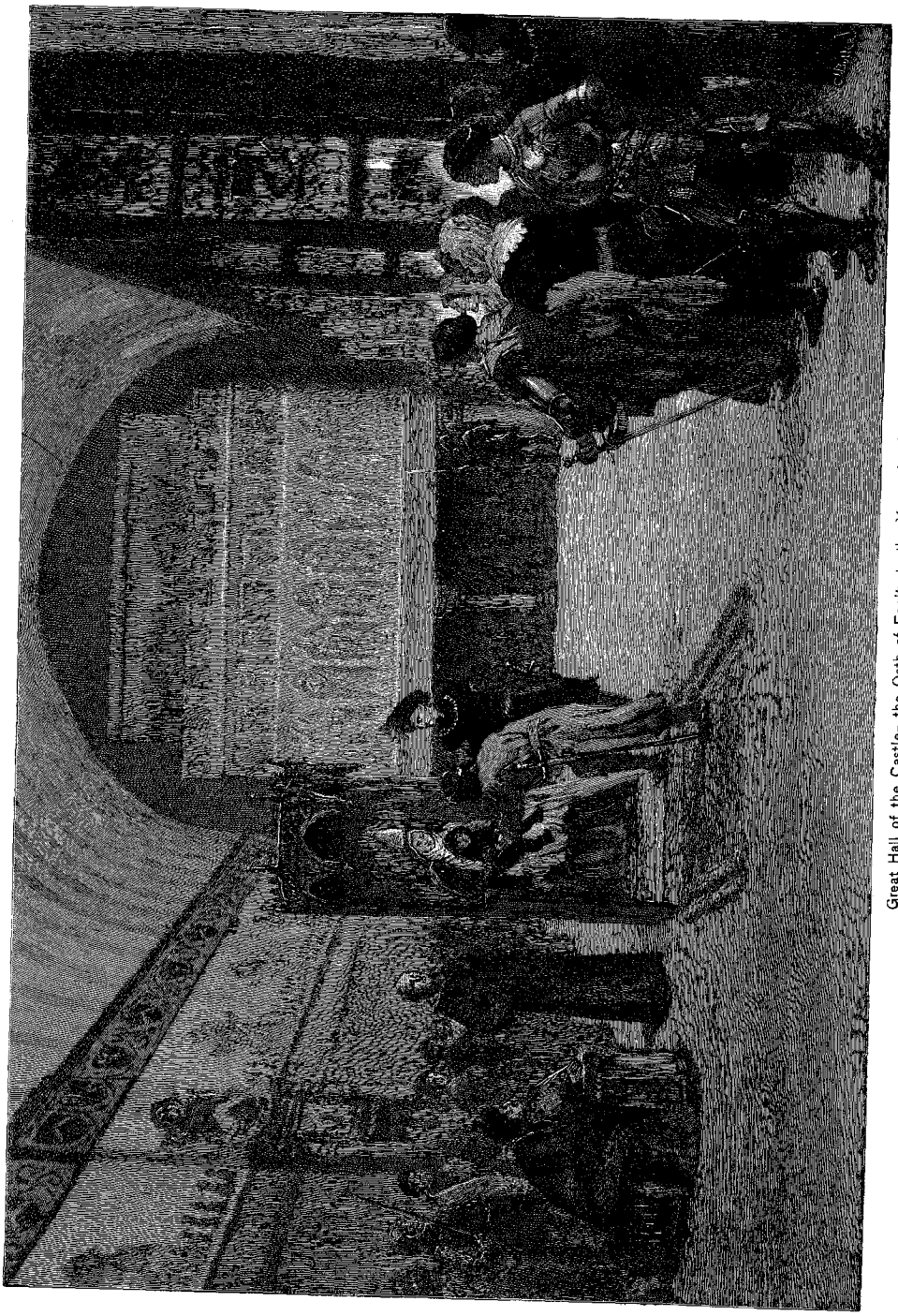

Great Hall of the Castle—the Oath of Fealty to the Young Lord.

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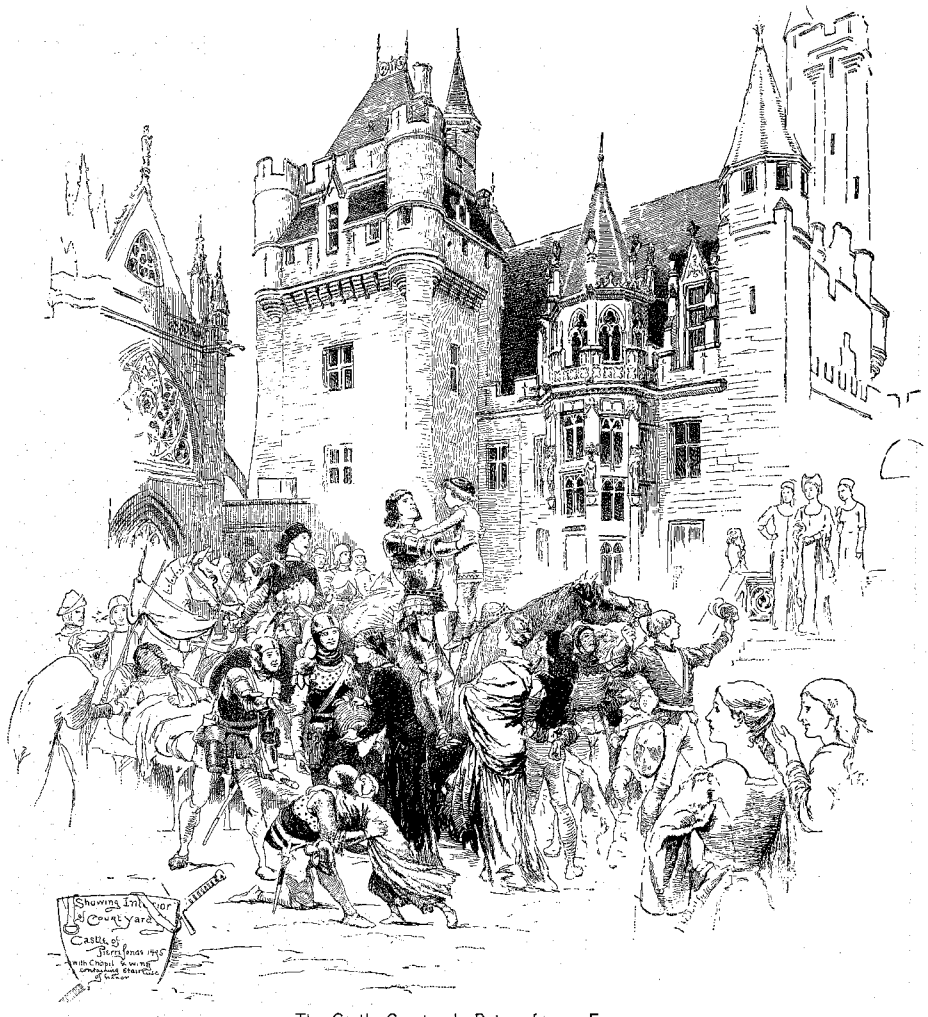

The Castle Courtyard– Return from a Foray.

the sack of Soissons, or the Saxon riding into Silchester or York, looked with curious interest at the Roman villas, and found them well suited to his purpose.

Thus the first feudal chateau or castle became not a Roman castellum, but, as Viollet-le-Duc says, rather "a villa provided with defences;" the wooden dwelling of the lord arose in the centre, neither very high nor very large, and about it clustered the dependents in low out-buildings behind the general stockade. The Clovises and Canutes sat upon the marble tribunes of Roman basilicas or palaces, and Charlemagne laid hands on the columns at Ravenna and brought them to his palace; but the greatest counts and jarls, when they built upon their domains, set up low thatch-roofed manors. At about the second half of the tenth century the true castle building epoch commenced; and even while Charlemagne was admiring the Greek ornaments of his Ingelheim palace, the fathers of the mightiest makers of strongholds were pushing out their narrow boats from the Norwegian fjords and sailing up the Seine and the Loire. Every man's hand was against these pirates, and the Normans took up sword and mattock at once to defend their positions and to keep the rivers, the natural inlets of France, open to their oncoming northern brethren.

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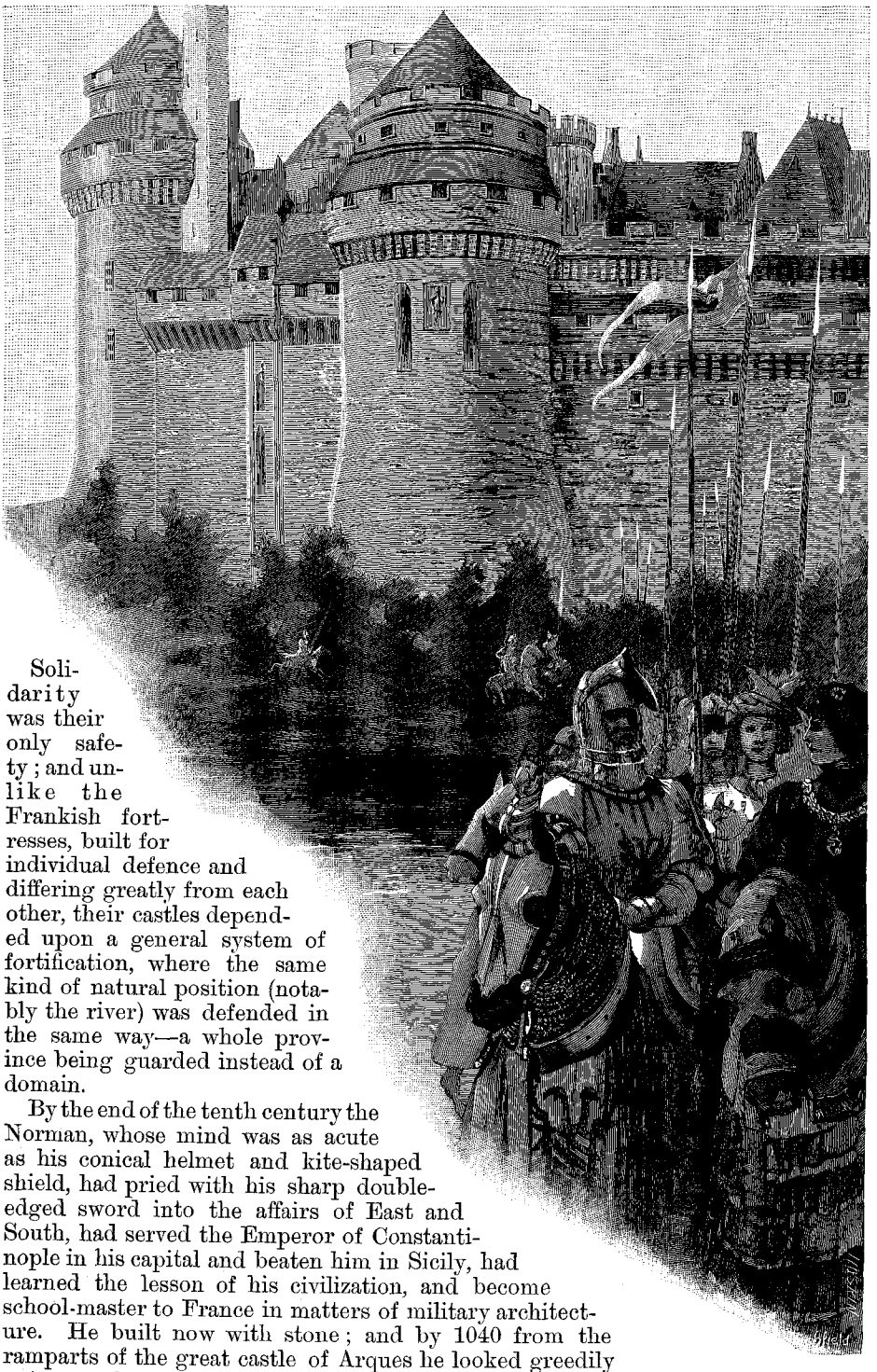

One End of Castle of Pierrefonds.

Solidarity was their only safety; and unlike the Frankish fortresses, built for individual defence and differing greatly from each other, their castles depended upon a general system of fortification, where the same kind of natural position (notably the river) was defended in the same way—a whole province being guarded instead of a domain.

By the end of the tenth century the Norman, whose mind was as acute as his conical helmet and kite-shaped shield, had pried with his sharp double-edged sword into the affairs of East and South, had served the Emperor of Constantinople in his capital and beaten him in Sicily, had learned the lesson of his civilization, and become school-master to France in matters of military architecture. He built now with stone; and by 1040 from the ramparts of the great castle of Arques he looked greedily out upon the Channel toward the green island whose earls

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On the Ramparts.

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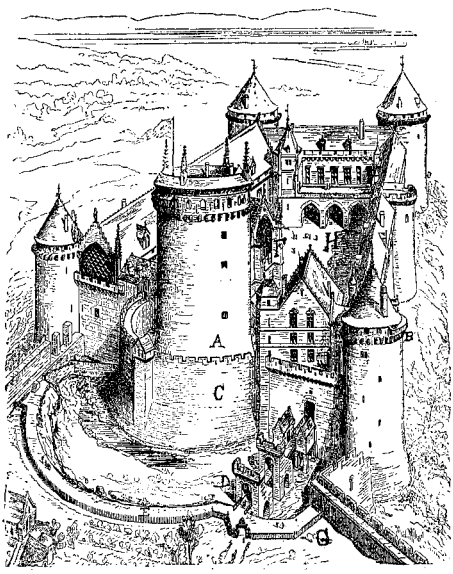
had only wood and earth to oppose to his masonry. Wood and earth indeed had been the materials of the successors of Charlemagne and Rollo and Alfred, but by the second half of the tenth century the Normans began to use more solid materials.

For a long time the keep or donjon, the house of the Dominus, was the only portion strongly fortified. There lived the lord and lady, and there the garrison retreated as soon as a serious attack had carried the stockade or outer wall. The keep had an interior courtyard, was high, thick-walled, gloomy, and provisioned for a siege. Throughout the Middle Ages it was the dominant mass of the castle, like the knight sitting on horseback among his men; but its relative importance gradually diminished till it was only a part of a general system of defence, and was surrounded by a brotherhood of towers, little less mighty than itself. William the Conqueror covered England with castles; but he had only time to raise the donjon keeps, with slight outworks, for in that wasps' nest of Saxons and Danes fighting for life and liberty, he was in haste to get his Normans and Angevins behind thick walls and in safety from their stings, and

the weapons of the natives were but little else against his masonry. So Newcastle frowned upon Tyne, Rochester upon Medway, the White Tower on Thames; and scores of others rose, each one a visible seal of slavery, a great shackle-bolt in the chain of the Norman.* By the time of William's grandsons, the keep was but the principal member of a group of towers. "How fair she is, my year-old daughter," said Richard Plantagenet, looking upon his famous Château-Gaillard, whose ruins are still reflected in the Seine near Rouen, and which, though built almost by ruse and in mortal haste against his rival, Philip Augustus, proves the King to have been much more than the knight errant of the "Talisman;" showing him rather a far-seeing strategist and great military architect, "perhaps the first to subordinate mere thickness of wall to the importance of flanking towers."

But to picture the mediæval castle fully, one or two typical structures must be chosen. Coucy in France, near Noyon, and Pierrefonds near Compiègne are admirable examples, the latter restored from moat to watch-tower summit, and the former carefully studied by that greatest of authorities Viollet-le-Duc.



Restored View of the Chateau of Coucy, from Viollet-le-Duc.

A, The Donjon; B, Hourds; C, the "Chemise du Donjon," or second protecting wall; D, the Barbican; E, the Outer Stockade; F, the Chapel; G, the Lower Court, or Outer Ballium; H, the Castle Courtyard.

* William worked upon seventeen castles almost contemporaneously.

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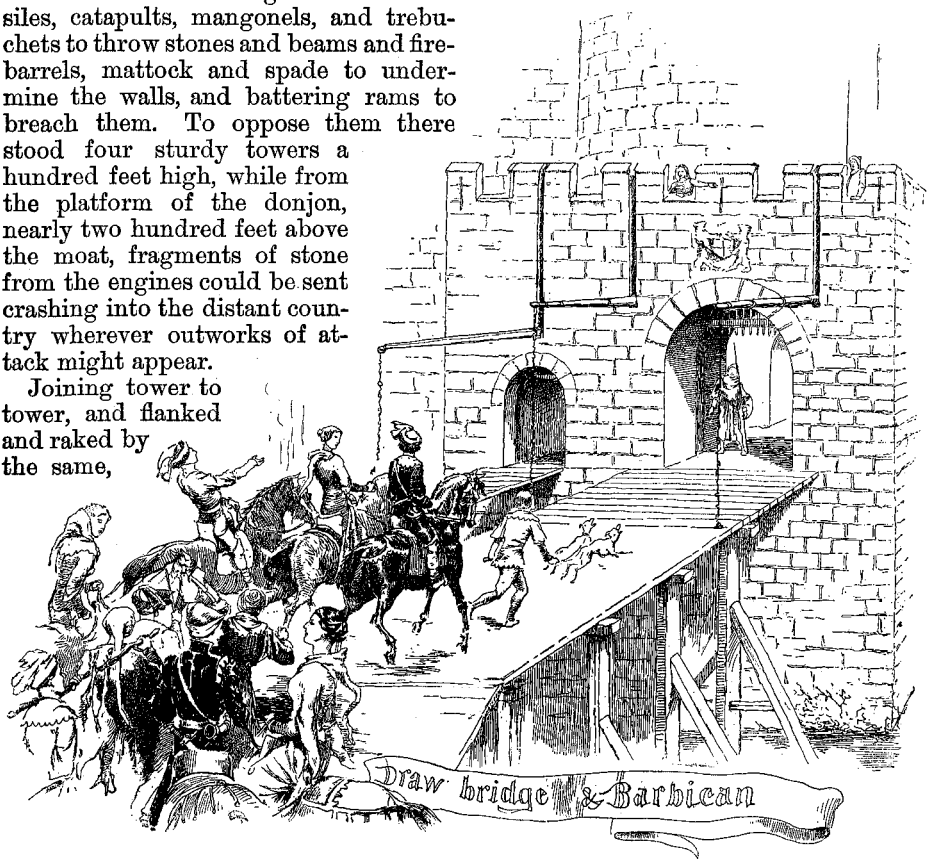
About 1225, when Louis IX., called the Saint, reigned in France, Enguerrand III., Lord of Coucy, and most powerful vassal of the crown, built him a castle so great that it has remained the typical feudal dwelling.* Let us consider broadly what necessities it had to meet. First it should contain the apartments of the lord and his family, for daily life went on, and one could not always be at war even in those troubled times; next it should hold a garrison and provision for the same; lastly the enemy was to be kept out and if possible at a distance.

This enemy, in the thirteenth century, had cross-bolts and long arrows for missiles, catapults, mangonels, and trebuchets to throw stones and beams and fire-barrels, mattock and spade to undermine the walls, and battering rams to breach them. To oppose them there stood four sturdy towers a hundred feet high, while from the platform of the donjon, nearly two hundred feet above the moat, fragments of stone from the engines could be sent crashing into the distant country wherever outworks of attack might appear.

Joining tower to tower, and flanked and raked by the same,



were the curtains or walls of stone affording a patrol walk, a means of communication between the towers and lined with battlements;† piercing each battlement was a loop-hole, narrow on the outside, splaying widely within; and behind each loop-hole stood an archer watching for the glint of armor among the trees, or waiting for the enemy to step for a moment from behind the mantelet. Soon it was found that the patrol walk was needed for manœuvres, that the platforms of the towers were crowded by the engines and the heaps of missiles; beams were therefore set in the walls outside the battlements, and roofed wooden pent-houses, called hourds, were constructed; the archer stepping out between the crenelations found himself quite covered and could fire with more ease, and the patrol walk was left free.

So much for keeping the enemy at a

* The towers at Coucy are 35 metres high and 18 in diameter; the donjon is 65 metres high from moat to summit, and 31 metres in diameter.

† Rockingham Castle has its alures, or patrol walks on the walls (from old French *alleiors*) battlemented even upon the inner side. Most early English donjons are square, as Norwich, Rising, etc. Arundel, Windsor, Lincoln, Durham, and some others are round.

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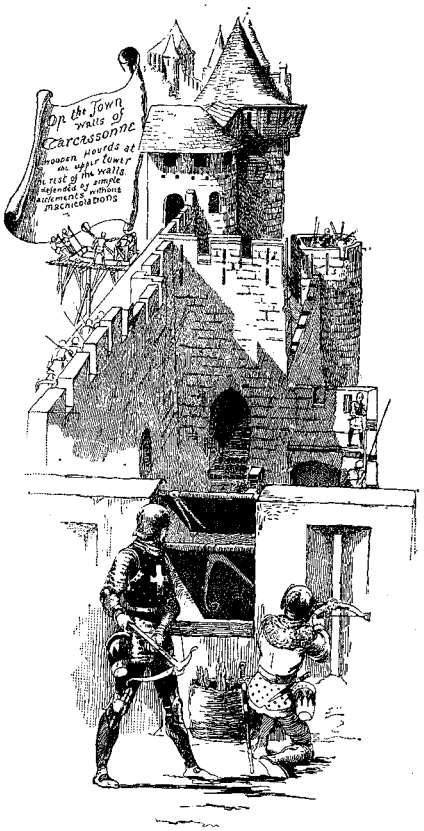
distance; at closer quarters the gates were the main point of attack. At the first approach of danger, the draw-bridge swung up * and the portcullis of grating slid down in its grooves, so that the enemy if they got so far found before them a wide water-filled moat, a blank wall, and but one opening grinning at them with iron teeth. If they were desperate and fortunate enough to force moat and portcullis, they found a second grating, and heavy doors shod with iron; if axe and fire destroyed these, the assailants rushed into a long narrow vaulted passage, to be overwhelmed with stones dropped through machicolations or open spaces in the roof, by soldiers stationed in the room above. Meanwhile if the cat approached the walls, and under its roof of thatch and hides the battering ram struck the masonry, shaking it and opening wide cracks, men † kneeling above at similar machicolations or openings between the battlements dropped stones, shot fire arrows, poured boiling oil, and the castle spat its venom from a hundred mouths. It was almost impossible to take such a building by assault, and a year's provisions, with a spring of fresh water inside the walls, enabled it to defy any but a long siege.

If the postern or sally-port (a small gate at a level with the moat) was attacked, gratings and doors again had to be forced, and the assailants at last emerging upon a kind of blind alley, between the donjon and a second inner wall that protected it, were crushed by missiles from one hundred and eighty feet above or destroyed by the guard of the inner wall. Did the enemy attempt to mine, the castle pioneers posted in a subterranean gallery at the foot of the walls listened for the sound of the pick and countermined. No wonder that the possessors of these "inexpugnable castles built even at the very steps of the throne" felt themselves secure, and whether provocation had been given through petulance or malice, were tolerably sure to obtain at least a compromise.

* Sometimes in case of surprise and pursuit there was quick work, as when in the fifteenth century Julius the Second with his train rattled over the drawbridge at Civita Castellana, and springing from their mules, purple pope and red cardinals pulled at the ropes like so many bell-ringers, raising the planks just as Colonna's horsemen rode up.

† The general use of machicolations somewhat postdates the building of Coucy.

From the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth Europe rang as loudly with the mason's trowel as with the sword. This simultaneous growth of castles is an historical phenomenon. Everywhere they were a menace to king



and people. The Normans planted them upon each English river, in France they towered over plain and forest, in Swabia they crowned every hill-top, and in the north they began their perpetual "watch on the Rhine." But from 1240 to 1360, comparatively few French chateaux were built; gentlemen by hundreds had mortgaged their territories for the arms and horses of their followers, and had swept eastward upon the great wave of the crusades, to leave armor and life under the walls of Ascalon or in the Delta of the Nile, while the grand vassals who afterward absorbed their domains were broken by St. Louis.

On the other side of the Channel the barons were powerful, but under Ed-

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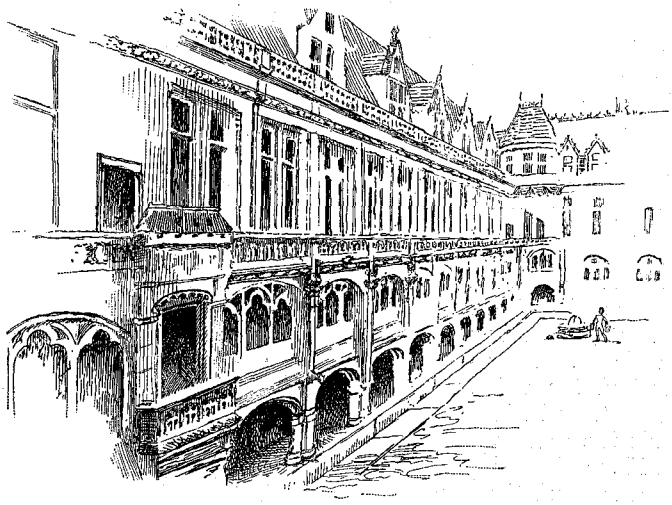
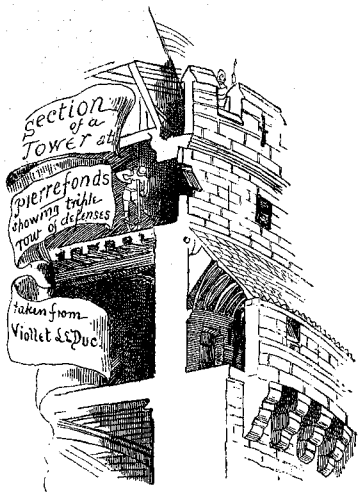
ward I. the England from which we spring was beginning to form, and in France the king and people grew yearly.



Façade of the Great Hall, fronting on the Courtyard. Pierrefonds.

Art, which for centuries had worn the monk's frock, now stepping forth from the convent doorway, put off cowl and scapulary, and slipping on the mason's tunic walked straight to the gates of the city, where the rising cathedral spires soon pointed upward toward a freer atmosphere. Between the king whom he longed to defy and the people whom he despised, the lord sat at home, made his chapel more splendid, painted his walls with legend and story, listened to the jongleurs, and watched the ladies embroider, but, for all that, gnawed his fingers in despite at the peace which turned escalader and thief, since the quiet times robbed him of half his revenues, and ennui mounted his walls in defiance of crossbolt or catapult. The hundred years' war with England gave the French chivalry a new lease of life, and Pierrefonds is the type of the later chateau: built at the end of the fourteenth century, blown up under Louis XIII. in 1617, and restored in every detail by Viollet-le-Duc, it is one of the most remarkable objects in Europe.

Coucy was a fortress with habitable rooms; Pierrefonds, outcome of a more luxurious nobility, was a fortress palace, what Leland called in his itinerary "a castel with loggyns." Every castle was a labyrinth—a labyrinth to the armored minotaur who, as suzerain, devoured villages and towns. The mediæval tactics of defence necessitated this complication, but in the thirteenth century the garrison was sometimes caught in its own toils. The network of passages and staircases prevented free movement, and it was captured before there was time to utilize its resources. Duguesclin with his ruses and escalades pointed out the weak spot, and a dozen burning castles were so many warning beacons to the barons. The mercenaries were unsure troops; treason might occur; it was therefore desirable that each post should be isolated and yet capable of communicating with all the others. Pierrefonds fills every condition: an entering enemy might lose himself hopelessly even if no



one opposed him, so many are the blind alleys, bottomless staircases, gaps in floors, and unexpected doors; and yet the officers who knew their way could lead the defenders rapidly from point to

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Return from the Baptism. The Tower Stair.

point.* Though the castle held its head no higher in 1395 than in 1225, it had grown to be a high-shouldered affair. The engines had become more powerful, and to better avoid their projectiles, as well as to shelter the tall buildings in the courtyard, the curtains of Pierrefonds rose almost to the level of the towers, eight mighty Promachi, bearing the names of warriors historic or legendary, Cæsar and Charlemagne, Alexander and Hector, Godfrey and Arthur, Joshua and Judas Maccabæus, each having up-

* Three hundred men could defend Pierrefonds: sixty to each grand front, forty to each lesser front. Three thousand besiegers could easily be resisted by three hundred defenders.

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on its front the statue of its eponymous hero. Instead of the single line of defences at Coucy, the curtains of Pierrefonds have a double row, battlements and loop-holes at the upper line, the same with the addition of machicolations at the lower, while the towers wear about their shoulders a triple necklace of parapets. Such is Pierrefonds, massive and portentous, so individual that it seems almost a thinking organism, hydra-headed with its eight towers, belted with moat and battlement, calling defiance from its bells, ready to strike from its thousand loop-holes, overawing a whole province in its day.

The modern visitor may not hope to find upon its newly quarried white stone the time-stained, ivy-covered loveliness of many an English or Rhenish castle. But the latter are ruined or changed by habitation, since no one could now endure the gloom of a feudal dwelling, while Pierrefonds is just as it was when Louis of Orleans, in 1395, thought that the would-be regent of France, in managing the affairs of his insane king and brother, needed strong castles for himself.

As the huge mass rises above the trees our first impression is of inaccessibility. How could one get either into or out of such a pile? Below is a blank, forbidding mass of masonry; above is the dominance of threatening embattled summits, behind which the skyline is fantastic with a host of pointed tower tops, vanes, weather-cocks, and statues. At the foot of the walls is a castle in miniature, with curtains and turrets, looking a toy beside the other, yet this is the first entrance, the chatelet or barbican, the tiny throat of the whale. Behind the barbican and defended by it is the drawbridge, heavy enough to give passage to a squadron, light enough to be raised by a single soldier; under it flowed the moat, now dry, while between the foot of the walls and a stockade lining the inner edge of the moat were the lists, a patrol walk surrounding the castle. After the drawbridge comes the gate, and in another part of the walls the postern, narrow and low, mere mouse holes in the masonry and behind which descended the iron cat's claw of the portcullis. High above is the first line of defences, the crenelations or openings between the merlons of the battlements resembling the ports of a man-of-war. Over them ap-

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pears their sloping slated roof, for in the fourteenth century the inflammable wooden hourds were replaced by corbelled parapets of stone, well covered and forming an integral part of the slender watch-towers shoot far into the air. From their tops men look like flies, and indeed the besiegers seem to have been flies to walk up walls, fish to swim the moat, moles to mine, and tortoises

The Knighting of Jourdain by Oriabel.*
(From the poem of "Jourdain de Blaivies.")

structure. At intervals rise the demi-cylindrical masses of Arthur and Judas and their six companions, while from the sides of Charlemagne and Cæsar two

* Instead of being knighted by bishop, priest, or lord, the youth sometimes received the accolade from the hands of a young girl.

unmindful of missiles, when we read the story of such a siege as the taking of Château-Gaillard in 1204 by Philip Augustus; the wildest romance is not stranger than the drily told chronicle.

Once the door and its corridor are passed and the interior of the castle is

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gained, all changes: a wide courtyard opens; there are columns, traceried windows, stately staircases, a chapel larger than many churches, whose great rose looks across to the arcades of the grand hall which, with its three stories, open balconies, and general lightness, might be the town-hall façade of some northern city. On the side toward the donjon a handsome octagonal tower covered with mouldings, statues, and shield-bearing lions contains the staircase of honor, lighted by many windows and leading to the private apartments. In a castle important posts such as the towers, and above all the gates, could if necessary be isolated, having each its garrison well, mills, magazine, and cellars. To provide all these, every chateau had connected with it, by entrances, yet separated by moat and walls, a second enclosure, fortified, but less strongly, a real fortress-farmyard, where the lowing of the cattle and the baying from the kennel mingled with the rattle of the weapons, and where the cackle of the geese may more than once have startled

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News from the Holy Land.

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A Minstrel Singing to the Gate-watch—Interior of the Main Gate.

some mediæval Manlius upon his post and saved the garrison from surprise. Beyond the walls of the second court-yard lay the orchard.

When spring came, the season so be-praised and besung by poet and minstrel, so ardently desired by all the castle folk, the lute and the psaltery, the embroidery frame and the chess-board, even the missal and the chair of state were carried into the orchard. What the garden was to the people of the Renascence the orchard was to those of the Middle Ages. It was not geometrically laid out with bowers, statues, trim plots, and pleached walks, like the gardens of the Italian

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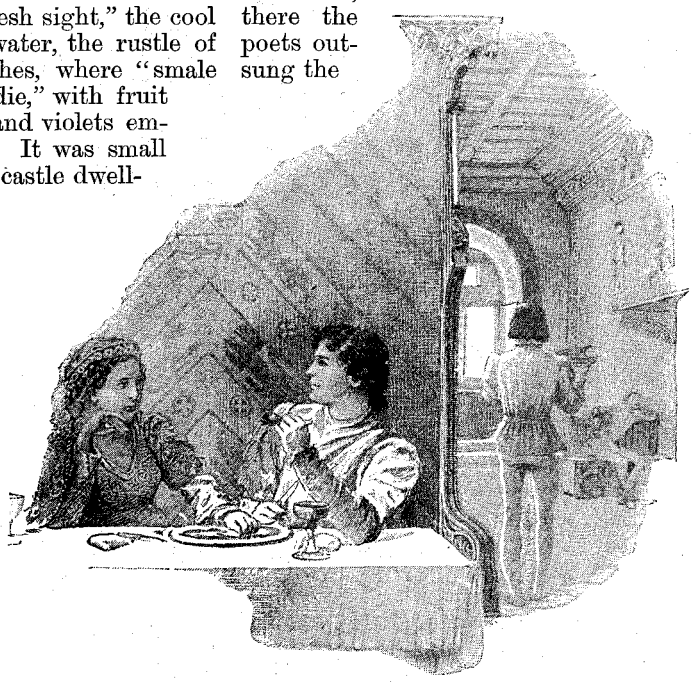
poets; in it reigned "a sweet disorder;" pear-trees and rose-trees grew side by side, and the forest encroached on its borders. Well without the castle walls it lay, a still, green place, dappled with sun and shade, full of "leves and the odoure of floures and the fresh sight," the cool sound of running water, the rustle of breeze-stirred branches, where "smale fowles maken melodie," with fruit glowing in the sun and violets empurpling the shade. It was small wonder that to the castle dwellers, tired of the long dark days and the interminable evenings of winter, pining for fresh air and sunshine, the orchard became bower, dining-hall, and council chamber during the fine weather. "A veray Paradise" it seemed to them with its great arched roof of branches so thickly interwoven that twilight reigned under them at noon and the trunks of the century-old trees rose in the dim light like columns of porphyry, its brave tapestry of living green "which May had peinted with his softe showres," its thick carpet of velvet sward starred with flowers; on one side lay a meadow, on the other a row of fruit trees all afoam with pale blossoms; in the shade were beds of tall white lilies; where the young trees let the sun through their frail branches, the roses flamed; beyond the espaliers the meadow dipped toward the lake, and in the purple distance the hills rose faint and dream-like. When our Baron sat under the old trees hearing complaints and dealing out rough justice to his dependents, he was but following the example of Charlemagne and St. Louis and the fair sovereigns of the Provençal courts of love; there, too, the story-tellers of the Decameron assembled in the cool darkness. Old carved ivory caskets and mirror-covers may show us our lady with her bower maidens gathering flowers, crowning themselves with garlands, whispering secrets, or dancing hand in hand to the sound of viol and cithern. The orchard was the home of the mediæval idyl; there the lute throbbed, there the poets outsung the nightingales, there lovers met and parted, and the loveliest forms of mediæval poetry, the Serena and the Alba, the evening song of ardent longing, the morning song of reluctant farewell, were sung by lips tremulous with passion. But if the poets loved the gloom of the grove, the soldiers preferred the meadow which lay beside it, where the level sward was all cut and trampled by the horse hoofs, for there every day bachelors, squires, and even the children of the castle practised horsemanship and rode at the quintain; a merry, bustling place it was, where the neighing of the horses, the dull thud of the lances on the shields, the laughter and shouts of the youngsters, and the commands of the old knight who was training them mingled in a joyous uproar. The last act in the ceremony of knighting took place here, when the newly made knight in full armor, surrounded by parents, sponsors, and a host of friends, leaped on to his horse



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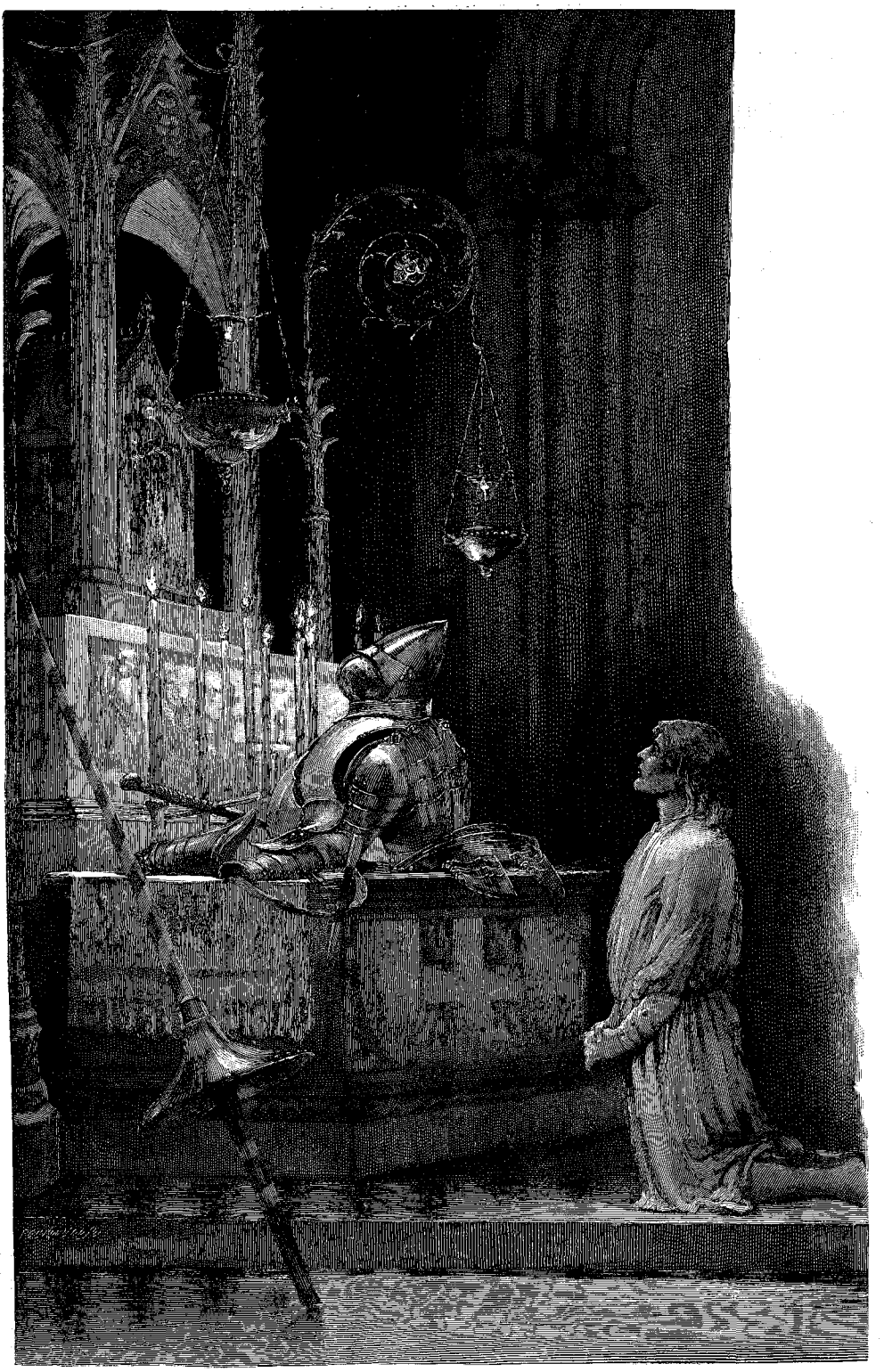

The Vigil at Arms.

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without touching the stirrup, took lance and shield, put the animal through its paces, and after a trial gallop rode straight at the quintain. This was the crucial test, and every youth must have felt that the decisive moment of his life had come, as he tightened his hold on his lance and leaned forward in his saddle to strike. In earlier and ruder times a man's whole future depended on a good stroke. "I make thee Seneschal of my whole empire," cried Charlemagne to Renaud of Montauban when the split shields and the pierced hauberks fell before his lance. The wooden mannikin was often so arranged that if struck unskilfully it turned quickly and hit the awkward knight on the back with a bag of sand—a sad mishap, that brought upon him the laughter of the whole field. Few parents would have said with the terrible father of Eli of St. Giles, "An thou dost not hit the quintain I disinherit thee," but the act was felt to be a turning-point in a man's life, and no time nor pains were spared that he might acquit himself honorably. So every day, in fair weather or foul, the meadow resounded with heavy lance blows, and the supply of shields and hauberks for the quintain was no unimportant detail in the long list of castle expenses.

But it is time to re-enter the courtyard and pass into the hall.

The great hall of the castle was the theatre of indoor ceremonial. *There* were banquets, trial, and allocution; there liegemen and vassals came to put their hands between those of their overlord and swore to be *his* men; there delinquents were summoned, from the knight who slipped into his sleeve the silver spoons of his prince, to the fiery lord who, unclasping his mantle, threw it upon the floor in token of defiance to his adversary. The hall is rectangular, with high stained windows and wainscoting of oak; armors, scutcheons, and banners decorate it, and at the end, above the huge chimney place, the nine female champions, Semiramis, Tomyris, Penthesilea, and the rest, having exchanged their Assyrian jewels and Scythian furs for the triangular shields and straight swords of the fourteenth century stand in Amazonian guard above the banqueters. Even more important than the hall was the platform in front of the donjon door: there the ceremonial of knighting took place; the families of the young candidates thronged the courtyard, and the damoiseaux, all in white after their night of vigil in the chapel, bent to the accolade and arose licensed heroes and full fledged warriors. About them stood a group of the oldest and bravest knights, sponsors in this strange bridal, where the youth wedded battle and toil, and the richest marriage gift was the gaudium certaminis. An old lord stooped, and with fingers tremulous but still strong fastened on the spurs of the aspirant; others with hands that had cloven many a casque gave the undinted shield and helmet, and the suzerain himself buckled on the sword and belt. Then the father approached; the youth bowed his head; a heavy blow upon the nape of the neck conferred the accolade, and the boy who the day before had groomed in the stables and stood behind his lord's chair at the banquet arose a knight, the brother in arms of Roland and of Arthur, the beloved and protected of the warrior angels. Within the walls of Pierrefonds the nineteenth century cannot penetrate, and it is easy to imagine the young knight at his most earnest work, the defence of his beloved castle. The pavement clangs again with armored heels; the walls echo the orders of captains; windlasses groan and pulleys strain, as baskets of missiles rise slowly from story to story of the towers; the bow-strings twang behind the loop-holes; chips fly from the masonry as the cross-bolts strike it; battlements tumble inward under the blows of the mangonel stones; the walls thud dully as the ram batters them, and the smoke from the hourds fired by the tar barrels penetrates even the stone entrails of Cæsar and Charlemagne, where the women and children are sheltered from all but the noise; or if the garrison is hard pressed we may see the *châtelaine* and her ladies, like the women before Jerusalem, carrying stones in their long sleeves to the walls. But it was not always siege time, and the courtyard of a castle has echoed the procession of the whole Middle Ages; and as we see the people of the earlier

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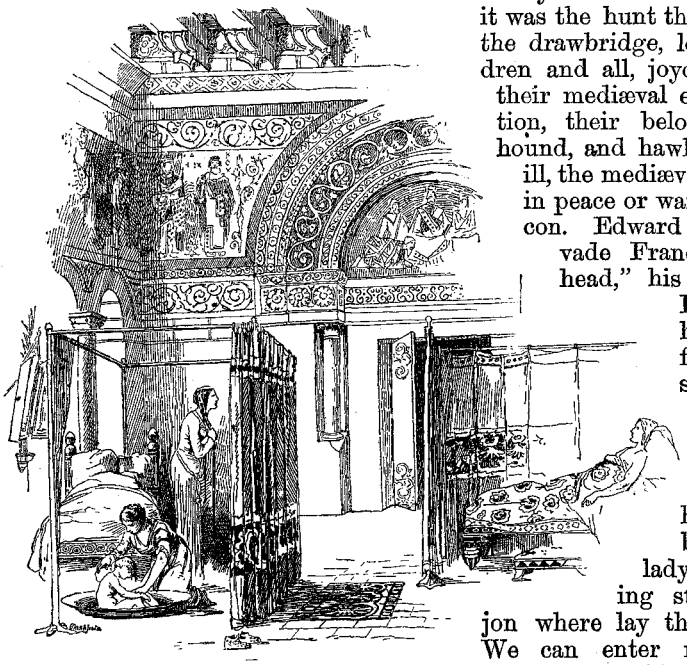
times we wonder at fighting men gowned to the ground like women, forgetting that the mightiest warriors were centaurs. In the years when Britain was a vast anvil upon which sword and axe welded Saxon and Norman into Englishman, and when in the ears of Frank and German every trumpet sounded to Jerusalem, the Saxon white horse of Hengist and the destrier of the Norman baron were equally beloved.

Ogier the Dane, sole survivor in his beleaguered castle,* fed fresh oats to Broiefort and told him all his sorrows. Renaud of Montauban, besieged like Ogier, bled his horse Bayard to give food to his starving children, but when a secret passage offered them freedom, it was Bayard first of all who was led into the underground gallery. Cavalier, chivalry—the names† themselves tell a



Corner of a Bed-chamber. Architecture from Racinet.

story, and upon the chess-board so dear to the castle dweller, the horse-head represents the knight. "Strike at the horses," said Charles of Anjou at Benevent, winning the fight and the contempt of the nobles, for the horse was the knight's other self, the saddle his battlefield, and he dismounted from it a victor or fell from it a corpse.

When Pierrefonds was built the long-robed cavaliers had passed away, and mercenary troopers in tights and doublets clanked into the courtyard returning from raid or skirmish, while the women and lads poured out to meet them, to count the booty, and to tend the wounded. Or may be the horsemen came in stately visit or in princely "progress" from point to point, escorting a friendly lord or some fighting bishop like him of Winchester, who threatened "if the Pope takes my mitre, let him look to it, I will clap a helmet on my head." More often, daily indeed, it was the hunt that clattered out over the drawbridge, lords and ladies, children and all, joyously galloping, with their mediæval epitome of brute creation, their beloved triad of horse, hound, and hawk. For come good or ill, the mediæval man *must* hunt, and in peace or war he would fly his falcon. Edward the Prince might invade France "with bacinet on head," his father, Edward the King, would follow him "with bird on fist," the crows hardly settling upon the battlefield before the falcon rose into the air.

But the longest day's hunt had its end, and before dark lord and lady passed up the winding staircase of the donjon where lay their own apartments. We can enter my ladies' chamber without touching the bronze door-knocker, or disturbing the page in waiting, for this room is at once oratory, sitting-room, dining-room, boudoir, and bed-chamber, where privacy is neither expected nor desired. Here the bower maidens, girls of noble birth who have left their homes to attend their feudal superior, embroider, gossip, and tell their beads, under the strict surveil-

* Ogier the Dane in the legend set up wooden dummy knights upon his walls to deceive Charlemagne, and at Chepstow and Caernarvon similar figures were carved in stone to cheat the besiegers.

† Most of the English words applied to chivalry, armor, or fortification came from the French. See even the delightful doggerel Latin of Sir W. Hastings: Licentiam ad crenellandi, tourellandi, embattellandi, et machiccolandi, in his permission to fortify at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

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lance of Dame Alienor, a severe duenna. Here the *châtelaine* with her children about her sits by the fire-side in winter, in the deep embrasured window-seats in summer. Here, in a well-lighted corner, the chaplain, not one of those easy-going priests who could gallop through a hunting mass in a small quarter of an hour while my lord, only half awake, pulled on his boots and buckled his belt, but a learned clerk, has his lectern, and bends over the tomes. Near him and well out of the range of Dame Alienor's sharp glances, two young people play chess, she with her little dog curled up on her lap, he with his pet hawk hooded and belled on his fist. His great hound lies on the hearth, while its fellow, with fore-paws on the window-seat, is amusing himself after the fashion of most castle folk by watching the passers by. The room is very lofty and lighted by two long windows; the ceiling is of wood, carved, painted, and gilded, with beams resting upon angel-headed brackets. The double-sashed windows, behind their carved shutters, are filled with painted glass; and their deep embrasures in the thick wall, benched and cushioned, were a favorite seat throughout the Middle Ages. Here, half concealed behind the curtains, lovers whisper together, for looking out of the window was one of "the fifteen joys of the castle," paying court to the damsels another, and from some scenes in the old romances we may believe that both could be enjoyed at once.

Sometimes a knight or a squire riding by to chase or tourney saw a lovely fair head framed in a gray, ivy-wreathed casement, and returned by the same road —for all bachelors were not as insensible as Gerbert of Metz, who, when his cousin Garin cried, "Look, Gerbert, by our Lady, what a lovely face!" did not even glance up at the window where Rosamond sat, "white as the flower de luce," but answered, "What a fine beast my horse is." Gerbert would have looked more readily at the painted frieze upon the chamber wall where in contemporary costume Arthur and the knights and ladies of the round table ride in long procession against a deep-blue background. Below hang tapestries, worked by the chatelaine and her women, representing months of labor, and setting forth in rich frames of flowers, shields, and devices the loves of Tristan and Isolde, for the Baroness is sentimental and romantic, and like all the learned and polite of her time has wept and dreamed over Gottfried von Strassburg's wonderful tale of lawless love.

This tapestry, masking the doors and tempering the draughts and the chill of

the stone walls, was also a convenient hiding-place, carefully examined before a secret was told or confidences were exchanged, for the dying Queen Elizabeth was not the only one who thrust at the arras with a sword, nor Hamlet the first who found a human rat there.

The tiled floor, enamelled in red and blue, is covered with rugs, Persian or Saracenic, the skins of wild beasts, and piles of cushions, laced and embroidered with curious devices—here lies a child's toy, a soldier doll, there a lady's ivory reel —and everywhere rushes are strewn, fresh cut from the lake. Ranged along the

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wall are huge carved dower-chests serving as seats, and clothes-presses filled with fine Holland linen, rich clothing, and the splendid hangings of silk and gold brocade which decorate the rooms on gala days. Between two doors stands the dresser, with its prescribed allowance of shelves, two if our hostess be a baroness, three if a countess, five if she wears upon her surcoat the blazon of a queen—shelves splendid with goblets, beakers, and flagons, vases for comfits and spices and plate of gold and enamel—all of which were carried to the great hall when the feast was spread there. Opposite the dresser is a long low cabinet, panelled with little pictures and exquisite with wrought steel hinges and locks—this is the Baron's treasure-house; its keys hang at his lady's girdle and never quit her side. Bertrand du Guesclin would have found it harder to force than his mother's chest when he paid his men at arms with the old lady's savings and she "son argent regreta." Within are family papers, the great seal, whereon the knight gallops fully armed, jewel caskets, a little ready money, best and most precious of all a gold reliquary shaped like a miniature cathedral, wherein are piously preserved a tooth of St. Elizabeth, some hairs from the beard of St. George, and a bit of the identical mantle with which St. Martin clothed the beggar. This is the palladium of the castle; has it not already on one momentous occasion so heartened up the soldiers that after seeing and kissing it, they made the famous sally which raised the siege; and has it not also, when placed upon his pillow, cured the Baron of the tertian ague that he brought back from the dikes of Flanders—such facts convince the most skeptical, and skepticism was not common in those days of faith, when nevertheless certain balms prepared by the ladies after the prescriptions of Master Peter of Pavia and other learned leeches were not disdained. Just beyond the treasure cabinet, so that her protection may perhaps extend to its contents, is a fair ivory image of Our Blessed Lady gleaming whitely from the gorgeous and dusky color below it; before it burns a silver lamp, and a jar of lilies is set beside the hassock and the Hours. Raised upon a dais, curtained, canopied, covered with fine linen, heaped with pillows, furs, and brocaded coverlets, its four posts, where the evangelists watch amid a medley of birds, beasts, and flowers, reaching to the beamed ceiling, the bed of our Baron is a formidable piece of furniture and would dwarf a room less noble in its proportions.

In the fifteenth century it even became bigger, and after some high ceremonial often held a dozen gentlemen all arow and honored by the special distinction of sleeping with their host and peer. There, after tilting and feasting all day, they lay story-telling, boasting, and, to use their expressive mediæval word, gabbing (gabants) till daylight, not at all crowded in a bed so big that a special officer beat it nightly with his wand before the prince retired, lest an assassin should hide within its covers.

Between the windows is the huge fire-place, its heavy chimney piece a stone bower of leaves, flowers, and birds, among which two strange heraldic beasts ramp upon either side of the Baron's painted scutcheon. Below in the fire-place a man could stand upright, a whole tree be burned at once upon the tall fire-irons. Willow screens of all sizes protect the face or body from the heat, and there are baskets, too, of willow in which the feet may be warmed without scorching the silken hose.

The fire on the hearth was the beloved companion of castle folk during the long evenings of the cold season. Hearth and altar were concrete realities to the mediæval baron, and one was not more sacred than the other, so many associations, so many tender and sacred memories gathered about the fireside. There the first born, the heir, was bathed, wrapped in his swaddling clothes, and swathed in stiff bands by the good wives—there the child leaning on his mother's knee heard the story of Roland, sobbed with rage at Ganelon's treason, breathed fast at the story of Roncesvaux, as its details of neighing horses, of sword-strokes dinning upon the armor, of mailed bodies falling with ringing thud to the earth, was told with mediæval minuteness by those who described what they had seen and heard in actual fight. More than once, clenching his lit-

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tle fist, he cried as did Clovis at the story of the crucifixion: "Oh, why was I not there with my men at arms!" There, too, the mother talked to him as she plied her distaff, of Cæsar, Hector, Alexander, and the nine champions—useful information, as he found on the next feast day when the town was hung with tapestries and he recognized his heroes, every one of them, Alexander his favorite, on account of Bucephalus, first of all.

There, too, on a little stool beside the mass priest's desk he learned his lessons; and the strong young fingers found the pen harder to wield than the lance. As a youth, with all the assembled household, he had sat around the red mass of glowing coals, late into the night, listening to the tales of the Jongleurs, envoys from fairyland to a credulous and imaginative race of warriors, who declared a perpetual truce of God with these wandering minstrels.

Oh, those wonderful evenings when at the touch of the enchanter the golden gates of fiction swung open and revealed a new world to his spell-bound auditors, a world where it was always spring-time, where every woman was a princess and had golden hair, where dragons were provided for the especial glory of young knights, and a man might have a battle every day in the week—the glittering, unreal world from whence a strange company passed into the firelight. There rode the sons of Aymon, featureless, visored, and all four on one horse. Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, golden locked and flower crowned, with trailing sleeves and gorgeous clinging vestments, strolled by. Guillaume Fierabras galloped past, bleeding from his fifteen wounds, to tell his sovereign that Heathenesse had triumphed at Aliscans. Godfrey of Bouillon led his crusaders to the assault, crying, "Do not fear death—nay, seek it." And with the heroes of legend and history rode a train from fairyland, Morgan the fay, Oberon the dwarf, the sorceress of the Venusberg, the fairy wife of Thomas of Ercildoune, the Melusina of the Rhine legends, and a crowd of Kobolds, Brownies, Nixies, Undines, Sylphs, and Vampyres, all those shapes fair or foul that danced in the moonlight, sang in the rivers, flew through the forest, darted among the blazing logs, haunted the church-yards, and lurked in the mines, daunting "the dauntless mind of infancy" and putting even the knight's courage to the proof. By the fireside, too, was heard the gossip of the traveller, the adventures of holy Palmers, Pilgrims, and Crusaders, who could have said, with the Count of Soissons to the Sire de Joinville at the battle of Mansourah, "Senneschal, lessons crier et braire cette quenaille—Et par la Creffe Dieu, *encore parlerons nous, vous et moi, de cette journée en chambre devant dames.*"

It is a long way from the bed-chamber to the chapel—through half-a-dozen smaller chambers, down the great staircase and across the court—so that a yawning page has time to tie more than one point on his way thither to early mass.

The chapel is our lady's especial care. Here every morning mass is said, with chalice and pyx graven with quaint Byzantine figures, brought back by some crusading ancestor from the sack of Constantinople. The daylight struggles through panes of painted glass, and a galaxy of gold and silver lamps shines before the altar. The largest was vowed to our Blessed Lady by the Baron's mother, if her son should return alive from the English wars, and when he came home after Poitiers with only a cloth-yard shaft in his shoulder, the dame's first care, in spite of harried lands and diminished revenue, was to pay her debt to the mother in heaven who had remembered the mother on earth. Although on feast days the family go in gay procession to the parish church, sometimes a baptism or a churching or a high mass is celebrated in the chapel, and only last year the Baron's oldest son kept his vigil at arms there, and passed the night kneeling before the altar, keeping guard over his armor, the armor he was to wear on the morrow for the first time.

By the beginning of the sixteenth century it was time to bid good-bye at once to our knight and his castle, donjon-towers, chapel and all. The feudal fortress had become an anachronism—the gunner's linstock was an enchanter's wand, before which the castle vanished;

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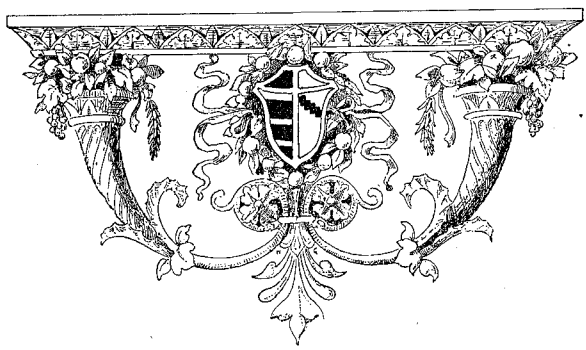
for a half century more the huge towers panted under the blows of artillery; then opened wide window lungs to the air. From eaves to base of the donjon a segment of masonry was cut away —and stained casements stood one above another in their framework of late Gothic. Warwick and Kenilworth and a hundred English castles set perpendicular tracery in their frowning Norman walls. Francis I. threw down the tower of the Louvre. The nobles followed his example. The springtime which the feudal lord had sought in orchard and forest invaded the castle, and the Renascence, the Reawakening, stood triumphant over the dead Middle Ages.

There has been no room in this paper to consider the ideas and ideals of the Middle Ages—the strange mixture of ignorance, superstition, shrewdness, valor, and poetical fancy that buzzed under the helmet of the feudal noble, and found vent in conquest and penance, tournament and amulet, fabulous history and fantastical legends—for the romance of mediævalism would fill volumes. We have only had time to pay a short visit to the castle, and as we bid it farewell and look back upon its inmate—standing among his horses and dogs, with falcon on wrist and sword on thigh, we see in him a being of "a very chequered complexion" of character—not to be regarded as an extinct phenomenon but as a natural and a useful instrument. An autocrat by necessity, a tyrant often by inclination—something of a robber and much of a brute, he was also often a fine gentleman and at times a true hero, like his own sword, hard and sharp, but tempered to the hilt. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the knight was merged in the courtier and the diplomat. Sidney and Bayard were exceptions reverenced by all Europe; for the real preux chevaliers we turn to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Through four hundred years the abbey had sheltered civilization from the Barbarian, but the celibate monk could not spread it. The knight graved upon his sword-blade the Christian virtues, mercy to the weak, and defence of the helpless together with the more secular virtues of fortitude and courage, and he enforced them with its edge. In an age when all men were violent, his code of honor was an unmixed good. In both England and France, between king and priest, the patriot noble often, like a new Brennus, threw his heavy sword into the scale upon the side of the public weal; and in England it was not until when, in the wars of the Roses, the sword of the baron was broken at Tewksbury and Barnet Field, that the Tudor kings built upon a submissive church a despotism which necessitated the great rebellion. Thus we may look back with gratitude at the splendid pomp of mediæval days, faded now and unsubstantial as the worm-eaten tapestries that pictured it; and at the life that once filled the castles which on Rhine and Thames and Seine still rise in their armor of ivy and mist like the ghosts of the old Paladins.



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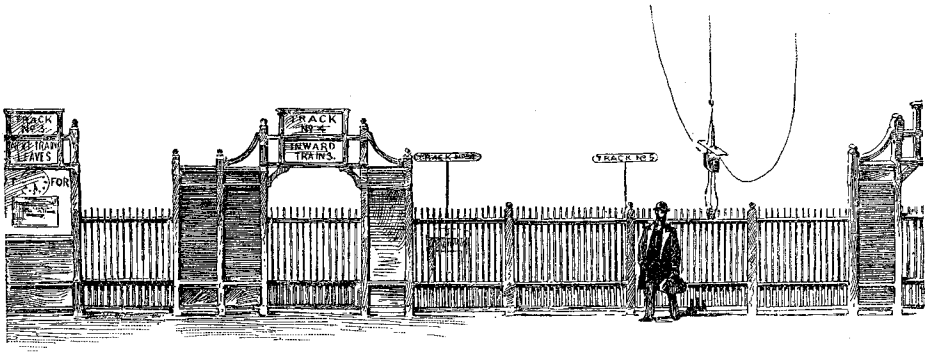

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

By E. P. Alexander.

WHEN the world had once opened its eyes to some of the immense powers and possibilities with which the railway had endowed it, it speedily began to develop energies and activities, which have already completely changed its aspect. Every energy—social, industrial, and political—has acted upon the railroad; and, as action and reaction must always remain equal, the railroad has responded; until now we find it an integral and essential factor in almost every human activity, and partaking *pari passu* in every development. Hence, in the practical management of railroad affairs, problems are of constant occurrence which touch almost every pursuit to which men give themselves, whether of finance, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, science, or politics; and the form into which the railroad management of the day has gradually been developed is the result of the necessities imposed by these problems, acting within the constraints of corporate existence.

For while the life of a corporation is perpetual its powers are limited, and its individuality is constantly changing. It is but an artificial individual existing for certain purposes only, and, as it lacks some human qualities, all its methods of doing business are influenced thereby. For instance, having no natural memory, its every and most minute transaction or intent must be officially recorded in its archives by a systematized organization, which must apprehend every event as do the senses of an individual.

Under such conditions railroad organization and management has grown and is still growing. Its principal duties may be classified as follows: 1. The physical care of the property. 2. The handling of the trains. 3. The making rates and soliciting business. 4. The collection of revenue and keeping statistics. 5. The custody and disbursement of revenue. The organization and the numbers of officers among whom these duties are divided will of course vary greatly with the extent of the road and the character and amount of its business; but the general scheme of the practice of the day is as follows:

The president is of course the executive head of the company, but acting in important matters only with the consent and approval of the board of directors. One or more vice-presidents assist him where necessary in special duties, but have no essential part in the general scheme of authority. Of the five subdivisions of duties indicated above, the first four are usually confided to a general manager, who may also be a vice-president, and the fifth is in charge of a treasurer, reporting directly to the president.

The special departments under charge of the general manager are each officered by trained experts.

A superintendent of roadway has charge of the maintenance of the track, bridges, and buildings.

A superintendent of machinery has

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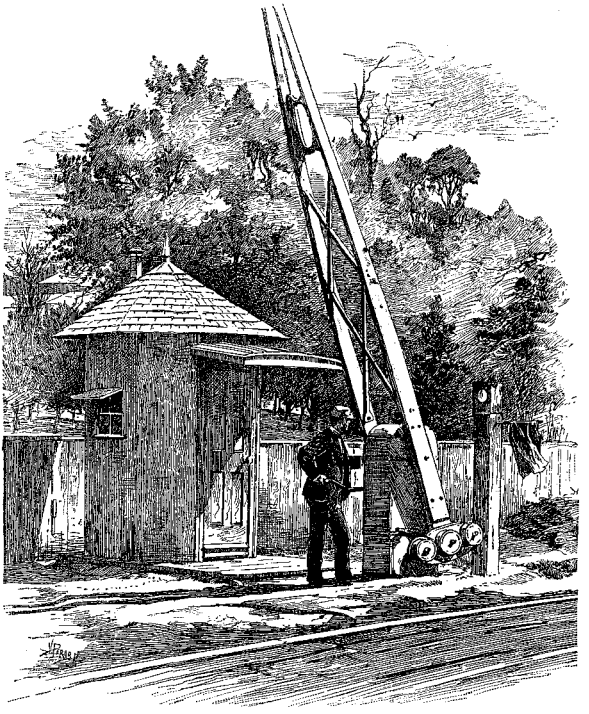
charge of the construction and maintenance of all rolling-stock.

A superintendent of transportation makes all schedules, and has charge of all movements of trains.

A car accountant keeps record of the location, whereabouts, and movements of all cars.



Railway-crossing Gate.

A traffic manager has charge of passenger and freight rates, and all advertising and soliciting for business.

A comptroller has charge of all the book-keeping by which the revenue of the company is collected and accounted for. All statistics are generally prepared in his office.

A paymaster receives money from the treasurer and disburses, under the direction of the comptroller, for all expenses of operation.

All dividend and interest payments are made by the treasurer, under direction of the president and board.

There are, besides the above, two general departments with which all the rest have to do, to a greater or less extent—the legal department and the purchasing department. The quantity and variety of articles used and consumed in the operation of a railroad are so great that it is a measure of much economy to concentrate all purchases into the hands of a single purchasing agent, rather than to allow each department to purchase for itself. This agent has nothing to do but to study prices and markets. His pride is enlisted in getting the lowest figures for his road, and the large amount of his purchases enables him to secure the best rates. And last, but not least, in matters where dishonesty would find so great opportunities, it is safer to concentrate responsibility than to diffuse it.

As I shall not again refer to this department, what remains of interest to be said about it will be said here. As an adjunct to it, storehouses are established at central points, in which stocks of articles in ordinary use are kept on hand. Whenever supplies are wanted in any other department—as, for instance, a bell-cord and lantern by a conductor, he presents a requisition for the articles, approved by a designated superior. This requisition states whether the articles are to be charged to legitimate wear and tear, and if so, whether to the passenger or the freight service, and of which subdivision of the road, or whether they are to be charged to the conductor for other articles not properly accounted for. Without going into further detail, it can be readily seen how the comptroller's office can, at the end of each month, from these requisitions, have a complete check upon all persons responsible for the care of property. The purchasing agent, too, from his familiarity with prices, is usually charged with the sale of all condemned and worn-out material.

Before returning to a more detailed

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review of the operating departments of a railroad, its legal department requires a few words. Not only is a railroad corporation, being itself a creation of the law, peculiarly bound to conform all its actions to legal forms and tenets, but it is also a favorite target for litigation. The popular prejudice against corporations, it may be said in passing, is utterly illogical. The corporation is the poor man's opportunity. Without it he could never share in the gains and advantages open to capital in large sums. With it a thousand men, contributing a thousand dollars each, compete on equal terms with the millionaire. But for all that, instead of possessing the unbounded power usually ascribed to it, no creature of God or man is so helpless as a corporation before the so-called great tribunal of justice, the American jury. It may not be literally true that a Texas jury gave damages to a tramp against a certain railroad because a section-master's wife gave him a meal which disagreed with him, but the story can be nearly paralleled from the experience of many railroads. Hence settlements outside of the law are always preferred where they are at all possible, and an essential part of an efficient legal organization is a suitable man always ready to repair promptly to the scene of any loss or accident, to examine the circumstances, and, if liability exists, to make a prompt settlement.

But the management of claims and of loss and damage suits, though a large part, is by no means all of the legal business connected with a railroad. Every contract or agreement should pass under scrutiny of counsel, and in the preparation of the various forms of bonds, mortgages, debentures, preferred stocks, etc., which the wants of the day have brought forth, the highest legal talent finds employment. For, as development has multiplied the types of cars and engines to meet special wants, so have a great variety of securities been developed to meet the taste and prejudices of investors of all nations. There is, in fact, a certain fashion in the forms of bonds and the conditions incorporated in mortgages, which has to be observed to adapt any bond to its proposed market.

We will now return to the operating departments under their respective heads, and glance briefly at the methods and detail pursued in each. On roads of large mileage the general manager is assisted by division superintendents in charge of roadway, motive power, and trains of separate divisions; but for our purposes we may consider the different departments without reference to division superintendents.

The superintendent of roadway comes first, having charge of track, bridges, and buildings. In his office are collected maps of all important stations and junction points, kept up to date with changes and additions; scale drawings of all bridges and trestles, of all standard depots, tanks, switches, rails, fastenings, signals, and everything necessary to secure uniformity of patterns and practice over the entire road. Under him are supervisors of bridges and supervisors of road, each assigned to a certain territory. The supervisors of bridges make frequent and minute examinations of every piece or member of every bridge and trestle, report in advance all the repairs that become necessary, and make requisition for the material needed.

Under the bridge supervisor are organized "bridge gangs," each consisting of a competent foreman with carpenters and laborers skilled in bridge work and living in "house" or "boarding" cars, and provided with pile-drivers, derricks, and all appliances for handling heavy timbers and erecting, tearing down, and repairing bridges. These cars form a movable camp, going from place to place as needed, and being side-tracked as near as possible to the work of the gang. Long experience begets great skill in their special duties, and the feats which these gangs will perform are often more wonderful than many of the more showy performances of railroad engineering. It is an everyday thing with such gangs to take down an old wooden structure, and erect in its place an iron one, perhaps with track raised several feet above the level of the original, while fifty trains pass every day, not one of which will be delayed for a moment.

Each of the supervisors of road has his assigned territory divided into "sec-

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tions," usually about eight miles in length. At a suitable place on each section are erected houses for a resident section master and from six to twelve hands. These are provided with hand and push cars, and spend their whole time in keeping their sections in good condition. Upon many roads annual inspections are made, and prizes offered for the best sections. At least twice a day track-walkers from the section gangs pass over the entire line of road. To simplify reports and instructions, frequently every bridge or opening in the track is numbered, and the number displayed upon it; and every curve is also posted with its degree of curvature and the proper elevation to be given to the outer rail.

The work of the section men is all done under regular system. In the spring construction trains deliver and distribute ties and rails on each section, upon requisitions from supervisors. Then the section force goes over its line from end to end, putting in first the new ties and then the new rails needed. Next the track is gone over with minute care and re-lined, re-surfaced, and re-ballasted, to repair the damages of frost and wet, the great enemies of a road-bed. Then ditches, grass, and the right-of-way have attention. These processes are continually repeated, and especially in the fall in preparation for winter. During the winter as little disturbance of track is made as possible, but ditches are kept clean, and low joints are raised by shims on top of joint ties. Essential parts of the equipment of any large road are snow-ploughs [pp. 33, 34, 35] and wrecking cars, with powerful derricks and other appliances for clearing obstructions. When wrecks or blockades occur these cars with extra engines, section hands, bridge gangs, and construction trains, are rushed to the spot, and everything yields to the work of getting the road clear.

We come next to the superintendent of machinery, whose duty it is to provide and maintain locomotives and cars of all kinds to handle the company's traffic. His department is subdivided between a master mechanic in charge of locomotives and machine shops, and a master car builder in charge of car shops.

Report of Performance of Engines, Repairs, and all other Costs Incident thereto, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1888.

Number of Engine.	Miles Run.						Fuel.			Oil, Waste and Other Stores.										Cost of Stores.	Wages of Engineer and Fireman.	Cost of Cleaning.	Cost of Repairs			Total Expenses and Repairs.	Miles run to one			Cost per Mile Run Cts.					Car Mileage.	Number of Engine.
	Passenger.	Freight.	Gravel or Construction.	Switching.	Total.	Hickory Cords of Wood.	Buckets Coal.	Cost of Fuel.	Gallons Engine Oil.	Signal Oil.	Head-Light Oil.	Lbs. of Cyl. Oil.	Oar Grease.	Waste.	Packing.	Gallons Kerosene.							Labor.	Material.	Total Cost of Repairs.		Bushel Coal.	Gal. Engine Oil.	Pound of Tallow.	Repairs.	Fuel.	Stores.	Wages E. and F.	Cleaning.	Total.		
1		12,064	4,253		16,401	118	10,699	$1,090 95	124	10	29	594	45	347	72	2				$87 64	$1,293 80	$115 00	$223 40	$66 32	$289 72	$2,876 41	1.5	123	3.4	$1 70	$6 64	$0 83	$7 89	$0 53	$17 49	177,659	1
2		2,972	11,779		14,751	198	10,915	1,131 77	1214	133	353	694	69	406	102					106 85	1,646 90	82 50	197 50	144 79	342 29	3,119 91	1.4	125	3.4	1 77	7 47	1 03	10 81	0 53	20 19	197,203	2
3		14,168	408		14,576	189	10,590	1,101 08	1393	103	38	744	38	350	76					53 85	1,489 65	212 50	178 25	203 75	382 00	3,173 58	1.4	127	3.2	1 77	7 48	1 02	10 84	0 54	20 15	182,402	3
4		5,469			5,469	297	11,875	1,212 20	958	14	49	195	76	653	76					171 85	1,719 55	225 00	243 50	205 75	449 25	3,626 80	1.5	127	3.2	1 77	7 52	1 02	10 84	0 54	20 19	139,422	4
5		42,875			42,875	301	12,961	1,335 31	956	12	39	1274	76	923	854					171 85	1,884 60	10 00	225 00	114 98	339 98	3,414 13	1.5	147	3.7	1 77	6 84	0 94	10 32	0 49	19 16	135,780	5
6							10,360	1,042 26	2309	124	185	761	97	998	1					97 34	1,503 05	150 00	200 00	106 69	306 69	3,414 13	1.5	147	3.7	1 77	6 84	0 94	10 32	0 49	19 16	305,024	6
7							10,323	1,033 30	1134	121	454	73	70	374	87					108 53	1,669 55	200 00	207 55	175 48	383 03	3,519 62	1.4	150	3.8	1 80	6 88	0 96	10 64	0 49	19 57	383,682	7
8		8,220	11,799	4,779	24,798	155	15,344	1,543 67	1314	133	463	69	70	372	96					108 38	1,669 55	205 00	207 55	100 78	308 33	4,041 93	1.5	155	4.1	1 85	7 71	0 99	11 03	0 53	21 31	409,050	8
9		1,050	23,203		24,253	166	15,484	1,543 67	1363	136	475	81	40	364	81	2				111 89	1,736 75	5 00	413 95	69 70	483 65	4,041 93	1.5	155	4.1	1 85	7 71	0 99	11 03	0 53	21 31		9
10		874	24,726		25,600	96	7,691	811 00	136	1	96	81	40	364	81	2				111 89	1,736 75	5 00	413 95	69 70	483 65	4,041 93	1.5	155	4.1	1 85	7 71	0 99	11 03	0 53	21 31	66,834	10
11				23,606	23,606	142	8,875	918 75	105	8	88	954	75	360	75					105 31	1,405 10	5 00	144 50	97 45	241 95	3,118 15	2.9	185	4.6	2 14	7 77	0 84	10 75	0 51	21 51	221,554	11
12				4,369	4,369	397	17,702	1,821 97	223	303	444	69	108	726	61					143 71	1,551 55	215 00	644 50	77 57	722 07	4,709 66	2.2	154	4.2	1 85	6 86	0 84	10 55	0 54	20 24	202,289	12
13		1,527			1,527	215	8,656	1,716 56	243	92	146	1110	690	1110	690	63	7			108 40	1,186 40	172 00	1,739 70	433 86	2,173 56	4,763 00	1.6	129	3.1	1 77	6 25	0 80	9 06	0 56	19 64	195,256	13
14		43,450			43,450	215	10,918	1,117 10	153	10	41	712	71	406	43	2				109 17	1,059 60	137 00	1,522 10	781 84	2,303 74	4,313 48	3.2	108	3.2	1 77	6 25	0 80	9 06	0 56	19 67	197,000	14
15		4,233			4,233	150	704 97	704 97	133	10	32	71	75	406	43	2				109 17	1,059 60	137 00	1,522 10	781 84	2,303 74	4,313 48	3.2	108	3.2	1 77	6 25	0 80	9 06	0 56	19 67	21 39	15
24		13,712			13,712	1,324																													24
	186,790	116,549	25,538	70,056	378,402	2857	182,555	18,768	13	2,554	1791	8461	2263	10456	6883	1214	14	2		1,823	32,603	2,121	6,036	2,723	8,759	54,076	96	2	148	136	69	31	04	98	00	48	05	97	00	55	14	291	2,722,027	

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The master mechanic selects and immediately controls all engine-runners and firemen, and keeps performance sheets of all locomotives, showing miles run, cars hauled, wages paid, coal and oil consumed, and other details giving results accomplished by different runners and firemen, and by different types of engine, or on different divisions or roads. [See table on opposite page.] Premiums are often paid the runners and firemen accomplishing the best results.

The master car builder has charge of the shops where cars are built and repaired, and of the car inspectors who are stationed at central and junction points to prevent defective cars being put into the trains.

Formerly each railroad used its own cars exclusively, and through freights were transferred at every junction point. This involved such delay and expense that railroads now generally permit all loaded cars to go through to destination without transfer, and allow each other a certain sum for the use of cars. Usually this is about three-quarters of a cent for each mile which the car travels on a foreign road. This involves a great scattering of cars and an extensive organization to keep record of their whereabouts and of the accounts between the companies for mileage. This organization will be referred to more fully in connection with the department of transportation. But the joint use of each other's cars makes it necessary that there should be at least enough similarity in their construction and their coupling appliances to permit their indiscriminate use upon all roads. And conventions of master car builders have recommended certain forms and dimensions as standards, which are now in general use.

There is much convenience in this, but one disadvantage. It requires almost unanimous action to introduce any change of form or of construction, however advantageous it may be. And to secure unanimous action in such matters is almost as hard as it would be to secure unanimity in a change in spelling of English words. Still there is progress, though slow, toward several desirable reforms, the most important of which is the adoption of a standard automatic coupler.

Having shown how the property of all kinds is kept in efficient condition, we next come to its operation. This is called "conducting transportation," and the officer in charge is usually called the superintendent of transportation. All train despatchers, conductors, train men, and telegraph operators, are under his immediate control. He makes all schedules and provides all extra and irregular service that the traffic department makes requisition for, himself calling upon the superintendent of machinery for the necessary locomotives, switching engines, and cars. It is his especial province to handle all trains as swiftly as possible, and to see that there are no collisions. It is impossible to detail the safeguards and precautions used to this end, but the general principles observed are as follows:

First a general schedule is carefully made out for all regular trains upon each division, showing on one sheet the time of each train at each station.

This schedule is all that is needed as long as all trains are able to keep on time, and there are no extras. Trouble begins when regular trains cannot keep on schedule, or when extra trains have to be sent out, not provided for on the schedule. A diagram, or graphic representation of this schedule, upon a board or large sheet of paper, is an important feature of the office regulating train movements. Twenty-four vertical lines divide the board into equal spaces representing the twenty-four hours of the day, numbered from midnight to midnight. Horizontal lines at proportionate distances from the top represent the stations in their order between the termini, represented by the top and bottom lines of the diagram. The course of every train can now be plotted on this diagram in an oblique line joining the points on each station line corresponding to the time the train arrives at and leaves that station. The cut on page 32 will illustrate. It represents a road 130 miles long from A to N with intermediate stations B, C, D, etc., at different distances from each other, and six trains are shown as follows:

A passenger train, No. 1, leaving A at 12 P.M., and arriving at N at 4.05 A.M. A fast express, No. 2, leaving N at

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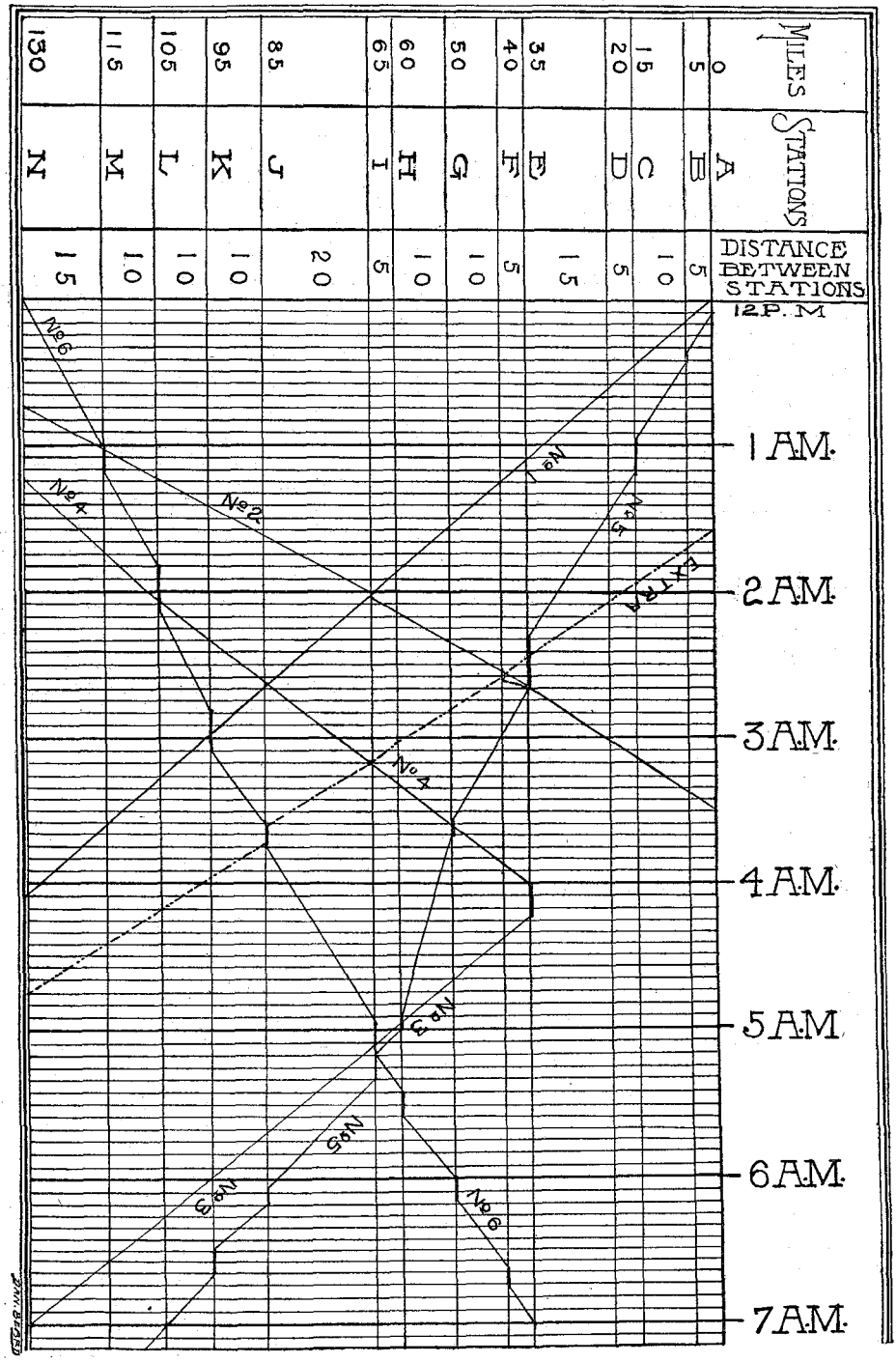

Diagram Used in Making Railway Time Tables.

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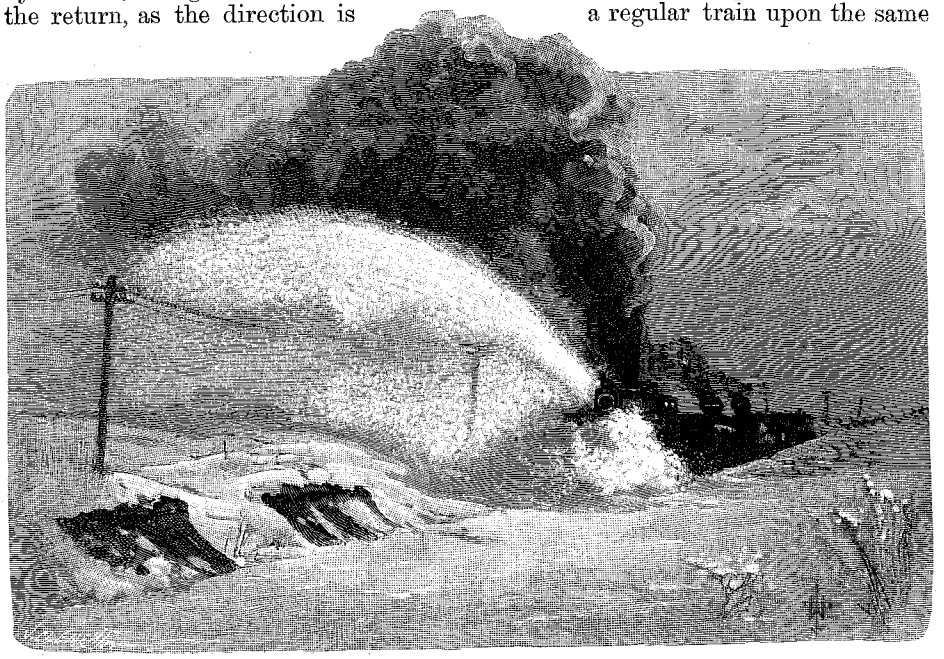
12.45 and arriving at A at 3.30. A local passenger train, No. 4, which leaves N at 1.15, runs to E by 4 A.M., stops there until 4.10, and returns to N. by 7 A.M.; being called No. 3 on the return, as the direction is going in the same direction need be regarded.

But the more usual way of handling extra trains when circumstances will permit is to let them precede or follow a regular train upon the same



A Rotary Steam Snow-shovel in Operation.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

always indicated by the train-number's being odd or even. No. 5 is a way freight, leaving A at 12.05 and making long stops at each station. No. 6 is an opposing train of the same character.

The diagram shows at a glance how, when, and where all these trains meet and pass each other, and where every train is at every moment. Should it be desired to send an extra train at any time, a line drawn on the board will indicate what opposing trains must be guarded against. For instance, to send an extra through in three hours leaving A between 1 and 2 A.M., a trial line will show that Nos. 5, 2, 4, and 6 must all be met or passed, and as (on a single-track road) this can only be done at stations, the extra must leave at 1.35 A.M., pass No. 5 at E; meet No. 2 at F, No. 4 at I, and No. 6 at J. A dotted line on the diagram indicates its run, and that No. 2 is held at F for 5 minutes to let it pass. If the road is double-tracked, only trains schedule. The train is then said to be run in sections, and a ten minutes' interval is allowed between them. That opposing trains may be informed, the leading section (and when there are more than two all but the last) wears on its locomotive two green flags by day and two green lights by night, indicating that a train follows which is to be considered as a part of the train leading, and having the same rights.

So far the rules are very simple, and they would be all that is necessary if all trains could always be kept exactly on time. But as that cannot be, provision must be made for all the complications which will result. The first and most important rule is that no train must ever under any circumstances run *ahead* of time. The next is that any train making any stop not on its schedule must immediately send out flagmen with red flags, lights, and torpedoes to protect it. This rule is a very difficult one

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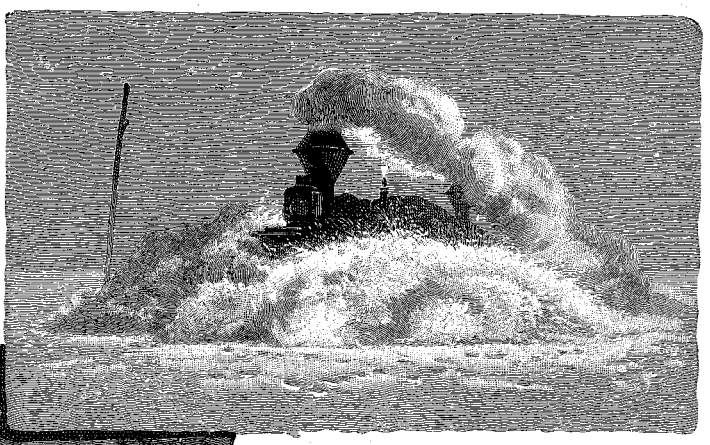
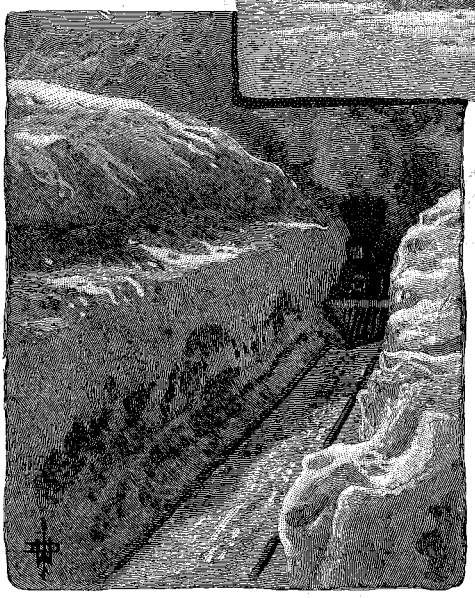
to enforce without rigid discipline, and its neglect is the cause of a large percentage of the accidents "that will happen." The flagman who must go to the rear, often a half mile, at night, across trestles and in storms, must frequently be left behind to take his chances of getting home by being picked up by a following train. There is no one to watch





him, and he will often take chances, and not go as far back or as fast as he should; and if all goes well no one is ever the wiser.

Now when a train is prevented from arriving on time at its meeting point, we must have some rules by which the opposing train may proceed, or all business on the road would be suspended, by the delay of a single train. Only the general principles of these rules can be stated within limits. They are as follows:

First. All freight trains must wait indefinitely for all passenger trains.

Second. When one train only is behind time, the opposing train of the same class will wait for it a specified time, usually ten minutes, and five minutes more for possible variation of watches, then go ahead, keeping fifteen minutes behind its schedule.

Third. But should such a train, running on delayed time, lose more time, or in any other way should both trains get behind time, then the one which is bound in a certain direction—for instance north—has the right to the track, and the other must lie by indefinitely.

These principles duly observed will prevent collisions, but they will often cause trains to lose a great deal of time. The train despatcher, therefore, has authority to handle extra and delayed trains by direct telegraphic order. Every possible precaution is taken to insure that such orders are received and correctly understood. As there are great advantages following uniformity of usages and rules among connecting roads, after years of conference in conventions and by committees, approved forms of all running rules and signals have recently been adopted and are now in very general use over the United States. Yet in spite of all possible precautions, accidents will sometimes happen. Richard Grant White has given a name to a mental habit which, in train despatchers, has caused many fatal accidents. It is "heterophemy," or thinking one thing while saying, hearing, or reading another. A case within my knowledge, which cost a dozen lives, was as follows: Two opposing trains

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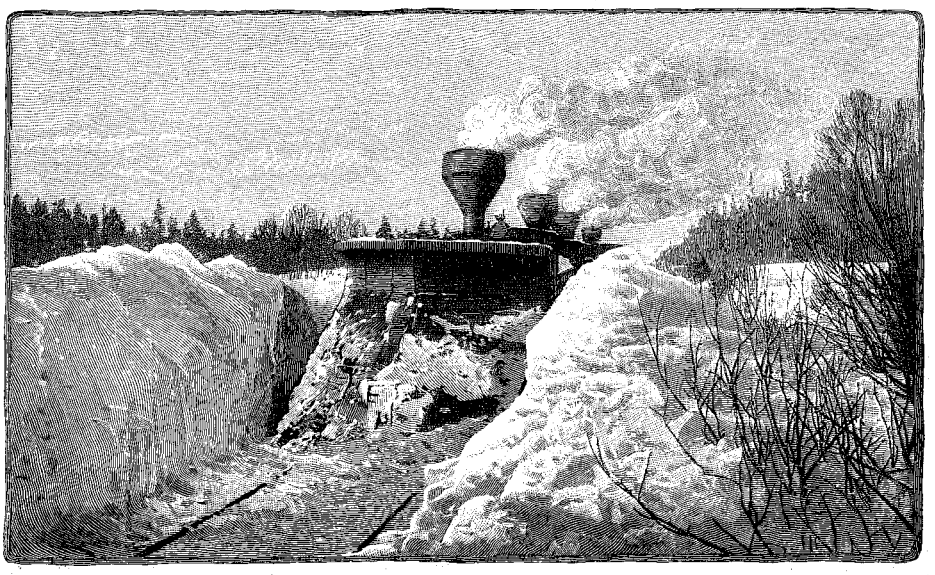
were out of time, and the train despatcher wished to have them meet and pass at a certain station we will call "I," as Nos. 1 and 2 are represented as doing on the diagram. [See diagram of schedule board, p. 32.] So he telegraphed the following message to be delivered to No. 1 at "H" and to No. 2 at "J"—"Nos. 1 and 2 will meet at 'I.'" This message was correctly received at J and delivered to No. 2. But at "H" the operator had just sold a passenger a ticket to "K," and, getting this name in his head, he wrote out the message: "Nos. 1 and 2 will meet at 'K.'" But the mistake was not yet past correction. The operator had to repeat the message back to the despatcher, that the latter might be sure it was correctly understood. He repeated it as he had written it—"K." But the despatcher was also "heterophemous." He saw "K," but he *thought* "I," and replied to the operator that the message was right.

So it was delivered to No. 1, and that train left "H" at full speed, expecting to run 35 miles to "K" before meeting No. 2. There was no telegraph office at "I," and there were no passengers to get off or on, and it passed there without stopping, and three miles below ran into No. 2 on a curve.

By one of those strange impulses which seem to come from some unconscious cerebration, the train despatcher meanwhile had a feeling that something was wrong, and looked again at the message received from "H" and discovered his mistake. But the trains were then out of reach. He still hoped that No. 2 might arrive at "I" first, or that they might meet upon a straight portion of road, and as the time passed he waited at the instrument in a state of suspense which may be imagined. When the news came he left the office and never returned.



A Type of Snow-plough.

Double tracks make accidents of this character impossible, but introduce a new possibility that a derailment from any cause upon one track may obstruct the other track so closely ahead of an opposing train that no warning can be given.

Where trains become very numerous additional safeguards are added by multiplying telegraph stations at short intervals, and giving them conspicuous signals of semaphore arms and lanterns, until finally the road is divided into a number of so called "blocks" of a few miles each; and no train is permitted to enter any block until the train preceding has passed out. And in the approaches to

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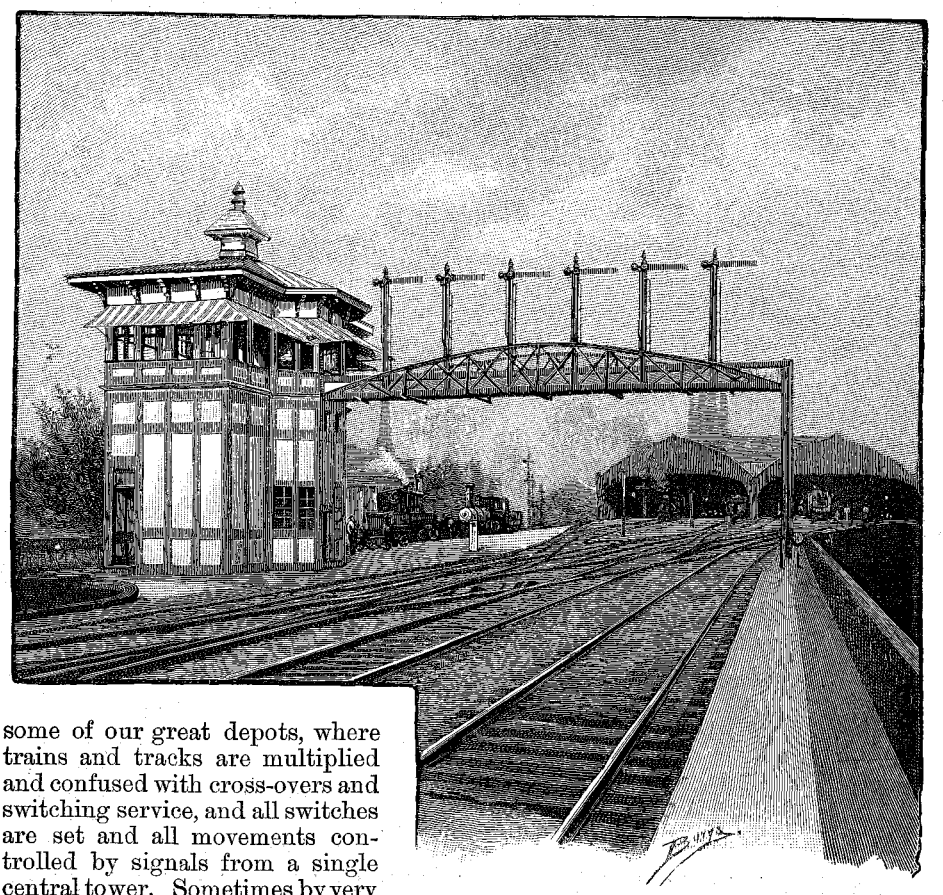

Central Switch and Signal Tower.

some of our great depots, where trains and tracks are multiplied and confused with cross-overs and switching service, and all switches are set and all movements controlled by signals from a single central tower. Sometimes by very expensive and complicated apparatus, it is made mechanically impossible to open a track for the movement of a train without previously locking all openings by which another train might interfere. The illustrations on pages 36, 37, and 42 will serve to give some general idea of these appliances.

There remains one other branch of the duties of the master of transportation—the proper daily distribution of cars to every station according to its needs, and the keeping record of their whereabouts. And now that the gauges of all roads are similar, and competition enforces through shipments, roads are practically making common property of each other's cars, and the detail and trouble of keeping record of them become enormous.

The records are made up from daily reports, by every conductor, of every car, home or foreign, handled in his train, and from every station-agent of all cars in his yard at a certain hour. From these returns the car accountant reports to their respective owners all movements of foreign cars and gives the transportation department information where cars are lying. The honesty of each other's reports concerning car movements is generally relied upon by railroads, but "lost car agents" are kept travelling to hunt up estrays, and to watch how the cars of their roads are being handled.

It has been suggested that a great step in advance would be to have all the roads in the United States unite and put all cars into a common stock and let them be distributed, record being kept of movements, and mileage paid through a general clearing house. This would practically form a single rolling-stock

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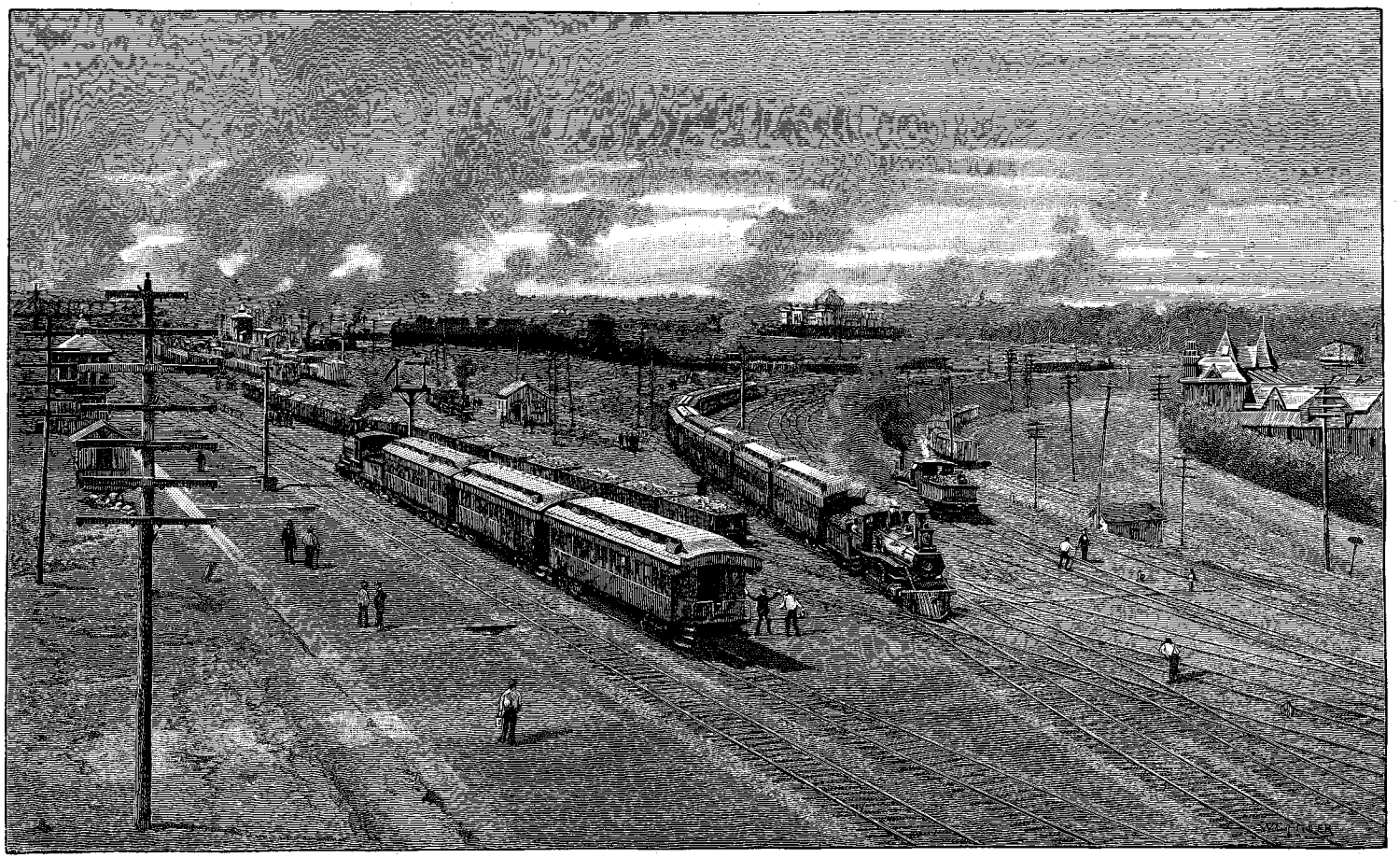

Mantua Junction, West Philadelphia. Showing a Complex System of Interlacing Tracks.

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company, owned by the roads contributing their cars to it. It could gradually introduce uniform patterns of construction, improved couplers, and air-brakes, and could concentrate cars in different sections of the country in large numbers as different crops required movement, thus avoiding the blockades which often occur in one section while cars are superabundant in another. Consolidations usually render more efficient and cheaper service than separate organizations can do, and this may come about in the course of time.

A lamp swung across the track is the signal to stop.

We have now seen how the road is maintained and its trains safely handled. The next step in order is to see how business is secured and the rates to be charged are fixed. This department is generally controlled by a traffic manager with two assistants—the general freight agent and the general passenger agent. But it would be a more accurate expression to say, not that these officers "fix" the rates, for if they did few railroads would ever fail, but that they accept and announce the rates that are fixed by conditions of competition between markets and products and other railroads and water lines. Among these complex forces a railroad freight agent is nearly as powerless to regulate rates as a professor of grammar is to regulate the irregularities of English verbs. He can accept them and use them, or he may let them alone, but the irregularities will remain all the same. There is no eccentricity, for example, more idiotic or indefensible to the ordinary citizen than a habit railroads have of sometimes charging less money for a long haul than they charge for a shorter haul. Yet I believe there is not a railroad line in the United States which will not be found guilty of this crime of "less for the long haul" if its rates are followed far enough. For if followed far enough we shall come to the ocean and find the railroad accepting business between two seaports. For instance, every railroad running westward from New York through some of its connections finally reaches San Francisco, and competes for freight between these ports. But the rates they are able to obtain are limited by steamers using the ocean for a highway, and sailing vessels using

A lamp raised and lowered vertically is the signal to move ahead.

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A lamp swung vertically in a circle across the track, when the train is standing, is the signal to move back.

the wind for motive power, and able to carry heavy freights at one-tenth the average cost to railroads across mountains and deserts. This average cost must fix the average rates charged by the railroads to intermediate points, such as to Ogden, in Utah. So the railroad must either charge less for the long haul to San Francisco, or leave that business to be done solely by water. Yet it may be profitable to the railroad to accept the business at such rates as it can obtain; for, as in all business ventures, manufacturing or mercantile, new business can always be added at less than the average cost. And if profitable to the railroad its tendency is beneficial, even to the intermediate points which pay higher rates, as promoting better service, besides being advantageous to the whole Pacific Coast in tending to keep down the rates by water.

But it would lead too far from our subject to follow this and several other questions which are suggested by it. Only it may be said briefly that the original Interstate Commerce Bill, introduced by Mr. Reagan, absolutely prohibited "less for the long haul." The Senate amended by adding "under similar circumstances and conditions," and the Interstate Commerce Commission has held that "water competition" makes dissimilar circumstances and thus legalizes it.

And in this connection it may be added that the other Senate amendment to the Reagan bill, creating an Interstate Commerce Commission, was, next to the above, the wisest measure of the bill. It will form a body of experts whose opinions and decisions must gradually educate the public, on the one hand, to a better understanding of transportation problems, and restrain the railroads, on the other, from many of the abuses incident to unchecked competition among them. For, however theorists may differ as to the advantages or disadvantages of competition in manufactures and commerce, whether absolutely unchecked or checked only by high or low tariffs, I think all will agree that unchecked *railroad* competition is a great evil, because it results in fluctuating rates and private rebates to large ship-

A lamp swung vertically in a circle at arm's length across the track, when the train is running, is the signal that the train has parted.

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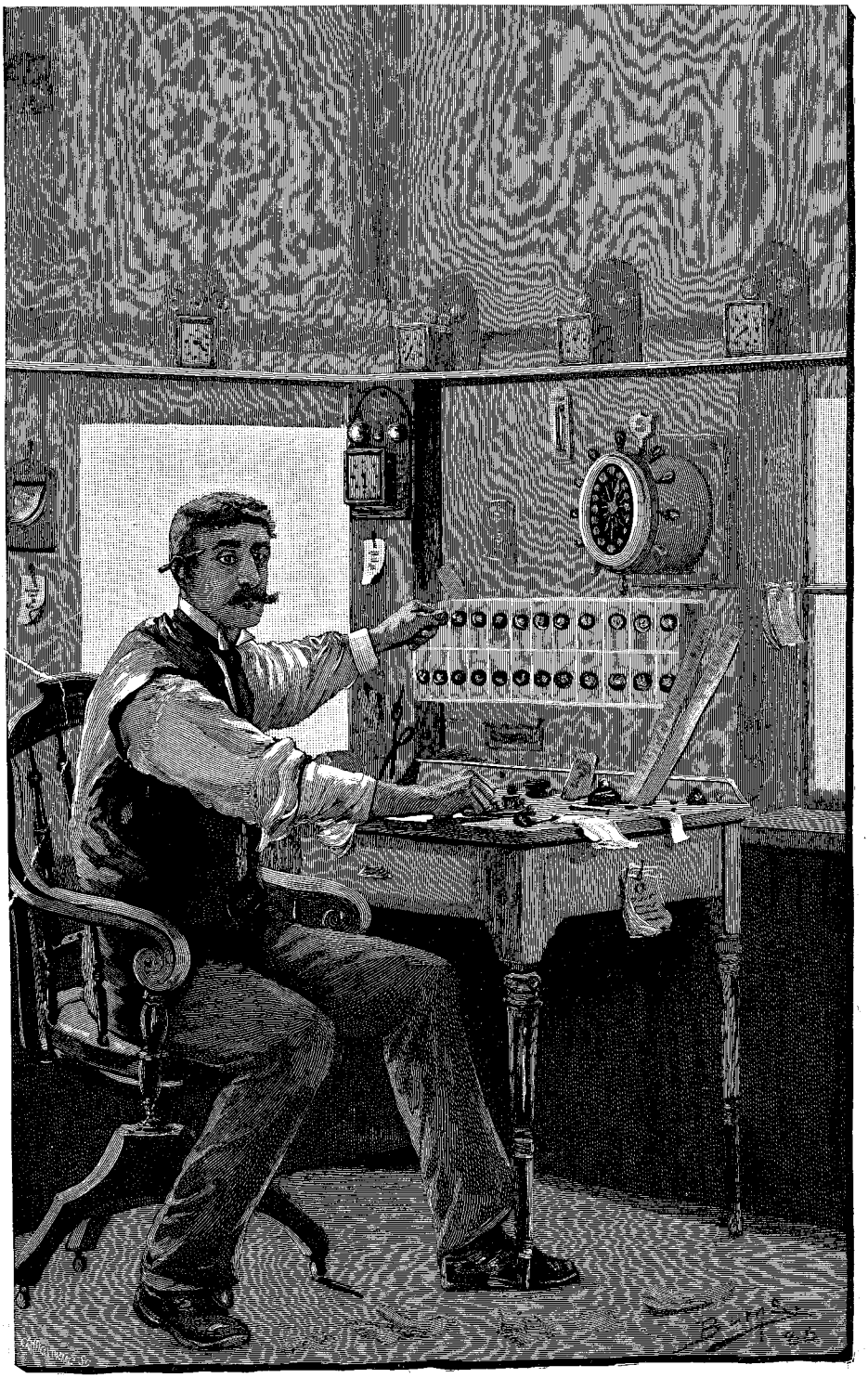

The General Despatcher.

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pers. The rebates, to be sure, are forbidden by law, but they can be disguised past recognition. I have known a case, for instance, where a receipt was given for 75 barrels of whiskey, when only 73 were shipped. The shipper was to make claim for two barrels lost and be paid an agreed value as a rebate on his freight bill. In another case, a road agreed with a certain shipper to pay his telegraph bills for a certain period in order to control his shipments. Understating the weight or class of the shipment is another common device for undercharging or rebating.

In nearly every foreign country there is either a railroad pool or a division of territory, to prevent this sort of competition, which is only pernicious. A merchant needs to feel certain that rates are stable and uniform to all, and not that he must go shopping for secret rates, to be on an equality with his competitor. In the United States the railroads had largely resorted to pools before the Interstate Commerce Law forbade them. The result of the law has generally been very advantageous to the best lines, which, under the pool, really paid a sort of blackmail to the poorer lines to maintain rates. If the penalties of the law can restrain such lines from rebating and under-billing, to be rid of the pool will be a great blessing to the well-located roads. If not, then the roads will be driven into consolidation, for the end of fighting will be bankruptcy and sale. Fortunately consolidation has already gone so far in many sections of the country that the difficulties of abolishing rebates have been greatly reduced. And as far as it has gone it has proved of much advantage both to the public and to the stockholders.

Fortunately, too, the other results attendant upon consolidation have been sufficiently demonstrated to remove any intelligent fear of extortion in rates or deterioration of service. Who would today desire to undo the consolidations which have built up the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central, and call back to life the numberless small companies which preceded them? The country has outgrown such service as they could render, and the local growth and development along the lines of these consolidated companies certainly indicates improved conditions. In this connection, too, the improvement in cost and character of service is instructive. In 1865 the average rate per ton per mile on the principal Eastern lines was about 2.900 cents; in 1887 it was 0.718 for a service twice as speedy and efficient.

There are many other live issues of great interest and importance in transportation suggested by this subject, such as "re-billing," or "milling in transit," and "differentials," but space forbids more than an explanation of the meaning of these two specially prominent ones.

A B C

Let A B and B C be two railroads connecting at B. Let the local rates A to B be 10 cents per 100 lbs. on grain, and B to C also 10 cents. Let the through rate A to C be 18, since longest hauls are always cheapest per mile. Let A be a large grain market such as Chicago. Now a merchant at C can save 2 cents per 100 lbs. by buying direct from A instead of buying from a merchant at B. For the grain will pay less for the single long haul, than for the two short hauls. But perhaps the town of B has for many years enjoyed the trade of C, and there are large mills and warehouses erected there. B will then say it is "discriminated against," and will demand the privilege of "re-billing" or "milling in transit." That is to say, when a merchant or miller at B ships to C grain, or flour made of grain, which he received from A, the two roads consent to make a new way-bill and treat the shipment as a through shipment from A to C. The road B C charges but 8 cents, and the road A B gives B C one cent from the 10 it originally collected. This involves much trouble and a loss of revenue to the roads, and is, apparently, a discrimination against the home products of B, but roads frequently do it where there is competition at C by rival lines. As yet the Interstate Commerce Commission has not passed upon this practice.

The question of differentials is this: Suppose there are three lines, B, D, and E, between the cities A and C. [Diagram, page 42.] B, being the shortest,

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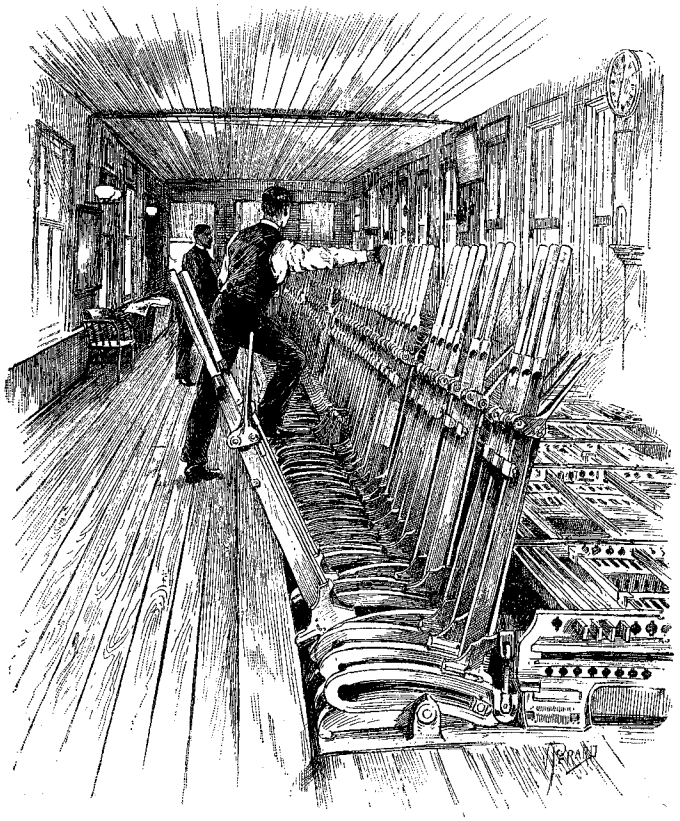
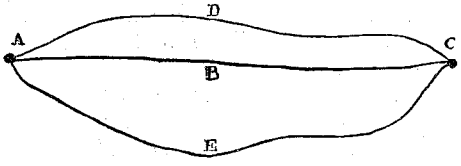
will get most of the business when rates are the same (10 cents for instance) by each line. But D and E insist upon participating, so they demand that B allow



Interior of a Switch-tower, showing the Operation of Interlocking Switches.

them "differentials"—that is, B must maintain his rate at 10 while allowing D to charge only 8 and E 6 cents, on ac-



count of their disadvantages. So that a differential is practically a premium offered for business by an inferior line.

The foregoing will illustrate how the rivalry of railroads with each other complicates the making of rates. But even more difficult to manage is the rivalry of markets and of products and of new methods which threaten property invested in old methods, as the dressed beef traffic from the West, for instance, threatens the investments in slaughter-houses and stock-yards in the East.

As the roads have found it necessary to act together in establishing running rules and schedules, so, in spite of all rivalries, there must also be joint agreements reached concerning rates in some way. Usually the roads serving a certain territory form an "association," and their freight agents form "rate committees," which fix and publish joint rates. A tariff published by one of the trunk lines from the Eastern cities forms a good example. As the result of many long and bitter wars and many compromises, it has been agreed among these roads that the rates from New York to Chicago shall form a basis

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for all other rates, and a scale has been fixed showing the percentage of the Chicago rate to be used as the rate to each important point in the West. Thus Pittsburg, Pa., is 60 per cent. of Chicago rate ; Indianapolis is 93 ; Vandalia 116. The tariff above referred to gives an alphabetical list of some 5,000 towns reached over these roads, and opposite each town the figure showing its percentage of the Chicago rate. The list begins with Abanaka, O., 90, and ends with Zoar, O., 74. The present Chicago rates for the six classes and two specials are given in cents per 100 lbs.: 75, 65, 50, 35, 30, 25, 26, 21. When these rates are changed, all the other rates, of course, change proportionally.

The tariff also contains a "classification" or list of all articles known to commerce in different conditions, packages, and quantities, and the agreed class opposite each. The list begins with Acetate of Lime, in car loads 5th class, in less quantities 4th, and ends with Zinc in various forms from 1st to 6th —comprising in all nearly 6,000 articles. From these tables any desired rate readily appears. Thus, 500 pounds of acetate of lime would cost from New York to Zoar, O., 74 per cent. of Chicago's 4th class rate, or 74 per cent. of 30—say 22 cents per 100 lbs., or $1.10.

There is also given in the tariff pamphlet a list of some 300 manufacturing towns in New England, from each of which the same rates apply as from New York. So, on the whole, the pamphlet gives rates on about 6,000 articles from 300 points of origin to 5,000 destinations.

These rates are the battle-ground for all the innumerable rivalries of trade and commerce. Every city is here at war with every other city, every railroad with every other road, every industry with those which rival it, and every individual shipper is a skirmisher for a little special rate, or advantage, all to himself. State legislatures and commissions, Congress, and the Interstate Commerce Commission are the heavy artillery which different combatants manage to bring into the contest. On these rates probably a million dollars are collected every day, yet it is very rarely that the *positive* rates are fought over or complained of. Their average is considerably below that of the average rates of any other country in the world, even though other nations have cheaper labor and denser populations. Fifty cents for carrying a barrel of flour a thousand miles cannot be called exorbitant, and indeed the retail prices paid for bread and clothing would probably not be reduced in the slightest were all transportation of all such articles absolutely free. But the battle is over the *comparative* rates to different points, over different routes, and for different commodities.

Passenger rates are established in much the same manner as freight rates. There are passenger agents' associations and conventions, and they fight as do the freight men over comparative rates, and differentials, and commissions to agents. The last within a few years has been a fearful abuse, and is not yet entirely abolished. This will illustrate:

The road A B has two connections, C and D, to reach E. It sells tickets over each at the same rate, and stands neutral between them. But C agrees with A's ticket seller that he will give him a dollar for every ticket he can sell over C's line. D finds that he is losing travel, and offers, privately, a larger commission. Neither knows what the other is doing. The ticket seller gets his regular salary from A, and from C and D often enormous sums as commissions, and is interested, not in sending ignorant travellers over the line which might suit them best, but over the one paying him the largest secret commission. This should be held as against public policy because it tends to prevent reductions in rates to the public, by robbing the roads of much of their revenue, and it also demoralizes the officers who handle a business which is practically but the giving away of large sums of money as bribes.

There is another practice in the passenger business which is unfair at the best and is the source of many abuses. It is charging the same to the man with

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no baggage as to the man with a Saratoga trunk. If the baggage service were specially organized as a trunk express, it could be more efficiently handled and without any "baggage smashing," while the total cost of travelling to persons with baggage would be no more than at present, and to those without, much less.

As an illustration of the sort of abuses to which it is now liable, I may cite a single case. I have known a merchant to buy a lot of twenty trunks for his trade, to pack them all full of dry goods, check them to a city 1,000 miles away by giving a few dollars to baggage men, and himself buy a single ticket and go by a different route. The roads which handled that baggage imagined that it belonged to their passengers, and were never the wiser. While the baggage service is free, no efficient checks can be provided against such frauds.

Essential parts of both freight and passenger departments are the soliciting agents. They are like the cavalry pickets and scouts of an army, scattered far and wide over the country and looking after the interests of their lines, making personal acquaintances of all shippers and travellers, advertising in every possible manner, and reporting constantly all that the enemy—the rival lines—are doing, and often a great deal that they are not. For the great railroad wars usually begin in local skirmishes brought on by the zeal of these pickets when the officers in command would greatly prefer to live in peace.

Besides their receipts from freight and passenger traffic railroads derive revenue also from the transportation of mails and express freight on passenger trains, from the sleeping-car companies, and from news companies for the privilege of selling upon trains. Of the total revenue about 70 per cent is usually derived from freight, 25 per cent from passengers, and 5 per cent from mail, express, sleeping cars, and privileges. When it is considered that high speed involves great risks and necessitates a far more perfect roadway, more costly machinery and appliances, and a higher grade and greater number of employees the fast passenger, mail, and express traffic hardly seems at present to yield its due proportion of income.

We have now followed the line of organization and management through the physical maintenance of the road and rolling-stock, the safe handling of the trains, the establishment of rates, and solicitation of business. It only remains to show how the revenue is collected, how the expenses of operation are paid, and all statistics of the business prepared. These duties are usually united under charge of an officer called the comptroller. His principal subordinates, whose duties are indicated by their titles, are the auditor of receipts, auditor of disbursements, local treasurer, paymaster, and clerk of statistics.

The record of a single shipment of freight will illustrate methods so far as limits will permit. A shipper sending freight for shipment sends with each dray-load a "dray ticket" in duplicate, showing the articles, weight, marks, and destination. If he has prepaid the freight, or advanced any charges which are to be paid at destination, it is also noted on the dray ticket. When the drayman reaches the outbound freight depot with his load, he is directed to a certain spot where all freight for the same destination is being collected for loading. A receiving clerk checks off his load against the duplicate dray tickets, keeps one and files it, and gives the drayman the other, receipted. In case of any loss arising afterward, the original dray ticket, made by the shipper himself, with his marks and instructions, becomes a valuable record. When the entire shipment has been delivered at the loading point, the shipper takes the dray tickets representing it to the proper desk, and receives "a bill of lading." This bill of lading is made in triplicate. The original and a duplicate are given to the shipper. He keeps the last and sends the former to the consignee. It represents the obligation of the railroad to transport and deliver the articles named on it to the person named, or his assignee. It is negotiable, and banks advance money upon it. But the shipper may still, by a legal

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process, have the goods stopped en route should occasion arise, as, for instance, by the bankruptcy of the consignee. The goods are also liable for garnishments in certain cases, and there is much railroad and commercial law which it behoves the officials interested to be well posted in. When the goods arrive at destination the possession of the bill of lading is the evidence of the consignee's right to receive them.

Now we will return to the shipment itself and see how it is taken care of. The whole structure of the system of collecting freight revenue, holding accountable all agents who assess it and collect it, dividing it in the agreed proportions between all the railroads, boats, bridges, wharves, and transfer companies who may handle it in its journeys, even across the continent, and the tabulating of the immense mass of statistics which are kept to show, separately, the quantities of freight of every possible class and variety, by every possible route, and to and from every possible point of destination and departure,—all this system, neither the magnitude nor the minute elaboration of which can be adequately described within limits, is founded upon a paper called the way-bill.

The theory of the way-bill is that no car must move without one accompanying it, describing it by its number and the initials of road owning it, and showing its points of departure and destination, its entire contents, with marks and weights of each package, consignors and consignees, freight and charges prepaid or to be collected at destination, and the proportion of the same due to each carrier or transfer in the line. And not only must a way-bill accompany the car, but a duplicate of it must be sent immediately and directly, by the office making the original, to the office of the auditor of freight receipts. If the railroad is a member of any association, as the Trunk Line Association in New York, another duplicate is sent to its office, that it may supervise all rates, and see what each road is doing. The sum of all the way-bills is the total of a road's freight business. To facilitate taking copies they are printed with an ink which will give several impressions on strong, thin tissue-paper, forming "soft copies," while the "hard copy," or original, goes with the freight to be checked against it when the car is unloaded.

And while the original way-bill fulfils its important function of conducting the freight to destination and delivery, the duplicate which was forwarded directly to the auditor of freight receipts has no less important purposes. It is the initial record that freight has been earned, and it shows which agent of the company has been charged with its collection. Before making any entries from it its absolute correctness must be assured. For this purpose all its figures are first checked by a rate clerk, who is kept constantly supplied by the traffic department with all current rates, classifications, and percentage tables by which through freights are divided. These way-bills, coming in daily by hundreds and thousands, are then the grist upon which the office of the auditor of receipts grinds, and from which come forth the accounts with every agent, showing his debits for freight received, and the consolidations showing the freight earnings of the road. Agents remit the moneys they collect direct to the treasurer, who makes daily reports of the credits due to each one. A travelling auditor visits every station at irregular intervals and checks the agent's accounts, requiring him to justify any difference between his debits and credits by an exhibit of undelivered freight.

The passenger earnings are obtained from daily reports by all ticket sellers of tickets sold and tickets remaining in stock. These reports are also checked by a passenger rate clerk, and the travelling auditor frequently examines and verifies the tickets reported as on hand unsold.

After the auditor of receipts has finished with the way-bills and ticket reports, they go to the statistical department, where are prepared the great mass and variety of statistics required by different officers to keep themselves thoroughly posted on the growth or decrease of business of every variety, and from and to every market reached by the road. Finally the way-bills are filed away for reference in case of claims

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for overcharges or lost or damaged goods.

The auditor of disbursements has supervision of all expenditures of money, which is only paid out by the paymaster or treasurer upon vouchers and pay-rolls approved by proper authority—usually the head of the department for which the expenditure is made. The vouchers and pay-rolls then go to the auditor of disbursements and form the grist upon which his office works, and from which are produced the credits to be given all officers and agents who disburse money, and the classified records of expenses, and comparisons of the same with previous months and years and between different divisions.

I have thus outlined the skeleton of a railroad organization, and suggested briefly the relations between its parts, and some of the principles upon which its work is conducted. The scheme of authority is outlined in the diagram opposite. But space is utterly lacking to clothe the skeleton with flesh and go into the innumerable details and adjustments involved in the economical and efficient discharge of all of its functions.

It seems a very simple matter for a railroad to place a barrel of flour in a car, to carry it to its destination, and to collect fifty cents for the service. It is done apparently so spontaneously that even the fifty cents may seem exorbitant, and I have actually heard appeals for free transportation on the ground that the cars were going anyhow. So it also seems a very simple matter for a man to pick up a stone and place it on a wall. But this simple act involves in the first place the existence of a bony frame, with joints, sinews, and muscles, sustained by a heart, lungs, and digestive system, with eyes to see, a brain to direct, nerves to give effect to the will-power, and a thousand delicate adjustments of organs and functions without which all physical exertion would soon cease. Similarly a railroad organized to respond efficiently to all the varied demands upon it, as a common carrier by the public, and as an investment by its owners, becomes almost a living organism. That the barrel of flour may be safely delivered and the fifty cents reach the company's treasury, and a part of it the stockholder's pocket, the whole organization outlined in the diagram must thrill with life and every officer and employee, from president to car greaser must discharge his special functions. All must be co-ordinated, and the organization must have and use its eyes and its ears, its muscle, its nerves, and its brain. It must immediately feel and respond to every demand of our rapidly advancing civilization.

It usually has its own individuality and methods, and its employees are animated with an *esprit de corps*, as are the soldiers in an army. There is much about the service that is attractive, and on the whole the wages it pays its employees are probably in excess of the rates for similar talent in any other industry, although labor in every other industry in the United States is protected by high tariffs, while in this it is under the incubus of legislation as oppressive as constitutional limits will permit.

In Europe the service is much more stable than in the United States, and in many instances there are pensions, and insurances, and disability funds, and regular rules for promotion and retirement, and provision for the children of employees being brought into service in preference to outsiders. Such relations between a company and its employees as must result from arrangements of this character, are surely of great benefit to both. They are the natural outgrowth of *stability of business*. Their most advanced form is found in France, where each road is practically protected from dangerous competition, by means of a division of territory. In the United States we are still in the midst of a fierce competition for territory and business, and as pooling is forbidden, the railroad companies will be in unstable equilibrium until consolidation takes place. As that goes on, and large and rich corporations are formed with prospects of stability in management and in business, we may hope to see similar relations established between our companies and their employees. Already there is a beginning upon some of the largest roads, such as the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Central. But the ground still needs preparation also on

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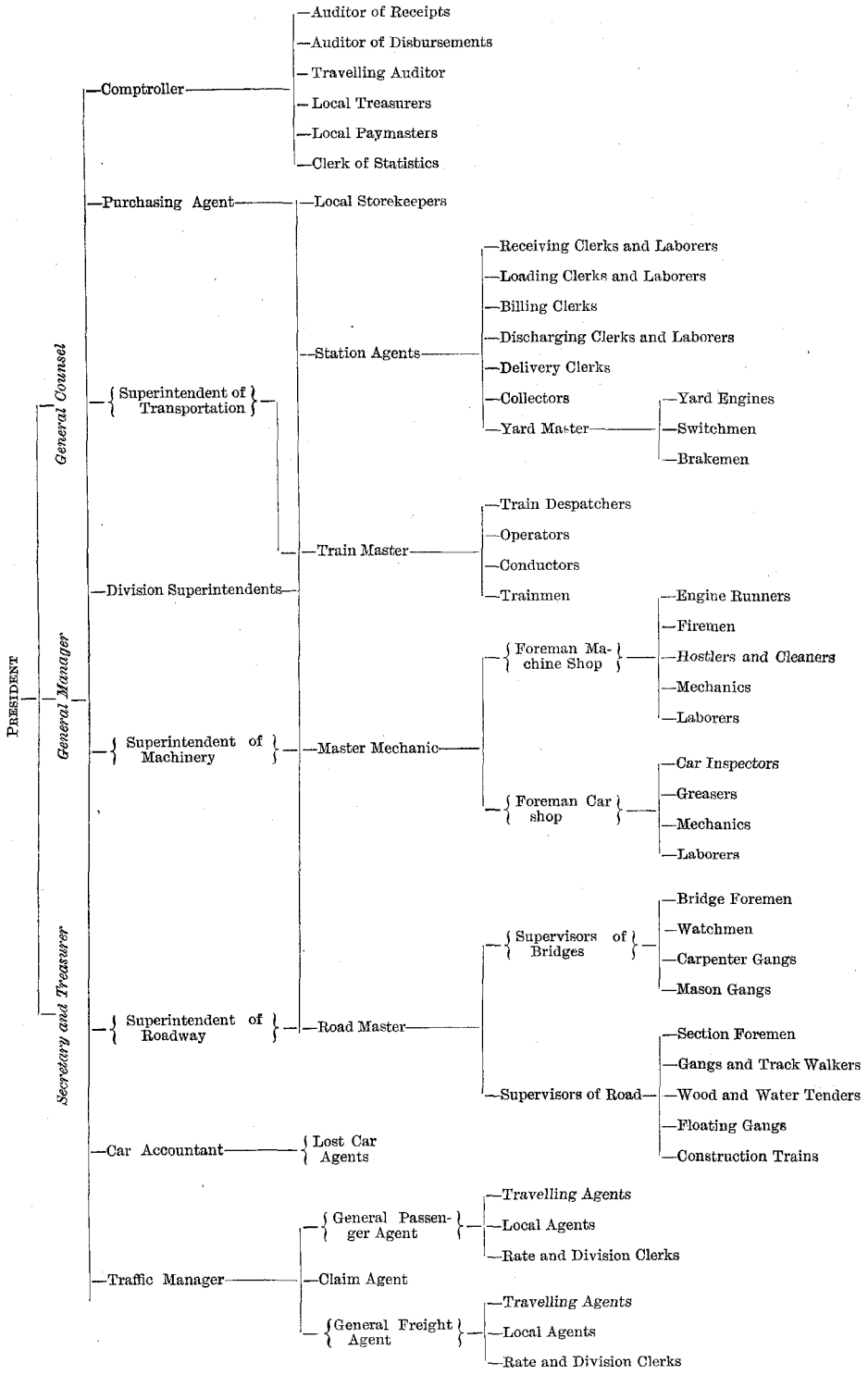

Diagram showing the Skeleton of a Railroad Organization, and Lines of Responsibility.

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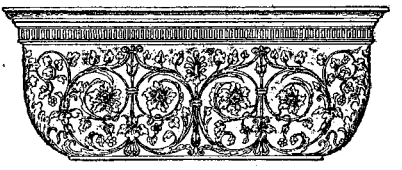
the employees' side, for our American spirit is aggressive and is sometimes rather disposed to resent as interfering with its independence any paternal relations with a corporation. And as we have before found railroad management in intimate contact with every problem of finance and commerce, it is here confronted with the social and industrial questions involved in labor unions and problems of co-operation. As to the results, we can only say that, as war is destructive, no state of warfare, even between capital and labor, can be permanent. Peaceful solutions must prevail in the end, and progress toward stability, peace, and prosperity in railroad operation and ownership will be progress toward the happy solution of many vexed social questions.



NUNC DIMITTIS.

A CHANT OF THE FOUGHT FIELD.

By Edith M. Thomas.

As one, who under evening skies
Upon a fought field stricken lies
(Unknown for stains of blood and grime),
Is fain the mortal shaft to draw
And let life issue through the flaw,
Even so am I, and even so
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

Upon his clogged and languid sense
Vague cries are borne—he heeds not
Nor if they utter cheer sublime, [whence,
Or fill the air with craven moan;
His spirit's fire is all unblown;
Even so is mine—so faint, so low;
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

For heaven-truth my sword I drew,
With anger keen I did pursue
Not the frail worker but the crime
He framed in glooming ignorance.
Now let who may lift sword and lance,
Or let the rust upon them grow!
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time.

Or well or ill if I have wrought,
My deed was mated with my thought
As bell with bell in tuneful chime.
All things that fall to man's dear lot
I did receive, and faltered not;
Quick come the last! and even so
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

A dream it was! All that hath been
Now lapseth like some passioned scene
Played by a well-deceiving mime,
Who most of all himself deceives,
And, waking up, regretless leaves.
I reach for substance past the show—
Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
Unhand me, Time!

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

III.

WE were nine days making our port, so light were the airs we had to sail on, so foul the ship's bottom; but early on the tenth, before dawn, and in a light, lifting haze, we passed the head. A little after, the haze lifted, and fell again, showing us a cruiser very close. This was a sore blow, happening so near our refuge. There was a great debate of whether she had seen us, and if so whether it was likely they had recognized the *Sarah*. We were very careful, by destroying every member of those crews we overhauled, to leave no evidence as to our own persons; but the appearance of the *Sarah* herself we could not keep so private; and above all of late, since she had been foul and we had pursued many ships without success, it was plain that her description had been often published. I supposed this alert would have made us separate upon the instant. But here again that original genius of Ballantrae's had a surprise in store for me. He and Teach (and it was the most remarkable step of his success) had gone hand in hand since the first day of his appointment. I often questioned him upon the fact and never got an answer but once, when he told me he and Teach had an understanding "which would very much surprise the crew if they should hear of it, and would surprise himself a good deal if it was carried out." Well, here again, he and Teach were of a mind; and by their joint procurement, the anchor was no sooner down, than the whole crew went off upon a scene of drunkenness indescribable. By afternoon, we were a mere shipful of lunatical persons, throwing of things overboard, howling of different songs at the same time, quarrelling and falling together and then forgetting their quarrel to embrace. Ballantrae had bidden me drink nothing and feign drunkenness as I valued my life; and I have never passed a day so wearisomely, lying the best part of the time upon the forecastle and watching the swamps and thickets by which our little basin was entirely surrounded for the eye. A little after dusk, Ballantrae stumbled up to my side, feigned to fall, with a drunken laugh, and before he got his feet again, whispered me to "reel down into the cabin and seem to fall asleep upon a locker, for there would be need of me soon." I did as I was told, and coming into the cabin, where it was quite dark, let myself fall on the first locker. There was a man there already; by the way he stirred and threw me off, I could not think he was much in liquor; and yet when I had found another place he seemed to continue to sleep on. My heart now beat very hard, for I saw some desperate matter was in act. Presently down came Ballantrae, lit the lamp, looked about the cabin, nodded as if pleased, and on deck again without a word. I peered out from between my fingers, and saw there were three of us slumbering, or feigning to slumber, on the lockers: myself, one Dutton and one Grady, both resolute men. On deck, the rest were got to a pitch of revelry quite beyond the bounds of what is human; so that no reasonable name can describe the sounds they were now making. I have heard many a drunken bout in my time, many on board that very *Sarah*, but never anything the least like this, which made me early suppose the liquor had been tampered with. It was a long while before these yells and howls died out into a sort of miserable moaning, and then to silence; and it seemed a long while after that, before Ballantrae came down again, this time with Teach upon his heels. The latter cursed at the sight of us three upon the lockers.

"Tut," says Ballantrae, "you might fire a pistol at their ears. You know what stuff they have been swallowing."

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There was a hatch in the cabin floor, and under that the richest part of the booty was stored against the day of division. It fastened with a ring and three padlocks, the keys (for greater security) being divided; one to Teach, one to Ballantrae, and one to the mate, a man called Hammond. Yet I was amazed to see they were now all in the one hand; and yet more amazed (still looking through my fingers) to observe Ballantrae and Teach bring up several packets, four of them in all, very carefully made up and with a loop for carriage.

"And now," says Teach, "let us be going."

"One word," says Ballantrae. "I have discovered there is another man besides yourself who knows a private path across the swamp. And it seems it is shorter than yours."

Teach cried out, in that case, they were undone.

"I do not know for that," says Ballantrae. "For there are several other circumstances with which I must acquaint you. First of all, there is no bullet in your pistols which (if you remember) I was kind enough to load for both of us this morning. Secondly, as there is some one else who knows a passage, you must think it highly improbable I should saddle myself with a lunatic like you. Thirdly, these gentlemen (who need no longer pretend to be asleep) are those of my party, and will now proceed to gag and bind you to the mast; and when your men awaken (if they ever do awake after the drugs we have mingled in their liquor) I am sure they will be so obliging as to deliver you, and you will have no difficulty, I daresay, to explain the business of the keys."

Not a word said Teach, but looked at us like a frightened baby, as we gagged and bound him.

"Now you see, you moon-calf," says Ballantrae, "why we made four packets. Heretofore you have been called Captain Teach, but I think you are now rather Captain Learn."

That was our last word on board the *Sarah;* we four with our four packets lowered ourselves softly into a skiff, and left that ship behind us as silent as the grave, only for the moaning of some of the drunkards. There was a fog about breast-high on the waters; so that Dutton, who knew the passage, must stand on his feet to direct our rowing; and this, as it forced us to row gently, was the means of our deliverance. We were yet but a little way from the ship, when it began to come gray, and the birds to fly abroad upon the water. All of a sudden, Dutton clapped down upon his hams, and whispered us to be silent for our lives, and hearken. Sure enough, we heard a little faint creak of oars upon one hand, and then again, and further off, a creak of oars upon the other. It was clear, we had been sighted yesterday in the morning; here were the cruiser's boats to cut us out; here were we defenceless in their very midst. Sure, never were poor souls more perilously placed; and as we lay there on our oars, praying God the mist might hold, the sweat poured from my brow. Presently we heard one of the boats, where we might have thrown a biscuit in her. "Softly, men," we heard an officer whisper; and I marvelled they could not hear the drumming of my heart.

"Never mind the path," says Ballantrae, "we must get shelter anyhow; let us pull straight ahead for the sides of the basin."

This we did with the most anxious precaution, rowing, as best we could, upon our hands, and steering at a venture in the fog which was (for all that) our only safety. But heaven guided us; we touched ground at a thicket; scrambled ashore with our treasure; and having no other way of concealment, and the mist beginning already to lighten, hove down the skiff and let her sink. We were still but new under cover when the sun rose; and at the same time, from the midst of the basin, a great shouting of seamen sprang up, and we knew the *Sarah* was being boarded. I heard afterwards the officer that took her got great honor; and it's true the approach was creditably managed, but I think he had an easy capture when he came to board.*

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar.* This Teach of the *Sarah* must not be confused with the celebrated *Blackbeard.* The dates and facts by no means tally. It is possible the second Teach may have at once borrowed the name and imitated the more excessive part of his manners from the first. Even the Master of Ballantrae could make admirers.

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I was still blessing the saints for my escape, when I became aware we were in trouble of another kind. We were here landed at random in a vast and dangerous swamp; and how to come at a path was a concern of doubt, fatigue, and peril. Dutton, indeed, was of opinion we should wait until the ship was gone, and fish up the skiff; for any delay would be more wise than to go blindly ahead in that morass. One went back accordingly to the basin-side and (peering through the thicket) saw the fog already quite drunk up and English colors flying on the *Sarah*, but no movement made to get her under way. Our situation was now very doubtful. The swamp was an unhealthful place to linger in; we had been so greedy to bring treasures, that we had brought but little food; it was highly desirable, besides, that we should get clear of the neighborhood and into the settlements, before the news of the capture went abroad; and against all these considerations, there was only the peril of the passage on the other side. I think it not wonderful we decided on the active part.

It was already blistering hot, when we set forth to pass the marsh, or rather to strike the path, by compass. Dutton took the compass, and one or other of us three carried his proportion of the treasure: I promise you he kept a sharp eye to his rear, for it was like the man's soul that he must trust us with. The thicket was as close as a bush; the ground very treacherous, so that we often sank in the most terrifying manner, and must go round about; the heat, besides, was stifling, the air singularly heavy, and the stinging insects abounded in such myriads that each of us walked under his own cloud. It has often been commented on, how much better gentlemen of birth endure fatigue than persons of the rabble; so that walking officers, who must tramp in the dirt beside their men, shame them by their constancy. This was well to be observed in the present instance; for here were Ballantrae and I, two gentlemen of the highest breeding, on the one hand; and on the other, Grady, a common mariner, and a man nearly a giant in physical strength. The case of Dutton is not in point, for I confess he did as well as any of us.* But as for Grady he began early to lament his case, tailed in the rear, refused to carry Dutton's packet when it came his turn, clamored continually for rum (of which we had too little) and at last even threatened us from behind with a cocked pistol, unless we should allow him rest. Ballantrae would have fought it out, I believe; but I prevailed with him the other way; and we made a stop and ate a meal. It seemed to benefit Grady little; he was in the rear again at once, growling and bemoaning his lot; and at last, by some carelessness, not having followed properly in our tracks, stumbled into a deep part of the slough where it was mostly water, gave some very dreadful screams, and before we could come to his aid, had sunk along with his booty. His fate and above all these screams of his appalled us to the soul; yet it was on the whole a fortunate circumstance and the means of our deliverance. For it moved Dutton to mount into a tree, whence he was able to perceive and to show me, who had climbed after him, a high piece of the wood which was a landmark for the path. He went forward the more carelessly, I must suppose; for presently we saw him sink a little down, draw up his feet and sink again, and so twice. Then he turned his face to us, pretty white.

"Lend a hand," said he, "I am in a bad place."

"I don't know about that," says Ballantrae, standing still.

Dutton broke out into the most violent oaths, sinking a little lower as he did, so that the mud was nearly to his waist; and plucking a pistol from his belt, "Help me," he cries, "or die and be damned to you!"

"Nay," says Ballantrae, "I did but jest. I am coming." And he set down his own packet and Dutton's, which he was then carrying. "Do not venture near till we see if you are needed," said he to me, and went forward alone to where the man was bogged. He was quiet now, though he still held the pistol; and the marks of terror in his countenance were very moving to behold.

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar:* And is not this the whole explanation? since this Dutton, exactly like the officers, enjoyed the stimulus of some responsibility.

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"For the Lord's sake," says he, "look sharp."

Ballantrae was now got close up. "Keep still," says he and seemed to consider; and then "Reach out both your hands!"

Dutton laid down his pistol, and so watery was the top surface, that it went clear out of sight; with an oath, he stooped to snatch it; and as he did so, Ballantrae leaned forth and stabbed him between the shoulders. Up went his hands over his head, I know not whether with the pain or to ward himself; and the next moment he doubled forward in the mud.

Ballantrae was already over the ankles, but he plucked himself out and came back to me, where I stood with my knees smiting one another. "The devil take you, Francis!" says he. "I believe you are a half-hearted fellow after all. I have only done justice on a pirate. And here we are quite clear of the *Sarah!* Who shall now say that we have dipped our hands in any irregularities?"

I assured him he did me injustice; but my sense of humanity was so much affected by the horridness of the fact that I could scarce find breath to answer with.

"Come," said he, "you must be more resolved. The need for this fellow ceased when he had shown you where the path ran; and you cannot deny I would have been daft to let slip so fair an opportunity."

I could not deny but he was right in principle; nor yet could I refrain from shedding tears, of which I think no man of valor need have been ashamed; and it was not until I had a share of the rum that I was able to proceed. I repeat I am far from ashamed of my generous emotion; mercy is honorable in the warrior; and yet I cannot altogether censure Ballantrae, whose step was really fortunate, as we struck the path without further misadventure, and the same night, about sundown, came to the edge of the morass.

We were too weary to seek far; on some dry sands still warm with the day's sun, and close under a wood of pines, we lay down and were instantly plunged in sleep.

I awaked the next morning very early, to find Ballantrae already up and tampering with the packets; not that at the moment I suspected his good faith; though I observed the man to be confused, on my awaking, and to begin with a sullen spirit a conversation that came very near to end in blows. We were now cast on shore in the southern provinces, thousands of miles from any French settlement; a dreadful journey and a thousand perils lay in front of us; and sure, if there was ever need for amity, it was in such an hour. I must suppose that Ballantrae had suffered in his sense of what is truly polite; indeed, and there is nothing strange in the idea, after the sea-wolves we had consorted with so long; and as for myself he fubbed me off unhandsomely, and any gentleman would have resented his behavior. Had I found him openly claim a greater share, I might have let that pass; for an Irishman is always generous. But he gulled me, made a parade of generosity, gave me the more part of the gold; and it was at last only by an accident and some boggling in his sleight of hand, that I discovered he had kept for himself some valuable jewels, worth upwards of a thousand pounds.

I told him in what light I saw his conduct; he walked a little off, I following to upbraid him; and at last he stopped me with his hand.

"Frank," says he, "you know what we swore; and yet there is no oath invented would induce me to swallow such expressions, if I did not regard you with sincere affection. It is impossible you should doubt me there: I have given proofs. Dutton I had to take, because he knew the pass, and Grady because Dutton would not move without him; but what call was there to carry you along? You are a perpetual danger to me with your cursed Irish tongue. By rights you should now be in irons in the cruiser. And you quarrel with me like a baby for some trinkets!"

I considered this one of the most unhandsome speeches ever made; and indeed to this day I can scarce reconcile it to my notion of a gentleman that was my friend. I retorted upon him with his Scotch accent, of which he had not so much as some, but enough to be very

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barbarous and disgusting, as I told him plainly; and the affair would have gone to a great length, but for an alarming intervention.

We had got some way off upon the sand. The place where we had slept, with the packets lying undone and the money scattered openly, was now between us and the pines; and it was out of these the stranger must have come. There he was at least, a great hulking fellow of the country, with a broad axe on his shoulder, looking open-mouthed, now at the treasure which was just at his feet, and now at our disputation, in which we had gone far enough to have weapons in our hands. We had no sooner observed him than he found his legs and made off again among the pines.

This was no scene to put our minds at rest: a couple of armed men in sea-clothes found quarrelling over a treasure, not many miles from where a pirate had been captured—here was enough to bring the whole country about our ears. The quarrel was not even made up; it was blotted from our minds; and we got our packets together in the twinkling of an eye and made off, running with the best will in the world. But the trouble was, we did not know in what direction, and must continually return upon our steps. Ballantrae had indeed collected what he could from Dutton; but it's hard to travel upon hearsay; and the estuary, which spreads into a vast irregular harbor, turned us off upon every side with a new stretch of water.

We were near beside ourselves and already quite spent with running, when coming to the top of a dune, we saw we were again cut off by another ramification of the bay. This was a creek, however, very different from those that had arrested us before; being set in rocks, and so precipitously deep, that a small vessel was able to lie alongside, made fast with a hawser, and her crew had laid a plank to the shore. Here they had lighted a fire and were sitting at their meal. As for the vessel herself, she was one of those they build in the Bermudas.

The love of gold and the great hatred that everybody has to pirates were motives of the most influential, and would certainly raise the country in our pursuit. Besides it was now plain we were on some sort of straggling peninsula like the fingers of a hand; and the wrist, or passage to the mainland, which we should have taken at the first, was by this time not improbably secured. These considerations put us on a bolder counsel. For as long as we dared, looking every moment to hear sounds of the chase, we lay among some bushes on the top of the dune; and having by this means secured a little breath and recomposed our appearance, we strolled down at last, with a great affectation of carelessness, to the party by the fire.

It was a trader and his negroes, belonging to Albany in the province of New York, and now on the way home from the Indies with a cargo; his name I cannot recall. We were amazed to learn he had put in here from terror of the *Sarah;* for we had no thought our exploits had been so notorious. As soon as the Albanian heard she had been taken the day before, he jumped to his feet, gave us a cup of spirits for our good news, and sent his negroes to get sail on the Bermudan. On our side, we profited by the dram to become more confidential, and at last offered ourselves as passengers. He looked askance at our tarry clothes and pistols, and replied civilly enough that he had scarce accommodation for himself; nor could either our prayers or our offers of money, in which we advanced pretty far, avail to shake him.

"I see you think ill of us," says Ballantrae, "but I will show you how well we think of you by telling you the truth. We are Jacobite fugitives, and there is a price upon our heads."

At this, the Albanian was plainly moved a little. He asked us many questions as to the Scotch war, which Ballantrae very patiently answered. And then, with a wink, in a vulgar manner, "I guess you and your Prince Charlie got more than you cared about," said he.

"Bedad, and that we did," said I. "And my dear man, I wish you would set a new example and give us just that much."

This I said in the Irish way, about

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which there is allowed to be something very engaging. It's a remarkable thing, and a testimony to the love with which our nation is regarded, that this address scarce ever fails in a handsome fellow. I cannot tell how often I have seen a private soldier escape the horse, or a beggar wheedle out a good alms, by a touch of the brogue. And indeed, as soon as the Albanian had laughed at me I was pretty much at rest. Even then, however, he made many conditions and (for one thing) took away our arms, before he suffered us aboard; which was the signal to cast off; so that in a moment after, we were gliding down the bay with a good breeze and blessing the name of God for our deliverance. Almost in the mouth of the estuary, we passed the cruiser, and a little after, the poor *Sarah* with her prize crew; and these were both sights to make us tremble. The Bermudan seemed a very safe place to be in, and our bold stroke to have been fortunately played, when we were thus reminded of the case of our companions. For all that, we had only exchanged traps, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, run from the yard-arm to the block, and escaped the open hostility of the man of war to lie at the mercy of the doubtful faith of our Albanian merchant.

From many circumstances, it chanced we were safer than we could have dared to hope. The town of Albany was at that time much concerned in contraband trade across the desert with the Indians and the French. This, as it was highly illegal, relaxed their loyalty, and as it brought them in relation with the politest people on the earth, divided even their sympathies. In short they were like all the smugglers in the world, spies and agents ready-made for either party. Our Albanian besides was a very honest man indeed, and very greedy; and to crown our luck, he conceived a great delight in our society. Before we had reached the town of New York, we had come to a full agreement: that he should carry us as far as Albany upon his ship, and thence put us on a way to pass the boundaries and join the French. For all this we were to pay at a high rate; but beggars cannot be choosers, nor outlaws bargainers.

We sailed, then, up the Hudson River, which, I protest, is a very fine stream, and put up at the King's Arms in Albany. The town was full of the militia of the province, breathing slaughter against the French. Governor Clinton was there himself, a very busy man, and by what I could learn, one very nearly distracted by the factiousness of his Assembly. The Indians on both sides were on the war-path; we saw parties of them bringing in prisoners and (what was much worse) scalps, both male and female, for which they were paid at a fixed rate; and I assure you the sight was not encouraging. Altogether we could scarce have come at a period more unsuitable for our designs; our position in the chief inn was dreadfully conspicuous: our Albanian fubbed us off with a thousand delays and seemed upon the point of a retreat from his engagements; nothing but peril appeared to environ the poor fugitives; and for some time we drowned our concern in a very irregular course of living.

This too proved to be fortunate; and it's one of the remarks that fall to be made upon our escape, how providentially our steps were conducted to the very end. What a humiliation to the dignity of man! My philosophy, the extraordinary genius of Ballantrae, our valor, in which I grant that we were equal—all these might have proved insufficient without the Divine Blessing on our efforts. And how true it is, as the Church tells us, that the Truths of Religion are after all quite applicable even to daily affairs! At least it was in the course of our revelry that we made the acquaintance of a spirited youth, by the name of Chew. He was one of the most daring of the Indian traders, very well acquainted with the secret paths of the wilderness, needy, dissolute, and by a last good fortune, in some disgrace with his family. Him we persuaded to come to our relief; he privately provided what was needful for our flight; and one day we slipped out of Albany, without a word to our former friend, and embarked, a little above, in a canoe.

To the toils and perils of this journey, it would require a pen more elegant than mine to do full justice. The reader must conceive for himself the dreadful wil-

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derness which we had now to thread; its thickets, swamps, precipitous rocks, impetuous rivers, and amazing waterfalls. Among these barbarous scenes we must toil all day, now paddling, now carrying our canoe upon our shoulders; and at night we slept about a fire, surrounded by the howling of wolves and other savage animals. It was our design to mount the headwaters of the Hudson, to the neighborhood of Crown Point; where the French had a strong place in the woods, upon Lake Champlain. But to have done this directly were too perilous; and it was accordingly gone upon by such a labyrinth of rivers, lakes, and portages as makes my head giddy to remember. These paths were in ordinary times entirely desert; but the country was now up, the tribes on the war-path, the woods full of Indian scouts. Again and again we came upon these parties, when we least expected them; and one day, in particular, I shall never forget; how, as dawn was coming in, we were suddenly surrounded by five or six of these painted devils, uttering a very dreary sort of cry and brandishing their hatchets. It passed off harmlessly, indeed, as did the rest of our encounters; for Chew was well known and highly valued among the different tribes. Indeed he was a very gallant, respectable young man. But even with the advantage of his companionship, you must not think these meetings were without sensible peril. To prove friendship on our part it was needful to draw upon our stock of rum—indeed, under whatever disguise, that is the true business of the Indian trader, to keep a travelling public house in the forest; and when once the braves had got their bottle of *scaura* (as they call this beastly liquor) it behooved us to set forth and paddle for our scalps. Once they were a little drunk, good-by to any sense or decency; they had but the one thought, to get more *scaura;* they might easily take it in their heads to give us chase; and had we been overtaken, I had never written these memoirs.

We were come to the most critical portion of our course, where we might equally expect to fall into the hands of French or English, when a terrible calamity befell us. Chew was taken suddenly sick with symptoms like those of poison, and in the course of a few hours expired in the bottom of the canoe. We thus lost at once our guide, our interpreter, our boatman, and our passporte, for he was all these in one; and found ourselves reduced, at a blow, to the most desperate and irremediable distress. Chew, who took a great pride in his knowledge, had indeed often lectured us on the geography; and Ballantrae, I believe, would listen. But for my part I have always found such information highly tedious; and beyond the fact that we were now in the country of the Adirondack Indians, and not so distant from our destination, could we but have found the way, I was entirely ignorant. The wisdom of my course was soon the more apparent; for with all his pains, Ballantrae was no further advanced than myself. He knew we must continue to go up one stream; then, by way of a portage, down another; and then up a third. But you are to consider, in a mountain country, how many streams come rolling in from every hand. And how is a gentleman, who is a perfect stranger in that part of the world, to tell any one of them from any other? Nor was this our only trouble. We were great novices, besides, in handling a canoe; the portages were almost beyond our strength, so that I have seen us sit down in despair for half an hour at a time without one word; and the appearance of a single Indian, since we had now no means of speaking to them, would have been in all probability the means of our destruction. There is altogether some excuse if Ballantrae showed something of a glooming disposition; his habit of imputing blame to others, quite as capable as himself, was less tolerable, and his language it was not always easy to accept. Indeed he had contracted on board the pirate ship a manner of address which was in a high degree unusual between gentlemen; and now, when you might say he was in a fever, it increased upon him hugely.

The third day of these wanderings, as we were carrying the canoe upon a rocky portage, she fell and was entirely bilged. The portage was between two lakes, both pretty extensive; the track, such as it was, opened at both ends upon the water,

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and on both hands was enclosed by the unbroken woods; and the sides of the lakes were quite impassable with bog; so that we beheld ourselves not only condemned to go without our boat and the greater part of our provisions, but to plunge at once into impenetrable thickets and to desert what little guidance we still had—the course of the river. Each stuck his pistols in his belt, shouldered an axe, made a pack of his treasure and as much food as he could stagger under; and deserting the rest of our possessions, even to our swords, which would have much embarrassed us among the woods, set forth on this deplorable adventure. The labors of Hercules, so finely described by Homer, were a trifle to what we now underwent. Some parts of the forest were perfectly dense down to the ground, so that we must cut our way like mites in a cheese. In some the bottom was full of deep swamp, and the whole wood entirely rotten. I have leaped on a great fallen log and sunk to the knees in touchwood; I have sought to stay myself, in falling, against what looked to be a solid trunk, and the whole thing has whiffed away at my touch like a sheet of paper. Stumbling, falling, bogging to the knees, hewing our way, our eyes almost put out with twigs and branches, our clothes plucked from our bodies, we labored all day, and it is doubtful if we made two miles. What was worse, as we could rarely get a view of the country and were perpetually jostled from our path by obstacles, it was impossible even to have a guess in what direction we were moving.

A little before sundown, in an open place with a stream and set about with barbarous mountains, Ballantrae threw down his pack. "I will go no further," said he, and bade me light the fire, damning my blood in terms not proper for a chairman.

I told him to try to forget he had ever been a pirate, and to remember he had been a gentleman.

"Are you mad?" he cried. "Don't cross me here!" And then, shaking his fist at the hills, "To think," cries he, "that I must leave my bones in this miserable wilderness! Would God I had died upon the scaffold like a gentleman!" This he said ranting like an actor; and then sat biting his fingers and staring on the ground, a most unchristian object.

I took a certain horror of the man, for I thought a soldier and a gentleman should confront his end with more philosophy. I made him no reply, therefore, in words; and presently the evening fell so chill that I was glad, for my own sake, to kindle a fire. And yet God knows, in such an open spot, and the country alive with savages, the act was little short of lunacy. Ballantrae seemed never to observe me; but at last, as I was about parching a little corn, he looked up.

"Have you ever a brother?" said he.

"By the blessing of heaven," said I, "not less than five."

"I have the one," said he, with a strange voice; and then presently, "He shall pay me for all this," he added. And when I asked him what was his brother's part in our distress, "What!" he cried, "he sits in my place, he bears my name, he courts my wife; and I am here alone with a damned Irishman in this tooth-chattering desert! O, I have been a common gull!" he cried.

The explosion was in all ways so foreign to my friend's nature, that I was daunted out of all my just susceptibility. Sure, an offensive expression, however vivacious, appears a wonderfully small affair in circumstances so extreme! But here there is a strange thing to be noted. He had only once before referred to the lady with whom he was contracted. That was when we came in view of the town of New York, when he had told me, if all had their rights, he was now in sight of his own property, for Miss Graeme enjoyed a large estate in the province. And this was certainly a natural occasion; but now here she was named a second time; and what is surely fit to be observed, in this very month, which was November, '47, and *I believe upon that very day as we sat among those barbarous mountains*, his brother and Miss Graeme were married. I am the least superstitious of men; but the hand of Providence is here displayed too openly not to be remarked.*

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar:* A complete blunder: there was at this date no word of marriage: see above in my own narration.

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The next day, and the next, were passed in similar labors; Ballantrae often deciding on our course by the spinning of a coin; and once, when I expostulated on this childishness, he had an odd remark that I have never forgotten. "I know no better way," said he, "to express my scorn of human reason." I think it was the third day, that we found the body of a Christian, scalped and most abominably mangled, and lying in a puddle of his blood; the birds of the desert screaming over him, as thick as flies. I cannot describe how dreadfully this sight affected us; but it robbed me of all strength and all hope for this world. The same day, and only a little after, we were scrambling over a part of the forest that had been burned, when Ballantrae, who was a little ahead, ducked suddenly behind a fallen trunk. I joined him in this shelter, whence we could look abroad without being seen ourselves; and in the bottom of the next vale beheld a large war party of savages going by across our line. There might be the value of a weak battalion present; all naked to the waist, blacked with grease and soot, and painted with white lead and vermilion, according to their beastly habits. They went one behind another like a string of geese, and at a quickish trot; so that they took but a little while to rattle by and disappear again among the woods. Yet I suppose we endured a greater agony of hesitation and suspense in these few minutes than goes usually to a man's whole life. Whether they were French or English Indians, whether they desired scalps or prisoners, whether we should declare ourselves upon the chance or lie quiet and continue the heart-breaking business of our journey: sure, I think, these were questions to have puzzled the brains of Aristotle himself. Ballantrae turned to me with a face all wrinkled up and his teeth showing in his mouth, like what I have read of people starving; he said no word, but his whole appearance was a kind of dreadful question:

"They may be of the English side," I whispered; "and think, the best we could then hope, is to begin this over again."

"I know, I know," he said. "Yet it must come to a plunge at last." And he suddenly plucked out his coin, shook it in his closed hands, looked at it, and then lay down with his face in the dust.

Addition by Mr. Mackellar. I drop the Chevalier's narration at this point because the couple quarrelled and separated the same day; and the Chevalier's account of the quarrel seems to me (I must confess) quite incompatible with the nature of either of the men. Henceforth, they wandered alone, undergoing extraordinary sufferings; until first one and then the other was picked up by a party from Fort St. Frederick. Only two things are to be noted. And first (as most important for my purpose) that the Master, in the course of his miseries buried his treasure, at a point never since discovered, but of which he took a drawing in his own blood on the lining of his hat. And second, that on his coming thus penniless to the Fort, he was welcomed like a brother by the Chevalier, who thence paid his way to France. The simplicity of Mr. Burke's character leads him at this point to praise the Master exceedingly; to an eye more worldly wise, it would seem it was the Chevalier alone that was to be commended. I have the more pleasure in pointing to this really very noble trait of my esteemed correspondent, as I fear I may have wounded him immediately before. I have refrained from comments on any of his extraordinary and (in my eyes) immoral opinions, for I know him to be jealous of respect. But his version of the quarrel is really more than I can reproduce; for I knew the Master myself, and a man more insusceptible of fear is not conceivable. I regret this oversight of the Chevalier's, and all the more because the tenor of his narrative (set aside a few flourishes) strikes me as highly ingenuous.

(To be continued.)

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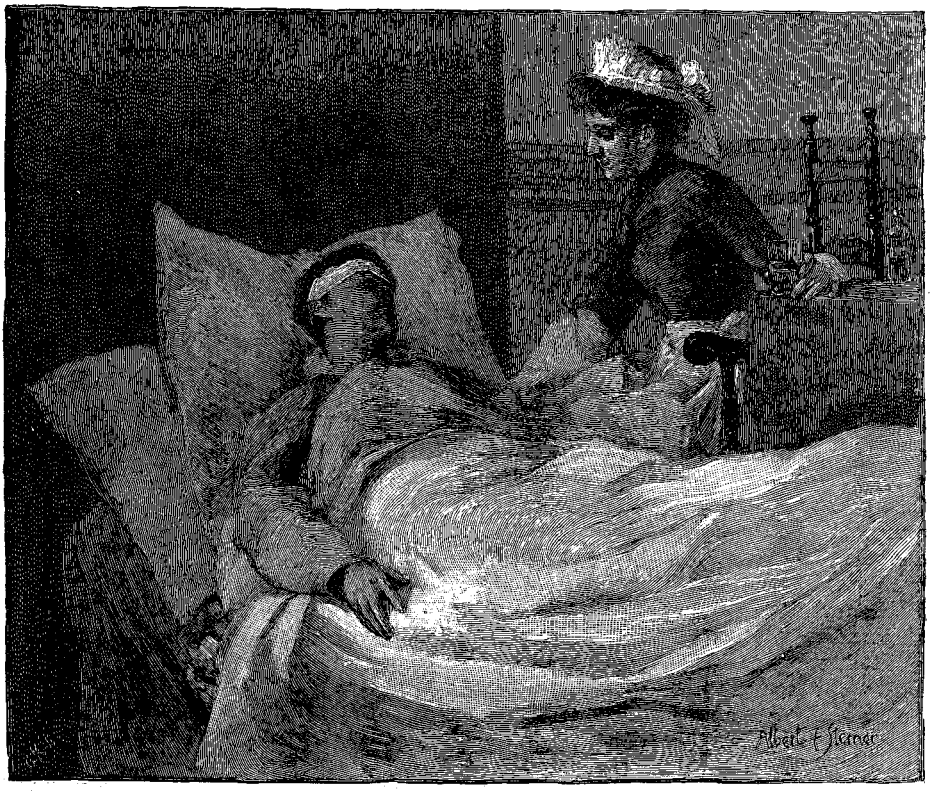

THE INVALID'S WORLD.

*By A. B. Ward.**

I.

THE DOCTOR.

WHEN I consider what the education of a doctor entails, what endless study and investigation, what patient labor; when I reflect upon the continual risks that he must take, the continual self-control that he must have, balanced by continual compassion; when I remember how he is ever contending in a face-to-face and hand-to-hand encounter with disease and death; I think that he should be an industrious and thoughtful, a brave and noble gentleman. To the invalid he is more. He is the master-mechanic of what may be a very troublesome machine. He is the autocrat of the table and of the lodging, of raiment and exercise. His advent is the event of the day. His utterances are oracular, his nod Olympian. His learning is boundless, his wit irresistible, his goodness not to be disputed. He takes the responsibility of living off shoulders which tremble beneath it, assumes the battle with pain, and fights the sick man's duel for him. He condones the cowardice of shrinking nerves and puts them to sleep. He encourages and stimulates and bolsters the sufferer into shape again.

There is no relationship on earth like this between doctor and patient. He owns me, owns at least this arm he set

* Author of "Hospital Life," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1888.

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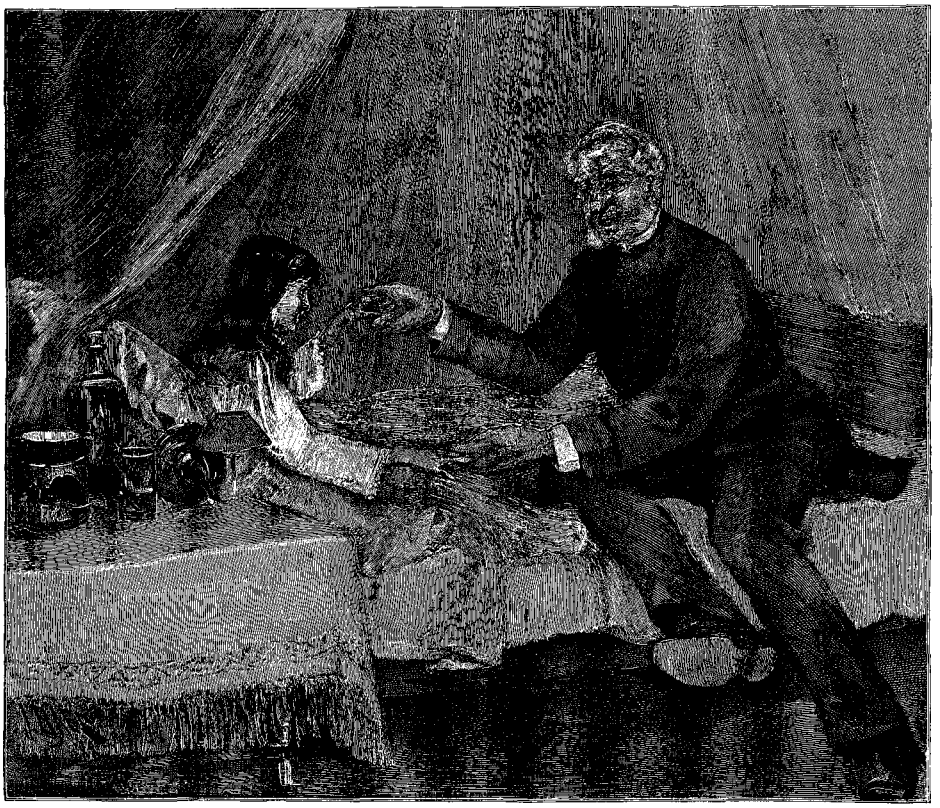
when I was a boy, and these lungs whose every wheeze and sputter he recognizes as I do the voice of a familiar acquaintance. The mother who bore me has not so intimate a knowledge of my peculiarities, my penchants and antipathies; no friend, however faithful, is so tolerant of my faults or has such an easy way of curing them. He reconciles me to myself by a quieting powder, and starts me fair with the world once more. He? They, I should say. There are a score of them, at least, each with a distinct personality of his own but all bearing the stamp of their genial, wide-awake profession. There is G. Can I not see him now, smiling down into his beard! I used to wonder if the smile lingered and lurked in that long grizzled beard of his after it left his lips. Dear old G., whimsical, kindly, lenient toward sinners and cynical toward saints, performing more than he promised, out of sight before gratitude reached him, doing good by stealth and half ashamed when found out! His slow comments, his dry humor, his quaint suggestions were better than his pills, and those were good enough. I can see him sitting among his "house-patients," at a table spread with Universal Food, cream toast, Prepared Wheat, soft eggs, barley coffee, and I cannot say what other limited and qualified article of diet; yet his smile betokens imperturbable benevolence, and his appetite for his own roast beef is undisturbed. I can see him, listening with the same amused, impenetrable smile to complaints which would nag another to madness. They did me. I sprang up from the table when the Liquid Food bottle began to circulate, but not soon enough to escape the long arm of an Ancient Mariner who asked solemnly, *Did you ever try prepared sea salt for bathing?*



"The children hail him as a playfellow."

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I glanced over my shoulder at G. He was as much amused by my actions as by those of the rest of the company. To

"Keen, swift, sensitive R., the surgeon."

him we were, alike, specimens of the human problem.

R. would have been ready to slay the humbugs in a week—keen, swift, sensitive R., the surgeon. He is as impatient as a thoroughbred that sniffs and paws at delay, striding up and down, uttering quick ejaculations, off like a dart as soon as the chance comes. Clean-cut and fine is he in his skill, brilliant and sure of stroke as the lightning, as impatient of blunders and transgressed commands as he is of delays, but always full of

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tact, full of refinement, full of tender delicacy, especially toward little children. They tell a pretty story of him at the Children's Hospital. Playing Doctor was the game and impersonating the house-staff its leading feature. "I'll be Doctor R.," one urchin was overheard saying, and he was followed by an indignant chorus, "That's just like you, Johnny Smith! You always take *the best!*"

Alive to the opinion of his patients is R. and giving them an absorbed interest in return for their trust in him, lying awake night after night in worry over a bad case, carrying it about with him under all the wealth of nonsense and sparkling fun which make him a tonic, under all the hopefulness and animation which challenge his patients to show fight and quit themselves like men. I would rather have R. to lead me to a charge in the battle for health than anyone I know.

For a sturdy comrade, working shoulder to shoulder, day in and day out, give me wiry, plucky, generous, steadfast little S., making enthusiasm and mother-wit serve for his lack of years, deeming no trouble too great to be taken, no trifling ache small enough to be disregarded, head and heart and willing hand in his work. The children hail him as a playfellow. We old chronics welcome him as we do daylight after a night of pain. We can unbosom ourselves completely, be as long and as prosy as we please. His appetite for information on our case seems insatiable, and that particular case the most important in his book.

"And what more shall I say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and Barak, of Samson and Jephthæ, of David also and Samuel," of the sanguine doctor whose prescriptions are "going to fix you all right in no time," of the brusque doctor who takes delight in making savage remarks, the courtly doctor whose elegance and suavity fairly divert the patient from his own wretched condition, the entertaining doctor who achieves a like miracle by means of his newsy yarns; of the facetious doctor who tosses his hat on the bed and insists that you are shamming, the boisterous doctor who fills the house with an important noise, and the good-natured, broad-backed old fellow who is always saying, "*That's it! that's it!*"

This one "tones up" the system with iron or quinine, that one "quiets" it with massage, and still another "feeds" it with malt and cod-liver oil. Here you find one with such transcendent faith in Nature that he is willing to let her "take her course;" there, another, with corresponding trust in a "change of scene," who sends you from Dan to Beersheba, from the mountains to the seashore and back again.

But, in spite of their hobbies, they're all hearty, whole-souled gentlemen; and it is a comfort even to have them take your pulse and temperature, they do it so cheerily and as if they were determined to work their best in helping you out of your troubles. Quacks there may be, "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," but it has never been my fortune or misfortune to meet them. There I cannot testify.

As for Homœopathy and Allopathy I must confess to a mature, masculine preference for sound, smacking doses. I like to feel that I am using big guns and plenty of powder. If I were young and tender perhaps bird-shot would have more effect on me. However, I drink to both sides, impartially, and wish them a long life and a busy one! "That'll be a-keeping the rest of us down," sighs my friend O'Rourke. "I never knew but one sick man who is well, now. He was too poor to have more than one doctor and he gave him up. So he got well." I don't want your opinion, O'Rourke. You are not an invalid, and that rules you out of this court. You belong with the Hogarths who nail the doctors on the wall as "Undertakers' Arms;" or with the newspaper wits who whet their tongues now on a mother-in-law, now on a dude, but oftenest on a medical man. We will wait until indigestion or a sprain humbles you cavillers before we allow you to cast a vote. It is only during the period of invalidism that doctors are appreciated, not before or after. This fact was noted by the old M.D. counselling his younger brother: "*Accipe dum dolet,*"—look out for your fee while he aches. As soon as he is well his understanding is darkened and the importance of the doctor, along with

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that of the empty medicine bottles, is written in the past tense. Don't I think they are grasping? I think they want their money when they have earned it, but that is a failing common to so many of the human family that one ceases to remark it, even in doctors. The parsimony of the three professions, Law, Theology, and Medicine, in selling justice, heaven, and health, is something to be regretted, and is often resented. But until the State takes sufficient interest in her children to endow these professions, I fear we shall have to strike a bargain for the care of our souls and of our bodies. It may be that living about in hospitals has given me an opportunity to see another side from that which you see, you who paid some hundreds of dollars for a consultation and sank half your fortune in an apothecary's shop; but so much generosity has come to my knowledge, unostentatious giving of skill, time, and money, on the part of these "grasping" gentlemen, that—I cannot agree with you.

And they are so materialistic! Granted; but so far as my experience of them goes, blood and bones and flesh are decidedly materialistic substances, and I don't care to have mine treated spiritually. If I had, I should have gone in for the Faith Cure, or summoned the ghost of my great-grandfather—an eminently respectable physician in his day—to write one of his yard-long prescriptions for me. How it would puzzle the "phisician's cooke" as a *liste* of that time terms the apothecary!

Just ask your doctor to give you a scientific diagnosis of your case. The high-sounding, mouth-filling titles will increase immeasurably your respect for your own viscera, notably if there is nothing but a rascally little Biliousness to blame and he calls it His Excellency, Gastro-duodenal Catarrh. So far from corporeal substance being degraded, it is dignified by proper nomenclature and plain explanations. Ignorance, superstition, distorted ideas run more risk of materialism than Science can.

As to the tax of irreverence, bless your heart! you must be a transient! no chronic would pass so superficial a judgment. The absurdities and the nonsense with which acute sufferers and those continually in the presence of acute suffering fortify themselves and each other is well-known to the experienced. It is a sort of harmless heat-lightning, a letting-off of the accumulation of nervous excitement. The flippant, frivolous talk between surgeon and assistants over an etherized patient would startle and shock the sympathetic friends, to whom the scene is full of solemnity and pathos. But these brave fellows are feeling their way over immeasurable dangers, by slender paths where none but Science can walk, with the infinite pains which Science is willing to take, buoying up each other's spirits with fun and jest. M. came to me the other day vowing vengeance on Dr. N. "He shall wait one while for his pay," he said angrily. "Wasn't the operation performed all right?" "Yes, but——" "Was the bill exorbitant?" "No, but, hang it! he *whistled* all through it," and the expression on his face showed that someone would have to perform an operation upon lacerated sensibilities before M. would consider himself a whole man. "Little Grandma," the hospital child, measured N. differently. She took a good look at him, turning her wee, wizened face over her crooked shoulder, and crying "Go easy, mister, go easy!" but she was hushed and reassured the instant she saw how tender and pitiful was the glance that met hers. She trusted him, always, from that time,—even when he whistled.

The doctor who could not laugh and make me laugh I should put down for a half-educated man. It is one of the duties of the profession to hunt for the material of a joke on every corner. Most of them have so esteemed it. Garth, Rabelais, Abernethy, and a hundred or so more too near to be named, what genial, liver-shaking, heart-quickening, wit-waking worthies they were and are! To the son who loves her best, Nature reveals most her tricks of workmanship. He knows there is a prize in every package of commonplace and sadness, and he can find it—not only the bit of fun shining to the eye of a connoisseur like an unset jewel, but the eccentricity, the resemblance, the

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revelation, countless signs and tokens of the evanescent, amusing, pathetic creature we call the human. Heartless, grasping, irreverent? The deepest compassion for human ails, the broadest generosity to human needs, the highest respect for all that is strong and pure and holy in human lives, I have seen in the men who come closest to the mystery of Life and the mystery of Death, who read the naked heart when it is too weak or too sorrowful to hide its nakedness, who know our best and our worst, and are most of them wise enough to strike the balance. If they are cynics it is we who have made them so. We are the books out of which they learn their lessons. We point the argument and furnish circumstantial evidence for or against human frailty and the worth of existence. If they lie to us, or withhold the truth, it is we who force them to it, with our appetite for *placebos*, our demand for large promises and taking titles—Sympathetic Powders, Magic Cure-alls, The Elixir of Life and of Perpetual Youth. They are gradually educating us out of the desire for these toys, and gradually, in consequence, growing more honest with us. We are willing to pay more for skill and less for a quart bottle of strong stuff. The "stomach-brush" would never flourish in our day. The old-time cathartic is no longer reckoned part of the household equipment, with the pepper-box and salt-cellar. Physic is relegated to its proper place, serving the physician and no longer served by him. The practice of medicine is less, but the doctor is more, much more. What mediæval miracle eclipses the wonders wrought by surgery? What pretence of ancient quackery is not more than fulfilled by the cunning craft which detects and deals with the subtilest disease?

They are never satisfied, these zealots. They never limit themselves by what has been, but are ever striving for the yet unattained. Eager workmen that they are, they must be continually planning new tools, new machines, new devices for the comfort and cure of their patients. As fast as experience finds the need, ingenuity plans the instrument. It puts a cushioned rest under every wounded part, props and sustains and strengthens every weakened part, ministers without delay and in every conceivable fashion. More full of meaning now than when they were written are the words of Jesus, Son of Sirach: "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him, for the uses which ye may have of him. . . . The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration."

You don't think so, you outsiders who "take a man for all in all,"—but ten to one drop the best part of him. You call this the rhapsody of an invalid, a bit of idealization—though idealization, as everyone knows, like all alchemies, depends upon the presence, in the dross, of the metal it seems to create. I doubt if the picture of these men, as they appear to you, bearded or smooth of chin, well-dressed or careless, republican or democrat, with an open purse or dodging the subscription paper, pewholders or displaying no outward and visible sign of religion, is any truer than their picture as they appear to us, presiding over the Eleusinia of the operating-room, following disease into the very ribs and lungs of a man and cutting out its footprints, by the magic of hidden stitches sewing death out and life in, or turning a criminal into a Christian. There is an idea of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton cherished by legal records which represents them wrangling over the fame of inventing etherization. It sets one of them before us in an attitude of indolent self-seeking, and shows the other conspicuous for self-seeking of a more energetic sort. The sole thought of these two, for the invalid, is that they gave to agony the priceless gift of unconsciousness. The lips whose quivering ceased before the draught they brought will never open in aught but blessing of them—whatever figure they cut in the courts.

Another chapter might be written upon the ultra-professional offices of the doctor—if it were safe to tell of the ugly sights his courteous eyes never see, the ugly sounds to which he turns a deaf ear; of dangerous confidences poured forth in the loquacity of illness and which drop into his attentive soul, like

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a stone into a pool, and leave no sign; of his friendly counsels and encouragements, and of his management of officious and meddlesome and trouble-making relatives; of his shielding the innocent from the guilty and saving the guilty from getting more than their due; of a thousand nameless deeds whose review brings smiles and sighs of grateful remembrance. By these and by the deeds we can more definitely name, let the invalid demand his right to judge the doctor's life at its focus, where energy and ambition are centralized.

No one cried toadyism when the courtier spread his cloak before the queen, or when the poet had so much to say about the divinity that hedges a king. No one would attempt to argue out of the peasant his reverence for the priest, by which the "cloth" of the latter is a surer protection to him than even chain-armor might be. Something of the allegiance of courtier and poet recognizing the sway and charm of the power which protects them, something of the devotee's appreciation of a life given to good works prompts the applause of the invalid offered to the physician.

II.

THE NURSE.

THE Survival of the Fittest means more than length of days; it involves the mastery of the feeble by the forceful while life endures, the absorbing of little personalities by great ones, the supremacy of strength in love and in war. A poor lookout for sick folk were there not an obverse side—the parasitical dependence of weakness upon might. Strength has the right of way. He strikes out bravely with his brawny legs. But cunning Weakness sits astride the neck of the conqueror and rides more safely than he could walk. Rare is the invalid who goes unattended. With blandishments and carefully composed witticisms, with grateful compliments and coaxing good-humor, many nurses are hired, especially if they are relatives and above regular wages or liberal donations of half-worn coats and dresses. The professional important for knowledge of her art, Cousin Jane solicitous about foot-warmers and the flavor of the broth, and Mrs. O'Flaherty from a neighboring attic, "tidying up and setting things handy," before she goes to her day's work—each has her price in coin of the realm or of the heart. It is always possible to pay in one or the other; and in consequence one nurse, at least, to every invalid is ordinarily the proportion.

The advent of the professional is usually attended with mystery. The patient opens his eyes, after the confusion of delirium or the blank of stupor, and she is there by his bedside, offering a cooling drink or a dose of medicine. Whence she came or how he cannot tell. It seems to him in the first waverings of consciousness that she has always been there, that he is the late arrival. He watches her, gliding about the room, moving chair or table into place, shading the lamp, and smoothing the tossed and tumbled counterpane. "Who are you?" he asks faintly. "I am only the nurse," she answers, with a reassuring smile. "You mustn't talk. It's all right." A vague belief that if it isn't she will make it so possesses him. He feels protected and cared for, and drops trustfully off to sleep. When he wakes she is still on guard, but with nothing of the sentinel in her appearance; she is like a gracious hostess. Never questioning her claims, as he might under different conditions, he is content to be a pensioner on his own estates. More and more acquiescent does he become, subdued by the unaggressive personality which rules the apartment without crowding its inmate. There is no clashing of wills. Before he has named it to himself she has read desire or revulsion on his face and the object is advanced or removed. With a regularity as smooth and even as the swing of a pendulum, she airs the room, clears it of dust and disorder, feeds her charge, doses and diverts him.

Nights and days come and go, he cannot tell how many of them. They stand in his memory as so many alternate black and white lines, uneventful but rather soothing to think of. Suddenly, as suddenly as she came, the nurse takes her leave. The patient feels deserted, indignant. He is just beginning to

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realize how very ill he is. It is inhuman to leave him in the lurch. There can be no one who needs her more. He is ready to shoot the doctor for suggesting such a thing. He is convinced that he will have a relapse and is somewhat chagrined when he finds such a back-somersault impossible.

A man who "can do whatever is necessary" takes the vacant place. Enter stolid Carl, rich in vitality and imperviousness to scolding, mesmeric from superabundance of nerve and muscle. The very grasp of his huge paw is invigorating. To be near him is like breathing the wholesome odor of kine or putting one's head on the neck of a fine, well-groomed horse. In seasons of greater debility the tonic would be too powerful. But now—the doctor was right; the time for scientific skill and methodical regularity is past. Flesh and blood stimuli added to ordinary attendance are all that is required. The invalid wants to pull himself up on his feet. Brute strength must be at hand to help him.

The instinct of self-preservation—one may as well call it by a high-sounding name—makes a perfect vampire of a sick man. It is not altogether watching, or care, or constant service, or the keen sense of responsibility which exhausts a nurse, nor all of them combined. It is the presence of the patient's famished body, taking in at every pore the nervous energy of whoever is near. The weakling pants for life. Life he must have. Give me your hand, Carl. Send the full charge of your human battery along my veins. That is better than wine, better than the broad, impersonal warmth of the sun. It is the quickening of pulse by pulse, the kindling of life by life. Strange and unaccountable are physical influences, but more potent in this world than men are willing to own. They are unheeded in the hurrying crowd, where electricity passes constantly with the jostling of elbows. But the sensibilities of the insulated invalid quiver like pith-balls when brought into contact with positive and negative forces. Certain persons give and others take from him the strength which is his carefully-hoarded treasure. He rebels against proximity with one, and clings like a frightened child to another. To say that the well and strong are the attractive is not enough. Often they repel by those very characteristics. Goodness and virtue have little to do with it, and sympathy is but a moderate factor. The feeling is almost wholly unreasonable, and, when examined proves as incapable of analysis as the

"The manner in which he says, 'Yes, sah,' is delightful."

woman's "I think him so because I think him so." I liked Carl and detested Charlie, although the service of the latter was absolutely flawless and the former occasionally slept through an entire night undisturbed by a shower of pillows and the contents of the medicine glass. If I were well, either man would be judged "a good fellow" and passed with indifference. Invalidism has readjusted the scales so that mere fancy decides for the one and against the other. When well I could not endure Sambo. Ill, I look upon him as an inexhaustible fund of amusement. The manner in which he says, "Yes, sah," with a sanctimonious roll of his eyes and a minstrel grin, is delightful. It is a toy with a string which I pull as often as I please. The unfailing good humor of these dusky brethren is enormously in their favor as nurses. If ever

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a man detests the lean, hungry Cassiuses, it is when they come to wait by his bedside. You can forgive blundering and fibbing and petty larceny, but you cannot forgive the bringing of fogs and damps into your presence. What if Sambo was flourishing around in my best claw-hammer after I was asleep. Awake, I was entertained by the cheeriest companion in the invalid world. Entertained? This is not down on the list of the nurse's obligations. It enters largely into the nurse's habit, however. Is it not so, my brothers? Have you forgotten Mrs. F.'s quiet joke or "Uncle" T.'s amusing yarns? Don't you remember "Mother C.?" jolly, bright-cheeked "Mother C.," the quondam farmer's wife, carrying her wholesome, homespun nature and quaint country phrases into her skilful "trained" work? It always seemed when she came in as if she came straight from the orchard or the dairy, and not merely because she would have half-a-dozen apples in her apron or a glass of milk in her hand. She used to act as if your illness was a joke between you and her, an excuse for gaining extra goodies and special attention, a chance to laugh and be lazy when awake and to sleep prodigally when so disposed. She half persuaded you into believing it.——Ah, you remember. I see your bandaged heads nod and your drawn lips shorten into a smile, as across the dark background of painful recollections glide the figures of those who brightened an invalid's sorry lot, the various types of that potentate, the nurse. "Potentate, indeed! She acts as if she owned the establishment," sulks the head of the house. "She needn't come into my kitchen with her airs," wags the tail of the house. And all the intermediate members look askance at the temporary queen who dares and continues to dare, with the utmost serenity, assured of a strong position flanked by His Highness, the Doctor. One of these masterful spirits I knew who had charge of a farmer's wife dying from over-work and need of nutrition. Four small children hung around the house-door, gaunt, hollow-eyed little wretches, following their mother as fast as youth and a naturally vigorous constitution permitted. The father, a grim old whiskerando, had always kept the desires of his family under his will and the key to the store-room in his overalls' pocket, doling out scanty rations and scantier pleasures as his whim decreed.

The nurse's keen eyes and ready wits comprehended the situation. She planned an attack. "Go you to bed," she said sweetly to the despot. "I am accustomed to watch alone with my patients." And he climbed the attic stairs. As soon as all was still, a ghostly figure traversed the farm-house and the adjacent buildings. It peered into closets and corners, hunted from kitchen to shed, from shed to barn and out-house. Finally, it seemed to find what it sought, a padlocked door. A few dexterous turns of a hatchet and the door sagged open, disclosing row upon row of barrels and boxes. "Humph," sniffed the nurse, "we'll see about this." Back to the kitchen she trudged, and returned with a bucket in either hand. Flour, eggs, butter, and the like comestibles she rapidly transferred from their hiding-place to the long board-table by the kitchen stove, while the farmer still snored peacefully above stairs unconscious that the enemy was in his magazine and all the next quarter's supplies were out at once. Softly but swiftly until dawn put an end to her opportunity, the nurse mixed and rolled out and put into the oven, until the pantry shelves were full and so was the long board-table.—The mother died, and so did most of the children, but they smacked their thin lips over one generous meal in a life-time of prevalent hunger.

The invading nurse is no exception. Hers is the crusader's zeal. She tilts against disease and death, as do the doctors, but her lance is often a pudding-stick, her armor the kettle and sauce-pan. How can she leave her juicy meats to be tampered with by an unregenerate cook whose mission is not the healthful but the palatable? How can she intrust her delicate custard, her savory beef-tea to an unappreciative being in whose category they rank as messes? Moreover, if an obstacle intervene between her prowess and any dietetic material, she must break down, overthrow, trample upon the obstacle. The doctor does

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not say give your patient chicken-broth if you can get a chicken. The condition is omitted. A chicken she must have, though the hen-roosts in the neighborhood suffer in consequence; and broth it must make if all the regiment of the kitchen are to be bound and removed from the path to the stove, as a preliminary to the boiling. So much for the region below stairs. Above stairs it is the duty of the nurse to banish every cause of annoyance. She must be a policeman driving away from her charge the noisy, the exciting, the disagreeable, even if she separate husband and wife, parent and child.

"Hard lines!" sighs the patient, hearing a low utterance of the fiat which excludes some petitioner at the door. But in his inmost soul he is grateful for the shield as he nestles behind it. H.'s wife is a treasure in this respect. The doctor has only to say, "Keep him quiet," and the angel Gabriel would be wheedled out of his trumpet if he put it to his lips when she was on duty. Once when H. was down with nervous prostration, someone actually died in the room opposite his, without his knowledge. It was an old aunt who stopped on her way to seek medical advice in a neighboring city. She had had one fit and lived in hourly expectation of another. Of course a paroxysm seized her in H.'s. house: there is a fatality about such things. Her companion was nearly as helpless as herself, what with fright and the strangeness of the place; but H.'s plucky wife was, as usual, mistress of the situation. She dragged a mattress before her husband's door, muffling the sound of the sick woman's groans. Then, with the doctor's commands constantly before her, she watched both patients and guarded this one from that, as only a woman can guard the being she loves.

Doctors came in numbers. The woman died horribly. The undertakers prepared her body for burial. It was placed in a coffin and borne from the house. And the nervous, watchful invalid, suspicious of every sound, knew naught of the guest save that she came and went. Now in one room, now in the other, appeared the wife, answering H.'s questions, telling him stories, supplying his needs, and again in the midst of the trying death-scene governing and guiding the necessary arrangements. Six weeks afterward, when H. was riding out, she told him how it was. He didn't quite relish the bit of *finesse*, although he appreciated the tenderness which prompted it. No man enjoys being duped, whatever the object. He said nothing, but the next day, when Bridget fell down the back-stairs with a lamp in each hand, he was at the foot almost as soon as she landed. "If anyone else dies in this house, I'm going to know it," he said, resolutely.

It may be that no professional will thus guard a patient. To affirm this is more complimentary to wedlock; and indeed it must be true that loyal affection will find ways and means unknown to common service.

But the invalids have seen how patience and fidelity can dignify and ennoble common service until it becomes a graceful and gracious performance, if not a grand one.

The hub of the invalid's wheel of fortune is plainly the doctor. All things centre in and revolve about his counsel. But the felloe is the all-embracing, all-sustaining influence of the nurse. By her interference the wheel runs smoothly, the outside world keeps its place, and every need of the small inner world is met and covered.

III.

THE VISITOR.

It is often a source of amusement to the owners of dogs or other pets to note the shallow subterfuges they employ in order to gain sympathy. Illnesses magnified to win soft words and caresses, a lame leg handled as cleverly as ever the begging impostor in the street handles his—these are common enough among the creatures to whom we stand as patrons and benefactors. We laugh at the trick; and yet, in that corner of our hearts where lie the tops and and whirligigs of childhood, the rattles and straws once puissant and adorable, rests the machinery for similar manœuvres. The plaintive whimper of

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the baby whose fictitious aches were a passport to "mother's bed," the paraded bruise calling for the salve of kisses, the exaggerated cough that appealed for anxious fondling along with the "drops" administered—such were the screws and pulleys which the Infantine Inquisition brought to bear upon tender hearts. They fell into disuse when nursery despotism was exchanged for the equal rights of the playground, and remained hidden, almost forgotten, until sickness brought them to light. Out they came somewhere about the time we wished Dr. —— was not so determined to look upon us as a "case," and that Nurse —— would not consider broken legs an ordinary affair and sound ones the fortuity. An uncontrollable desire for the punch of human sympathy possessed our soul, a revolt from the matter-of-fact diet of the sick room, an impulse to throw all the old furniture out of the window and call for new. That was about the time we had our first visitor. And how we did enjoy it! How we posed as "One who has been through a great deal," rehearsing our ails and their remedies in glib phrases which would have brought a smile to the lips of the M.D. from whom we borrowed them, but which were to these appalled listeners a perfect Bugaboo, a Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones frightful in the extreme. We slept soundly that night and were ready for more visitors the next day. It was announced that we were "ready to see people," and the announcement was followed by the prophecy that we "would go right along now." We did. It was inevitable.

To say that the visitor ever takes the place of doctor or nurse is absurd, but there always comes a time when his aid is indispensable. There have been patients, superhuman or subhuman, who took to mother Nature at the crisis of convalescence, but they were pretty certain to have a relapse. Alas, we fall at her feet as Heinrich Heine did at the feet of the Venus de Milo, in an agony of longing for sympathy; but our goddess answers as did his, "See, I have no arms, I cannot help you." She has only her beautiful body and divine countenance. She cannot so much as lift a finger for the suppliant. It is worth something to gain the inspiration which comes from gazing upon her, from breathing the atmosphere of her goddess presence, strong and serene as she is; but she is utterly self-contained and devoid of "the fellow-feeling" for which we all, at one time or another, hunger and thirst.

That other divinity who masquerades as a sort of modern Judith Holofernes, ready to off with your head at any moment, but who is in reality a soft-hearted dame, filled with the kindliest emotions as soon as she sees the doctor's gig at your door—I mean that fussy, good-natured old lady, Mrs. Grundy, is sure to give you a lift if you will take it. She has arms though she is not classic. She may do her best to make you uncomfortable while you are well, but once take to your bed and she is your devoted friend. She will tempt your appetite, strengthen your heart, be winsome and chatty and helpful—until she can set you up, like a ten-pin, for another knock-over. Possibly. But her goodness is genuine as long as it lasts. Ladies to whom you are merely a name will send delicious dishes in to you. Men who shook their fists in your face at the last election will leave kindly messages at your door. Curly-headed children who resented all your advances when you met them in the street are all agog with eagerness to "come and see you." If it is true that all mankind love a lover, it is equally indisputable that all mankind feel in duty bound to nurse an invalid.

His desire to obtain sympathy is no stronger than their desire to offer it; and sympathy is not the only boon obtained from the visitor. There is a horrible resemblance between the inhabitants of a beleaguered city and the thoughts and feelings of a man who has been shut up to feed upon himself for days and weeks and months of unavoidable imprisonment. Let the new-comer send a fresh breeze blowing through the fever-filled apartment! Let him bring a feast and the appetite for it! Let him raise the cruel siege! It is an insufficient proverb which names variety "life's spice." Science defends the definition which makes it no less than the life itself. In weakness, more than in strength,

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the change must come from without. Inertia holds the sick man like a clod to his place. Monotony flaunts before him her grinding repetitions. It was an invalid, of course, who longed to die because he was tired of having his shoes put off and on. Yet another invalid, and of the same sensitive French nation, delighted in being dressed to the end of his days and lived merrily among his friends.

More than sympathy and more than variety must my visitor yield. He must unite me with the world again. If there is only one of me I am a feeble, insignificant thing. If there are some twenty millions of creatures of whom I am one, I am part of a powerful body which rules, conquers, invents, philosophizes, and deports itself as the flower of creation should. My visitor is to remind me that I belong to this soul-satisfying majority and not to the sad, weak minority I had fancied as I sat alone in my easy-chair and forgot my fellows.

"'I am only the nurse,' she answers."

For my solitary, sanitary lines of thought he substitutes the political lookout, the question of Home-rule, or Eastern affairs. We discuss an improved engine or a torpedo boat. And he tells a neat epigram which J. got off the other day. I become proud of my connection with such a bright and forward race.

Opinions of my own sprout and grow. The strain which threatened to snap my self-possession relaxes. Emotions and ideas throw off the dust which clogged them. To sympathize is an instinct with those to whom it belongs; diversity of entertainment is a talent educated; but to lift a fellow-being out of the slough of self and to set him upon the firm ground of common interests and endeavors is a stroke of genius. Whoever can do this should be a professional visitor. He should follow in the wake of doctor and nurse, an equal member of the triad, licensed by the royal law of expediency to take his place and fill it as no one else can.

Nature? She is as much at fault here as in the bestowal of sympathy. She can soothe, but she cannot electrify. In order to get hope and courage and good advice out of her, one has first to read them into her, as with music. But these independent creatures walking past us—and over us if we get in the way—have something about them which we did not put in, something which is not ourselves, and is therefore much more refreshing than the increase of an already abnormally developed ego. When they offer hope and courage and good advice, there is an actual plus and no differentiation.

But there are visitors and visitors, not alone the diverting, amusing allies, but those who add their burdens or the weight of a non-giving, absorbing vitality to the sick man's load. These talk in high, excited voices of what interests them solely, or tell of ails "a great deal worse than yours," and give elaborate descriptions of the case of X. or Y.—a provoking instance of carrying coals to Newcastle. They ask ten thou-

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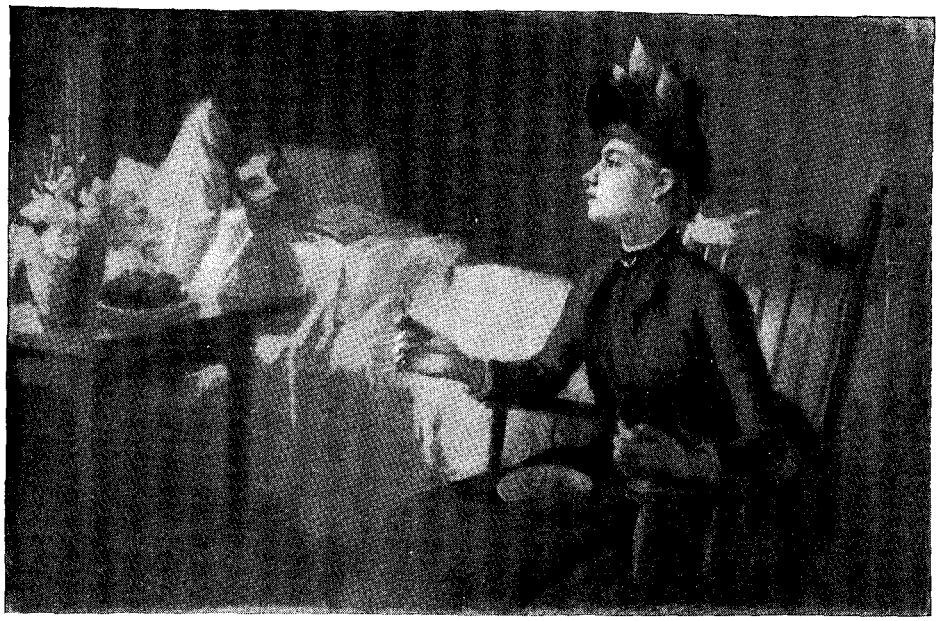

"Another visitor who never misses a welcome is the bringer of eatables."

sand questions about your condition and follow you as closely as if you were a sworn witness for the defence and they the prosecuting attorney. They insist with forceful argument and friendly zeal on cramming some diabolical patent medicine down your throat, will you, nill you. These are the sympathizers whose offering is a knife and halter to the victimized patient. But anyone of them is preferable to the mournful visitor who advances with a subdued air and looks into the face of the recumbent with the same expression which he, poor fellow, has seen her wear when she was performing her social duties at a funeral and looking into an open coffin. Whenever I see a certain one of these visitors coming, I know that I am considered a pitiable object, for she makes it her business to visit the afflicted, and her self-appointed mission is no secret. She has a smooth, placid face, and her voice is modulated by nature to utter words of condolence. But when she turns her eyes piously upward, "thanking her Heavenly Father" for what he has bestowed upon *her*, there is an unpleasant suggestion of the complacent old party in the New Testament who did the same, and, sinner that I am, I prefer to remain "afar off." No, no, fellow-creatures, give me what you can of spontaneous good-will, but rid me of this barrel-organ of perfunctory pity! John, if that woman calls again, I'm out—I'm dead—I never was born! But the condoler has one virtue, quietness; and this is lacking in the pugnacious visitor, who informs you, briskly, that your doctor is a fool and your nurse what she shouldn't be, that you'll never get well in this world if you don't turn them both out of doors and get a new outfit. An argument is useless. You might as well attempt to out-talk a March tempest. Even if you say nothing you are left in a sore and disheartened state, feeling very much as if you had had a "round" with a professional pugilist.

Satisfactory as any visitors are the children. They are apt entertainers, and they can be sent home or told not to handle things. The minister's little girls, Martha and Mary, aged four and three, come in to see me once a week, and they always say a good thing or two before they leave. Martha, true to her name, is "troubled about many things," and especially about Mary, whom she takes every opportunity to educate and discipline. "That," she said to her

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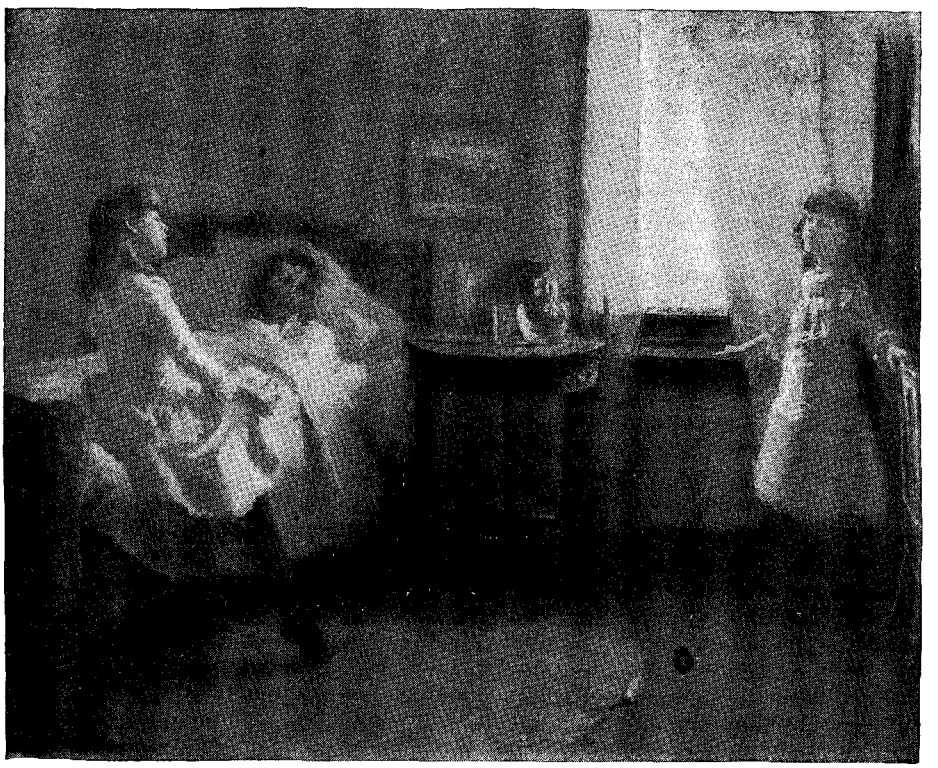

"Satisfactory as any visitors are the children."

charge, to-day, pointing to the Orphanage opposite my window, and her mien would adorn the Lady Principal of a Female Seminary, "that is where the little Orphans live. Mr. and Mrs. Orphan are dead."

"Yes," she replies to my inquiry if Mary is not a great care, "she has my crib, now, with me." "But where do you sleep?" I pursue, with a glance at Mary's ample little figure. "O," with a sigh which speaks volumes, "I sleep where Mary don't."

More lively are the interviews with young Augustus Caesar from over-the-way, sent in by his mother to "talk to poor Mr. Ward, who hasn't any little boys and is all sick." Full of his errand he takes his stand directly in front of me, assuming an oratorical attitude, his legs far apart. Then he begins in a loud voice. "We've got 'leven little roosters over to our house." "That so?" "M-m-m"—the prolonged aspirate serving for an affirmative—"and they're all crowin'. My farver sat twelve eggs and 'leven hatched and they're 'nuff growed up to crow. It's awful funny." Here the gravity of the occasion is powerless to longer rein in the dimples of the orator. The audience laughs, too, in hearty appreciation. There are occasions when Church and State may flourish or fall without exciting a throb of interest in the palsied heart of the invalid, when the efforts of our brightest and best beloved are but a sorry defence against the blues; but the picture of "'leven little roosters, crowin'," is irresistibly picturesque and exhilarating. It is like the sniff of a vinaigrette. I am no longer bored or indifferent.

Another visitor who never misses a welcome is the bringer of eatables. The article may be inferior to something scorned by the invalid appetite when prepared at home, but home talent never was appreciated in prophecies or puddings. The delicacy gets eaten, and a value is put upon it as a commodity by

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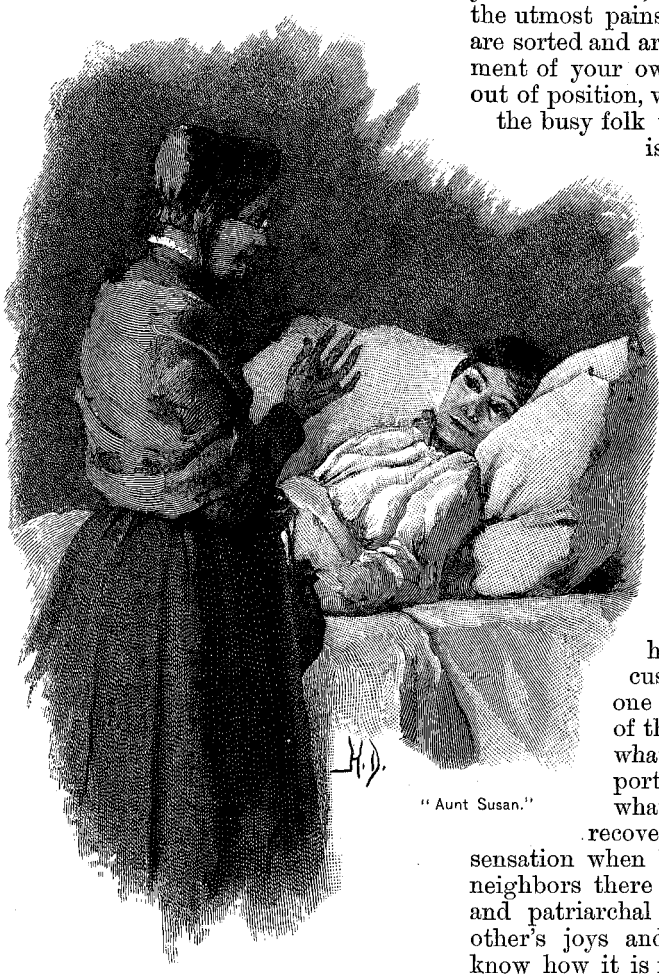
those who dislike to go to a sick-room empty-handed. Nowhere is the practice of "carrying something" to the invalid more general than in the country. But



"Aunt Susan."

as to that, nowhere does visiting arrive at such perfection as in the one-streeted villages where the list of inhabitants is not too long nor their duties too varied to admit of frequent "dropping in" and "running over," particularly if there is a sufferer to be "set with."

The visitor enters easily by the unlocked front door, making a way, with occasional raps, into the family arcana. There is no resisting the lever of a question then. Can you refuse any piece of information to one who has learned your morning habits or your fondness for old shoes? He has your cloak, he may as well take your coat also. And he will. Are you a new arrival, diligent search is made for all available facts bearing upon your condition, spiritual and secular, the utmost pains being taken until you are sorted and arranged. If some movement of your own or Fate's shake you out of position, with the same eagerness the busy folk will rearrange you. It is not an ill-natured performance. It is gone through with as one goes through an avocation, a duty. Gossip is dragged before the eyes of men, not from diseased delight in it, but as sun and wind uncover and light upon carrion, simply and naïvely and as a matter of course. It is needless to state there is no demand for detectives in a region of this sort. To ask and to answer is the habit of all. A railing accusation, brought against one young lady by an elder of the same sex was that in what was deemed an important affair she never told what she knew. If one can recover from a slight tingling sensation when being examined by the neighbors there is something pleasant and patriarchal in living near to each other's joys and sorrows. I do not know how it is now, but when I was a boy less than half a century ago, it was deemed a breach of etiquette not to wait upon the infant in its earliest stage of blush and wrinkle, to wish it luck or note its resemblance to its parents. The contrary extreme of life was equally well attended. When any one went through the ceremony of dying, the neighbors were invited in and stood about the bed while the last breaths were drawn; very much as they would "see" some one "off" on a journey.

This bestowal of interest and benevolence has its correlate in the ingenious demand for them. Ask a drink of a

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rustic and he will give you his family history while he is letting down the bucket. To withhold sympathy and to neglect to ask for it are equal social sins. Not to have a story to tell is to fail in an important particular. To tell it with all the mysteriousness attendant upon tragic recital is to shine as a visitor. "*I knew she'd never get well,*" says Aunt Susan in a husky whisper and bending forward to shake a lean fore-finger in the face of the patient whom she is entertaining. "*She was better on the Sabbath. Needn't tell me o' Sunday betterments.*" Cold tremors run up and down the spine of the sick woman who listens, but she would never think of refusing to hear the old-wife tales. They are part of the visiting programme.

Under the auspices of Science, where visits are weighed and measured as carefully as medicines, as sparingly as smelts, Aunt Susan would have small chance to distinguish herself. And when the patient is able to make his own choice it may be that he will have neither Aaron nor Hur to hold up his feeble arms; will shut the door on the loquacious and noisy, the exciting and curious, as well as on their betters, and will invite the visitors who come silently, in forms which never startle, uttering no platitudes, but ever cheering, changing, inspiriting, amusing—I mean the books. Therein the wisest and the wittiest, the traveller, the man of the world, and the scholar come and go as we will, utter as much or as little as we decree, and of their best.

But these are for the advanced convalescent. Until he can reach out his hand to take them there is ever to be found the visitor-in-the-flesh, often a better though a humbler aid than the distilling of heart and brain sealed in written words. The native fruit found on its woody stem, words warm from the lips, the hand with the heart's blood pulsing to its finger-tips; these are better digesters of discomfort and *ennui* than sage sayings a hundred years old or a tale told in cold blood to a writing-desk.

RONDO.

By Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr.

WHAT care I! tho' my life is sad
And dark my day that should be glad;
  Tho' storms make winter in my May
  And skies that should be blue are gray,
And rotten all the joy I had.

But what know I of good or bad!
Good sooth, kind sir, I'm but a lad
  Who changes heart with every day.
    So what care I!

Yet, brother fool, in paint and pad
With consciences in motley clad
  In this huge farce, the world, we play
  A fool's part for his sordid pay:
We'd be so vile were we not mad.
    But what care I!

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FRENCH TRAITS—WOMEN.

By W. C. Brownell.

RITING over a hundred years ago, Sébastien Mercier, whose "Tableau de Paris" was once a very popular work, says of his countrywomen: "Frenchwomen are remarkable for piercing, mischievous eyes, elegant figures, and sprightly countenances, but fine heads are very rare amongst them." The type has not varied greatly since then and it may be safely asserted that at present large eyes and beautiful faces are as rare among Frenchwomen as are poor figures. They are admired, too, in France with an intensity not untinctured with envy. For large eyes especially this admiration is universally unmeasured—no woman's eyes seem too large to be beautiful; from the lay-figures of fashion plates to the goddesses of the *Salon*, Grévin's beauties, the wax-figures of shop-windows—every ideal type whether vulgar or refined is sure to possess large eyes. American girls have not this peculiarity, it is well known, as frequently as those of several other races, but in Paris they are nearly as noted for it as for any other feature of their pretty faces. An American returning home after a long sojourn in France is himself struck by the number of "ox-eyed Junos" in which his country may glory and which he had not before suspected. Pretty faces are not, perhaps, more abundant in France than large eyes. They are rarer among women of a certain age than among young girls—so much rarer indeed than is the case with us that one naturally infers the deteriorating effect of French life and manners upon the fresher and more delicate beauties of feature and color. Of this Frenchwomen seem themselves convinced, and they begin early the endeavor to circumvent the ungallant influences of passing years. It is a bold thing to say, they are themselves such excellent judges in these matters, but it is probable that in this they commit a grave error, and, by meeting them halfway, really aid in the ungracious work of these influences. Balzac cynically divides Parisians into the two classes of the young and the old who attempt to appear young. As to women alone he does not seem, to a foreign observer, very far out of the way. There are doubtless large numbers of men who do not attempt to regain the youthful aspect they could not retain, but almost no women.

It is not by any means exclusively vanity that furnishes the motive for this unequal struggle with nature. Partly, to be sure, it is a poignant repugnance to loss of consideration which, in a society where the great prize of life is the esteem of others, is of great importance. But in the main it proceeds from a passionate desire to preserve even the semblance of the period when one feels at one's best, when one can enjoy most thoroughly, and when one wastes one's life the least. Some day perhaps gray hair will become as fashionable in Paris as it is in New York. Hitherto there are no signs of its favor. The number of women one sees who have dyed hair is very large, and, till one remarks a corresponding rarity of gray hair, very odd. At first one's respect for Parisian taste receives a severe shock. The dye used, however—apparently the same all over Paris—is far superior to the hideous russets we are accustomed to note in the beard and hair of an occasional under-bred old man, and when fresh is, except for its evident artificiality, a not at all bad looking dark-chestnut. After a few days it becomes easily less beautiful, and it is certainly not renewed often enough. The *ennui* of the process and economy, the sense for both of which is quite as keen as that of coquetry in France, are against its frequent renewal. Before long one becomes used to the general phenomenon and is in two minds about agreeing with the Parisians as to its

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preferability to gray hair, which certainly does not suit all complexions and makes the person not naturally distinguished appear insignificant; and except in rare cases it ages rather than renders piquant the youthfulness it sometimes accompanies. As for the *mauvaise honte* of resorting to artificial aids to beauty, one inclines to get over that in breathing the Parisian atmosphere where such a feeling is wholly unknown and would probably be incomprehensible. Ladies with us certainly resort to wigs in case of baldness and to rice powder in the event of any grave defect in complexion. The line between the palliation of natural blemishes and the adornment of natural features is difficult to draw. A society which has a great deal of regard for form will insist on the latter while a society perpetually on its guard against permitting form to out-weigh substance will hardly excuse the former.

The truth is that coquetry, which is a defect in our eyes, is a quality of the Frenchwoman. It is a virtue which consecrates as it were the possession of natural attractions. In France always *le charme prime la beauté*, and coquetry there is the science of charm in women. Charm in this special sense our women do not greatly study; and its crude exhibitions oftener than not occur in conjunction with an absence of those natural attractions so much better and so universally appreciated by the opposite sex that there is no atoning for the lack of them nor any need of enhancing them. But in France to paint the lily is not regarded as a paradox. The result is not without a certain specious felicity, it must be confessed; as indeed many American men who have been honored in any degree with French feminine society could probably testify. On the other hand it is not to be inferred that from our point of view the French lily needs to be painted. Her natural charms are many and great, and they would be potent in a *milieu* which would distinctly frown upon her mobilization and manœuvring of them, so to speak. Her complexion is, in general—before it has submitted to the inexorable necessities arising from competition with the heightened and accentuated tints that best sustain the gaslight (or rather candle-light) splendor of opera, balls, and soirées—very nearly perfection. Less florid than the red and white freshness so greatly admired as witnessing quite as much as decorating the superb health of English women, it is nevertheless full of color, readily changeable, and of a purity unaffected either by its occasional leaning toward olive or by its more frequent shading into pink. Muddy or sallow it never is. The Parisienne is perhaps often *étiolée*—there is much croaking in the journals about the effect of the *vie fiévreuse et excitante* of Paris; but anemia as a chronic condition is infrequent. She has a disgust for invalidism rare among American women, who would find her on this score terribly unsympathetic—"cold and hard" in fact. Unlike so many American women, who esteem her *blasée* in consequence, *elle n'est pas née d'hier*, in French phrase, and she perfectly appreciates the intimate connection between invalidism and hysteria. To be pitied forms no part of her programme, and to be pitied on such grounds would be unendurable to her. The "rest cure" is probably unknown in France.

But quite as much as such commiseration she undoubtedly dreads the loss of physical attractiveness which invalidism involves. She devotes indeed a share of attention to the conservation of her beauty in every respect which the American woman would esteem excessive. Her hand, oftener expressive perhaps than *mignonne*, but in general shapely and well-attached, shows the advantages of this attention. Her foot on the other hand shows its disadvantages; it is as a rule if larger than the corresponding American foot (which is not to be denied) smaller by a greater discrepancy still than that of the Englishwoman, and there seems really no excuse for compressing it, as is so universally done, into the fashionable but transparent deception known as the Louis Quinze boot. Under this treatment, little different in kind from that which is *de rigueur* in China, it assumes an aspect totally devoid of graceful contour, to be characterized only by what Carlyle would describe as "mere hoofiness." Still for a moment—the moment during which

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alone perhaps the feminine foot should be remarked—the effect is possibly to diminish apparent size; and here again, as in the instances of paint and powder and dyes, one should hesitate before proffering advice to so excellent a judge as the Frenchwoman. The point remains, in Candide's words, "une grande question." Coquetry itself, however, can offer nothing to enhance what is beyond all question the Frenchwoman's most admirable physical endowment, namely her incomparable figure. *Embonpoint*, it is true, is a danger to be contemplated as one approaches middle age. Beyond this period of life France undoubtedly possesses her full share of ample and matronly femininity. The opposite tendency may safely be scouted. Mme. Bernhardt herself is well-known to be what is called a *fausse maigre*. In any assemblage of Frenchwomen from a ball in the Faubourg St. Germain to a *bal de l'Opéra* the number of admirable figures is very striking; the face may be positively common, but the figure is nearly sure to be superb. The wasp-waist so much affected across the Channel is apparently confined to fashion-plates designed for exportation. The unwisdom of tight-lacing is evidently not more perfectly appreciated than its unsightliness, though the relations of hygiene to beauty are thoroughly understood. With this excellence of figure generally goes a corresponding excellence of carriage; in this respect the skill with which the Louis Quinze heel is circumvented is beyond praise. And with regard to the tact and taste displayed in the garb which decorates this figure and carriage the world is, I suppose, as well agreed now as in the time when the Empress set its fashions for it in a more inexorable way than the women of the present republic can pretend to. France is still, if not the only country in the world where dress is an art, at least the only one where the dressmaker and the milliner are artists.

It is as unquestionably the country in which women think most of dress. The fact is often enough made a reproach to the Frenchwoman, and nothing is commoner than to hear Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, as well as Americans, in Paris referring to it as indicating her character and defining the limit of her activities. Her toilet occupies the Parisienne too exclusively, is nearly the universal foreign opinion—even among those foreigners who are themselves most attracted by the graces and felicities of the toilet in question as well as least serious themselves. The difficulty of transmuting such a trait into that domesticity which the Southern Latin ready to *se ranger* prizes as highly as the Teuton or Anglo-Saxon who makes it a part of his feminine ideal, is a frequent theme of purely disinterested speculation among these social philosophers. It is a difficulty nevertheless which does not puzzle the Frenchman. The conditions of French life are such that domesticity is either not understood in precisely the sense in which it is accepted elsewhere, or is not given the same overmastering importance as an absolute quality. The domesticity aimed at by the Spanish convent and cultivated by the Germanic hearth and chimney-corner is in no sense the object of the Frenchman's ambition for the Frenchwoman. Here as elsewhere his social instinct triumphs over every other, and he regards the family circle as altogether too narrow a sphere for the activities of a being who occupies so much of his mind and heart, and in whose consideration he is as much concerned as she in his. To be the mother of his children and the nurse of his declining years is a destiny which, unrelieved by the gratification of her own instincts of expansion, he would as little wish for her as she would for herself. To be the ornament of a society, to awake perpetual interest, to be perpetually and universally charming, to contribute powerfully to the general aims of her environment, never to lose her character as woman in any of the phases or functions of womanly existence, even in wifehood or maternity—this central motive of the Frenchwoman's existence is cordially approved by the Frenchman. In fact it is because he approves and insists upon it that she is what she is. It is for this reason that she devotes so much attention to dress, which in her thus, spite of those surface indications that mislead the foreigner, is almost never due to the passion for dress in itself to which similar preoccupa-

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tion infallibly testifies in the women of other societies. A New York belle dresses for her rivals—when she does not, like the aborigines of her species, dress for herself alone. Mr. Henry James acutely represents the Mrs. Westgate of his "International Episode" as "sighing to think the Duchess would never know how well she was dressed." To induce analogous regret in a Frenchwoman a corresponding masculine obtuseness would be absolutely indispensable. And this among her own countrymen she would never encounter. Her dress, then, is a part of her coquetry—one of the most important weapons in a tolerably well-stocked arsenal; but it is nothing more, and it in no degree betokens frivolity. Like her figure and her carriage it is a continual ocular demonstration and a strong ally of her instinct, her genius, for *style*. In these three regards she is unapproachable, and in every other attribute of style she is certainly unsurpassed. In elegance, in intelligence, in self-possession, in poise, it would be difficult to find exceptions in other countries to rival the average Parisienne. And her coquetry, which endues her style with the element of charm (of which it is, as I said, the science), is neither more nor less than the instinct to please highly developed. It is not, as certainly coquetry elsewhere may sometimes be called, the instinct to please deeply perverted. The French coquette does not flirt. Her frivolity, her superficiality, may be great in many directions—in religion, in moral steadfastness, in renunciation, in constancy, even in sensibility—but in coquetry she is never superficial; the dimly veiled, half-acknowledged insincerity of what is known as flirtation would seem to her frivolous to a degree unsuspected by her American contemporary. To her as to her countrymen the relations of men and women are too important and too interesting not to be at bottom entirely serious.

In fine to estimate the Frenchwoman's moral nature with any approach to adequacy it is necessary entirely to avoid viewing her from an Anglo-Saxon standpoint. Apart from her *milieu* she is not to be understood at all. The ideals of woman in general held by this *milieu* are wholly different from our ideals. To see how and wherein let us inquire of some frank French friend. "We shall never agree about women," he will be sure to admit at the outset; and he may be imagined to continue very much in this strain: "We Frenchmen have a repugnance, both instinctive and explicit, to your propensity to make *companionability* the essential quality of the ideal woman. Consciously or unconsciously this is precisely what you do. It is in virtue of their being more companionable, and in an essentially masculine sense, that the best of your women, the serious ones, shine superior in your eyes to their frivolous or pedantic rivals. You seem to us, in fact, to approach far more nearly than your English cousins to the ideal in this respect of your common Gothic ancestors. Your ideal is pretty closely the Alruna woman—an august creature spiritually endowed with inflexible purity and lofty, respect-compelling virtues, performing the office of a 'guiding-star' amid the perplexities of life, whose approval or censure is important in a thousand moral exigencies, and one's feeling for whom is always strongly tinctured—even in the days of courtship—with something akin to filial feeling. In your daily life this ideal becomes, of course, familiarized—you do not need to be reminded that 'familiarized' is, indeed, an extenuating term to describe the effect upon many of your ideals when they are brought into the atmosphere of your daily life, that the contrast between American ideals and American practice frequently strikes us as grotesque. In the atmosphere of your daily life the Alruna woman becomes a good fellow. She despises girls who flirt, as you yourselves despise our dandies and our *petits jeunes gens*. She despises with equal vigor the lackadaisical, the hysterical, the affected in any way. She plays a good game of tennis; it is one of her ambitions to cast a fly adroitly, to handle an oar well. She is by no means a Di Vernon. She has a thoroughly masculine antipathy to the romantic, and is embarrassed in its presence. She reads the journals; she has opinions, which, unlike her inferior sisters, she rarely obtrudes. She is tremendously efficient and never poses.

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She is saved from masculinity by great tact, great delicacy in essentials, by her beauty which is markedly feminine, by her immensely narrower sphere, and by Divine Providence. She is thus thoroughly companionable, and she is after all a woman. This makes her immensely attractive to you. But nothing could be less seductive to us than this predominance of companionableness over the feminine element, the element of sex. Of our women, ideal and real (which you know in France, the country of equality, of homogeneity, of averages, is nearly the same thing) we could better say that they are thoroughly feminine and that they are, after all, companionable. Indeed, if what I understand by 'companionable' be correct, i.e., *rien que s'entendre*, they are quite as much so as their American sisters, though in a very different way, it is true.

"Let me explain. The strictness of your social code effectually shuts off the American woman from interest in, and the American girl from knowledge of, what is really the essential part of nearly half of life; I mean from any mental occupation except in their more superficial aspects with the innumerable phenomena attending one of the two great instincts from which modern science has taught us to derive all the moral perceptions and habits of human life. This is explainable no doubt by the unwritten but puissant law which informs every article of your social constitution that relates to women, namely the law that insures the precedence of the young girl over the married woman. With you, indeed, the young girl has *le haut du pavé* in what seems to us a very terrible degree. Your literature, for example, is held by her in a bondage which to us seems abject, and makes us esteem it superficial. 'Since the author of "Tom Jones" no one has been permitted to depict a man as he really is,' complains Thackeray.* With you it is even worse because the young girl exercises an even greater tyranny than in England. Nothing so forcibly illustrates her position at the head of your society, however—not even her overwhelming predominance in all your social reunions within and without doors, winter and summer, at luncheons, dinners, lawn-parties, balls, receptions, lectures, and church—as the circumstance that you endeavor successfully to keep her a girl after she has become a woman. You desire and contrive that your wives shall be virgins in word, thought, and aspiration. That this should be the case before marriage everyone comprehends. That is the end of our endeavor equally with yours. In every civilized society men wish to be themselves the introducers and instructors of their wives in a realm of such real and vital interest as that of which marriage, everywhere but in your country, opens the door. But with us the young girl is constantly looking forward to becoming, and envying the condition of, a woman. That is the source of our restrictions, of our conventual regulations, which seem to you so absurd, even so dishonoring. You are saved from having such, however, by the fact that with you the young girl is the rounded and complete ideal, the type of womanhood, and that it is her condition, spiritually speaking, that the wife and even the mother emulates. And you desire ardently that she should. You do not 'see any necessity,' as you say in your utilitarian phraseology, of a woman's 'losing' anything of the fresh and clear charm which perfumes the existence of the young girl. You have a short way of disposing of our notion that a woman is the flower and fulfilment of that of which the young girl is the bud and the promise. You esteem this notion a piece of sophistry designed to conceal our really immoral desire to rob our women of the innocence and *naïveté* which we insist upon in the young girl, in order that our social life may be more highly spiced. Your view is wholly different from that of your race at the epoch of its most considerable achievements in the 'criticism of life' and antecedent to the Anglo-Saxon invention of prudery as a bulwark of virtue. It is a view which seems to spring directly from the Puritan system of each individual managing independently his own spiritual affairs without any of the reciprocal aids and the division of labor provided for in the more elaborate scheme of Catholicism, in consequence of which each individual left in this way wholly to himself is forced into a timid and distrustful

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attitude toward temptation. Nothing is more noticeable in your women, thus, than a certain suspicious and timorous exclusion from the field of contemplation of anything unsuited to the attention of the young girl. It is as if they feared contamination for virtue if the attitude and habit of mind belonging to innocence were once abandoned. They probably do fear vaguely that you fear it for them, that your feminine ideal excludes it.

"Now, it is very evident that however admirable in its results this position may be, and however sound in itself, it involves an important limitation of that very companionableness which you so much insist on in your women. In this sense, the average Frenchwoman is an equal, a companion, to a degree almost never witnessed with you. After an hour of feminine society we do not repair to the club for a relaxation of mind and spirit, for a respiration of expansion, and to find in unrestrained freedom an enjoyment that has the additional sense of being a relief. Our clubs are in fact mere excuses for gambling, not refuges for bored husbands and homeless bachelors. Conversation among men is perhaps grosser in quality, the equivoque is perhaps not so delicate, so *spirituelle*, but they do not differ in kind from the conversational tissue in mixed company, as with you they do so widely. With you this difference in kind is notoriously an abyss. In virtue of our invention of treating delicate topics with innuendo, our mixed society gains immensely in interest and attractiveness, and our women are more intimately companionable than yours. You Americans take easily to innuendo from your habit of mind, which is sensitive and subtile. You are unaccountably unlike the English in this respect. As a rule, one of you who should know French, and understand French character as well as Thackeray, would not like him be depressed by what he was pleased to call 'all that dreary *double-entendre*.' Still, when you attempt the application of it to delicate topics, I can myself recall instances of your leaving, as we say, something to be desired. In such an instance it is natural that a feeling of ill-success should produce a conviction that the topic is too delicate to be handled at all; seeing another person handle it with triumphant gingerliness does not unsettle such a conviction — the *double-entendre* becomes irretrievably 'dreary.' But, in point of fact, it is only a contrivance of ours to extend the range of conversation in mixed company; you can do without it because you limit any conversation with a wide range to one sex, to your clubs and business offices—where, apparently, it is not needed. It seems to many of you, doubtless, a device for confining the talk in mixed company to what are called delicate topics. But that side of our talk really appears magnified to you because of its absolute novelty. In strictness there is in mixed company quite as much conversation upon politics, letters, art, and affairs in Paris as even in Boston. Our equivoque simply takes the place of your silences. The point is that from the circumstance that we do not exclude it, the conversational tissue in mixed company is with us immensely varied, and that when a Frenchman finds himself in the presence of a woman—in 'ladies' society' as you express it—whether *à deux* or in a general gathering, he experiences no more restraint — except that which polishes his periods and refines his expression — than an American does at his club or office. His 'instinct for expansion' suffers no repression. Society becomes a very different thing from 'ladies' society.' It is not a medium for the exploitation of the young girl and the woman who emulates and follows her *haud passibus æquis;* nor is it a realm 'presided over' by 'the fair sex'; it is an association of men and women for the interchange of ideas on all topics, and the texture out of which the drama of life is woven. In saying that your ideal of companionableness in woman was defective this was what I had in mind. Even in companionableness we find our women much more to our mind.

"But this is, after all, a detail. Even if your women were intimately companionable they would none the less radically differ from our own; we should still reproach them with a certain masculine quality in the elevated, and a certain

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prosaic note in the familiar types. By masculine, I certainly do not here intend the signification you give to your derisive epithet "strong-minded." In affirming that there is a generous ampleness in the feminine quality of our women unobservable in yours, I do not mean to charge them with inferiority in what you call 'pure mentality'; in intelligence and capacities we believe them unequalled the world over. But they are essentially less masculine in avoiding strictly all competition with men, in conserving all their individuality of sex and following their own bent. Nothing is more common than to hear American women lament their lack of opportunity, envy the opportunity of men. Nothing is rarer with us. It never occurs to a Frenchwoman to regret her sex. It is probable that almost every American woman with any pretensions to 'pure mentality,' feels, on the contrary, that her sex is a limitation and wishes, with that varying ardor and intermittent energy which characterize her, that she were a man and had a man's opportunity. In a thousand ways she is the man's rival, which with us she never is. Hence the popularity with you of the agitation for woman-suffrage, practically unknown in France. Your society probably wholly undervalues this movement, and frowns upon it with a forcible-feebleness that is often ludicrously unjust. You do not perceive that it furnishes almost the only outlet for the ambition and the energy of such of your women as are persistently and not spasmodically energetic and ambitious, and that its worst foe with you is the great mass of women themselves, which is governed by timorousness, by intellectual indolence, and by the habit born of long-continued subordination in all serious matters. To a disinterested observer of the complacence with which your society contemplates 'Folly set in place exalted,' in this matter, it is impossible not to remark the secret sympathy with the movement entertained by serious women and concealed in deference to the opinion of the mass whose fiat in all matters related to 'good taste' is necessarily final. They probably fear that the mass of their countrywomen, spite of the indefinite multiplication of female colleges, will never become really and responsibly intelligent without the suffrage; and in effect with you this must become the great practical argument for it. Animated as the most serious of American women unquestionably are by a sense of rivalry with men, they instinctively feel this handicap, and instinctively desire for their sex the dignity and seriousness conferred by power and the sense of responsibility power involves. But I wish I could make it clear to you how differently the Frenchwoman feels, how radically different the Frenchwoman is. Being in no sense, and never feeling herself to be the rival of man and the emulator of his opportunities, to her seriousness and dignity the suffrage could add nothing whatever. Her power and responsibility lie in quite another direction, and that they do is quite clear to her. It has in fact been so clear to her in the past, that we have hitherto made the mistake of giving her in general an extremely superficial education. Madame Dubarry got along very well without any at all. This is an error we are just now systematically repairing. And we have our croakers who oppose the reform, entitle their gloomy vaticinations 'Plus de femmes,' and predict that our women will become Americanized. They are needlessly alarmed; for this Americanization involves the quality of masculinity which does not exist at all, either in the nature or in the ideal of our women. It is neither their disposition nor their aspiration to enter that condition of friendly rivalry with men, to become members of that 'mutual protective association,' which plays so large a part in the existence and imagination of your more serious women.

"The difference is nowhere so luminously illustrated as in the respective attitudes of French and American woman toward the institution of marriage. With us from the hour when she begins first to think at all of her future—an epoch which arrives probably much earlier than with you—marriage is the end and aim of a woman's existence. And it is so consciously and deliberately. A large part of her conduct is influenced by this particular

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prospect. It is the conscious and deliberate aim also of her parents or guardians for her. They constantly remind her of it. Failure to attain it is considered by her and by them as the one great failure to avoid which every effort should tend, every aspiration be directed. In its excess this becomes either ludicrous or repulsive as one looks at it. 'Si tu veux te marier, ne fais jamais ça'—'Cela t'empêchera de te marier'—who has not been fatigued with such maternal admonitions which resound in interiors by no means always of the *basse classe*. But the result is that marriage occupies a share of the young girl's mind and meditation which to your young girls would undoubtedly seem disproportionate, and indeed involve a sense of shame. There is no more provision in the French social constitution than in the order of nature itself for the old maid. Her fate is eternal eccentricity, and is correspondingly dreaded among us who dread nothing more than exclusion from the sympathies of society and a share in its organized activities. Marriage once attained, the young girl, though become by it a woman, is not of course essentially changed but only more highly organized in her original direction. You may be surprised to hear that sometimes it suffices her—as it suffices English, and used to American women—though it must be admitted that our society does not make of even marriage an excuse for exacting the sum of a woman's activities which it is the Anglo-Saxon tendency to do, and that thus her merit is less conspicuous. If marriage do not suffice her, it is not in 'Sorosis' or Dorcas or Browning societies, or art or books that she seeks distraction, but in the consolation strictly cognate to that of marriage which society offers her. Accordingly, whatever goes to make up the distinctively feminine side of woman's nature tends with us to become highly developed. It acquires a refinement, a subtlety, of organization quite unknown to societies whose ideal women inspire filial feeling. We have as a rule very few Cornelias. Our mothers themselves are far from being Spartan. The Gothic goddess is practically unknown in France. 'Woman's sphere,' as you call it, is totally distinct from man's. The action and reaction of the two which produce the occupation, the amusement, the life of society are far more intimate than with you, but they are the exact reverse of homogeneous.

"It is an inevitable corollary from this that that sentimental side which you seem to us to be endeavoring to subordinate in your more serious women, receives in the Frenchwoman that greatest of all benefits, a harmonious and natural development. Before and after marriage, and however marriage may turn for her, it is her disposition to love and her capacity for loving which are stimulated constantly by her surroundings, and which are really the measure of the esteem in which she is held. To love intensely and passionately is her ideal. It is so much her ideal that if marriage does not enable her to attain it, it is a virtue rather than a demerit in her eyes to seek it elsewhere. Not to die before having attained in its fulness this end of the law of her being is often the source of the Frenchwoman's tragic disasters. But even when indubitable disaster arrives to her it is at least tragic, and a tragedy of this kind is in itself glorious. To remain spiritually an *être incomplet* is to her nearly as dreadful a fate as to become a monstrosity. Both are equally hostile to nature, and we have a national passion for being in harmony with nature. It is probably impossible to make you comprehend how far this is carried by us. Take the life of George Sand as an instance. It was incontestably the inspiration of her works, and to us it is the reverse of reprehensible, 'for she loved much;' it is not her elopement with Musset but her desertion of him that indicates to our mind her weak side. In this way the attitude of the Frenchwoman toward love is one of perfect frankness. So far from dissembling its nature—either transcendentally or pietistically, after the fashion of your maidens, or mystically, after the fashion in the *pays de Gretchen*—she appreciates it directly and simply as a passion, and for her the most potent of the passions, the passion whose praise has been the burden of all the poets

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since the morning stars first sang together, and whose possession shares equally with the possession of superior intelligence the honor of distinguishing man from the lower animals. That is why to our women, as much as to our men, your literature, your 'criticism of life,' seems pale, as we say—pale and superficial. This is why we had such an *engouement* for your Byron and never heard of your Wordsworth. This is why we occupy ourselves so much with cognate subjects as you have remarked.

"And the sentimental side being thus naturally and harmoniously developed becomes thus naturally and spontaneously the instrument of woman's power and the source of her dignity. Through it she seeks her triumphs and attains her ends. To it is due not her influence over men — as with your inveterate habit of either divorcing the sexes into a friendly rivalry or associating them upon the old-fashioned, English, harem-like basis, you would inevitably express it—but her influence upon society. This results in a great gain to women themselves—increases indefinitely their dignity and power. It is axiomatic that anything inevitable and not in itself an evil it is far better to utilize than to resist. Everyone acknowledges the eminence of the sentimental side in woman's nature, the great part which it plays in her conduct, the great influence it has upon her motives. And since it has, therefore, inevitably to be reckoned with, its development accomplishes for women results which could not be hoped for if sentiment were merely treated as an inevitable handicap to be modified and mitigated. Your own logic seems to us exceedingly singular. You argue that men and women should be equal, that the present regrettable inequality with you is due to the greater influence of sentiment on women's minds in viewing purely intellectual matters (you are constantly throwing this up to your woman-suffragists) and that therefore the way in which women are to be improved and elevated (as you curiously express it) is clearly by the repression of their sentiment. It is the old story: you are constantly teaching your women to envy the opportunities of men, to regret their 'inferiority' hitherto and to endeavor to emulate masculine virtues by mastering their emotions and suppressing their sentiment; that is to say, you are constantly doing this by indirection and unconsciously, at least, and by betraying the fact that such is your ideal for them. You never seem to think they can be treated as a fundamentally different order of capacity and disposition. I remember listening for two hours to one of your cleverest women lecturing on Joan of Arc, and the thesis of her lecture was that there was no mystery at all about the Maid and her accomplishments, except the eternal mystery of conspicuous military genius, that she was in fact a female Napoleon and that it was the 'accident of sex' simply that had prevented her from being so esteemed by the purblind masculine prejudice which had theretofore dominated people's minds. Thinking of what Jeanne d'Arc stands for to us Frenchmen, of her place in our imaginations, of the way in which she illustrates for us the puissance of the essentially feminine element in humanity, I said to myself 'No, the Americans and we will never agree about women.'"

The Frenchman is apt to become eloquent in allusions to Joan of Arc, and French eloquence, like any other, is sometimes misleading. One may be permitted to object to our French friend's implication here, that the resemblance between Joan of Arc however conceived and the average Parisienne is at least not a superficial one. However, making every allowance for the difference between things "as they really are" and as they seem to the persons irreparably committed to support of them, it is undoubtedly true that if not love at least interest in the other sex plays a considerably larger part in the life of the French than in that of the American woman. It is certain that she never, as so frequently happens with us, considers herself independently, that she has no occupations or projects from which men are excluded, that she never contemplates a single-life for example, except as a fate hardly to be borne with philosophy and likely to prove too much for

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her *sagesse*. Society makes no provision for the *vieille fille*, in the first place; in the second, society occupies almost the whole of life, absorbs almost every effort—two enormous differences from ourselves. The attractiveness of the spinster with us and the position she occupies in our society are well known. Of how many "homes" is she not the delight, of how many "firesides" is she not the decorously decorative adornment! She may or may not have had her romance; she may, that is to say, have courted or have drifted into her position of dignified singleness; it is in either case equally sure that she has not considered her estate so "incomplete" in itself, or so disengaged from the structure of society, as to furnish in itself reason and motive of exchange for another distinguished quite as much by another kind of duties as by another order of opportunities. And not only is the Frenchwoman prevented from taking such a view as this by the society which surrounds her and of which it is a prime necessity of her nature that she should form an integral part, but she is constitutionally incapable of contentedly fulfilling such a destiny. All her instincts of expansion—and she possesses these in greater intensity than we are apt to fancy is natural to women—are hostile to it. The genius for renunciation so conspicuous in many of our New England women is, in her composition, quite lacking. Such concentration as she possesses is, to speak paradoxically, expended upon the exploitation of her expansiveness. If by chance she becomes *vieille fille* she has a clear sense of failure. This certainly happens, comparatively rare as it seems to us. And the French spinster is apt to be an enjoyable person—as for that matter who in France is not? But it cannot have failed to strike any Anglo-Saxon observer that she is a wholly different kind of a person from her Anglo-Saxon analogue. Almost invariably she is either *dévote* or *gauloise*. Most people's experience probably is that she is generally *gauloise*, and one may even be permitted to note that in that event she is apt to be exaggeratedly *gauloise*. Prudishness is hardly ever exhibited by her except in conjunction with religious devotion. The *dévotes* apart, almost every *vieille fille* after a certain age is reached—the age when marriage is no longer to be contemplated—feeling the formal excentricity of her position in society, makes a distinct break with her rôle of *jeune fille* and tacitly suffers her already cynically disposed *milieu* to infer that she does not really merit the ridicule she would inevitably receive upon the supposition of her total unfamiliarity, even by reputation, with the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Single women, however, are, after all, exceptions in France, and it is only the great contrast which France presents in this respect to those portions of America which are socially most highly developed that makes a consideration of the character and position of the *vieille fille* interesting or significant. Its significance really consists in what it suggests and implies as to the fundamental differences which separate French and Anglo-Saxon societies. Married women, of course, constitute the great bulk of the feminine portion of French society. But when it is remembered that the interest in the other sex just referred to is as characteristic of them as of their unmarried sisters it will be immediately perceived that French society contrasts positively as well as negatively with our own. With us, it is well known, feminine interest in the other sex ceases at marriage. It is frequently active enough before that event, but its cessation with the wedding ceremony is nearly universal. To many men this change comes with a suddenness that is appalling. Each season witnesses shoals of our society beaux left stranded by it. They seem never to be able to prepare for it in advance, inevitable as they must know it to be; to them the disappearance from the social circle (the arena, it might be called) of a young girl, who seems to have made her selection and thence forward to forget that there was ever any competition, comes always with the force of a shock. Furthermore with us feminine interest in men ceases at marriage as absolutely, with as complete remorselessness, when the marriage is of the former beau as when it is of the former belle. To this our young men will probably never be able to habituate

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themselves with philosophy. However it may be with American women, American men are very much like other men, like Frenchmen even in some respects, and the average "society man's" sense of sudden loss, of a support withdrawn, an activity paralyzed, immediately consequent upon his marriage must be of a nature calculated to effect, in the long run, substantial changes in the existing social constitution. To many young men with us marriage involves not perhaps a loss of caste, but indubitably a loss of that constant consideration direct and indirect which makes the possession of caste desirable; and this circumstance is perhaps the most serious menace by which the view of society as a device for bringing marriageable young people together is at present threatened. Our young men have nothing approaching the genius for renunciation of our young women, and though they may long tolerate the retirement at marriage of women from society—being largely reconciled thereto by the thought of thus attaining superior domesticity in their own wives—to continue to submit throughout the course of our social evolution to instant personal effacement at marriage, to drop at once in universal feminine consideration from the position of Adonis to that of Vulcan, would undoubtedly be too much to expect of them.

In neither of these ways, it need hardly be said, does marriage affect French society. Marriage is, on the contrary, the cardinal condition of society in France. It might almost be called the young girl's "coming-out party." It is, if anything, to a woman's sense an added attraction in a man; he is *rangé* certainly, but certainly none the less a man, association with whom is *ceteris paribus* as much more agreeable than association with a woman as the elective affinity of nature has contrived it. Women's general interest in men, that is to say, is so far from being repressed or even restricted by marriage that it is quickened by it, and thus society in general receives the stimulus of a powerful force which with us is well known to be almost altogether lacking. The entire French conception of marriage differs so fundamentally from our own that it is really difficult for us to appreciate it. Probably most Americans who have been attracted toward the French have, at some period of their study of French manners, said to themselves: "There must be some error in our understanding of French marriages. According to all accounts they are invariably and exclusively *de convenance*. They must therefore be loveless marriages. No healthful social life such as *must* exist in France can be based upon strict conformity to such a system. It must be therefore that the accounts exaggerate. In this detail, as in others, we must have been misled by English prejudices." But the fact is literally as it is understood to be. Exceptions to the rule of *mariages de convenance* are so rare as really not to count at all. To comprehend, however, that this does not inevitably lead to social stoppage and disaster, it is necessary to perceive that the same thing which might result very badly for us does not necessarily result badly for people who are so very different from us as the French are. And this is an extremely difficult matter; it is always difficult to realize that maxims which we have conquered for ourselves have not a universal validity. The conception of *mariage de convenance* by no means excludes the idea of love. Neither does the practice. No young girl in France looks forward to not loving her husband. She simply expects to learn to love him after marriage as our young girls are expected to do before as well. As a matter of fact, in the vast majority of cases this expectation is justified. Parents and society see to it that it shall be justifiable, and the result—always of course a lottery—is made dependent on old heads instead of on young hearts. To our criticism of the working of their system, the French retort in kind with unconvinced obstinacy. They assert that certain lamentable and undeniable phenomena are direct results of our system and observe, truly enough, that from these at least theirs is free. To our rejoinder that this may be so, but that their conception of marriage, however salutary, is terribly unromantic, their answer would undoubtedly be that we are altogether too romantic. And this is really our

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difference from the French in this matter—that we conceive marriage sentimentally, namely, and they as an affair of reason; and from reason to *convenance* is always an incredibly short step in France. Individualism is a force so nearly unknown in France, collective and corporate authority is such a constant and intimate one, the entire social structure is so elaborately organized for the general rather than the particular good, that to leave even so particular a matter as marriage wholly to the whim of the persons directly interested would be foreign to the national proclivities. No sentiment is too sacred, no feeling too intimate, to be thus centrally administered, as it were, by society. If they are sacred and intimate enough and for any reason—often for a reason which might to us appear frivolous—intensely enough recalcitrant to the code, their violation of it will be tolerated and even applauded. But the notion that the code should not deal with the subject at all would be esteemed as absurd as we should esteem it to disparage marriage though permitting divorce.

The French marriage being thus distinctly not the affair of sentiment which it is with us, the ideal formed for a woman's deportment within its bonds differs proportionally from that to which we hold our married women. Of the strictness of the latter one hardly needs to be reminded. The husband himself insists upon it with virtuous sufficiency. The wife herself admires this attitude in him. He becomes in a way her spiritual director, and she in some sense his penitent. Following his idea of making a companion of her, he arranges her reading, counsels the disposition of her leisure, modifies the list of her acquaintance in proportion as he attaches value to these things. If her family have been of a different political or religious faith from his own, he devotes no small labor to the subtle undermining of her prejudices. She is *his* wife, presiding over *his* household, entertaining *his* friends. She sees the world through his spectacles—such of it as he permits. Her amusements are such as he approves, her study such as he directs. Her destiny and glory are to be the mother of his children, the ornament of his fireside, his help-meet. This at least the Teutonism underlying our American chivalry makes our ideal in many instances, and in these instances it is realized by our women with a grace and dignity which ought, perhaps, to do more than they do to keep our men up to the mark of realizing its counterpart. There are with us of course very few average men who do not expect their wives to take them at their own valuation—very few average women who do not thus take their husbands, at least until they become grandmothers. Indeed the mental acuteness and moral independence of our women are in many cases pitched to a considerably lower key than even this; they are expected to and do take their husbands not merely at the self-valuation of these latter, but at the valuation fixed by marital diplomacy as well as by marital conceit. There is indeed to some extent with us an unconfessed but perfectly recognized freemasonry of husbands having for its object the preservation in the fairer sex of illusions as to the sterner. Treachery to this is extremely uncommon, and is regarded as almost base by the occasional traitor himself. It is painful to the American husband to witness the absence of similar illusions in the French woman. The discovery of her opinion of the opposite sex and her complacent acquiescence therein comes to him with a certain shock; it is some time before he recovers from it and again permits himself to be attracted by what to him seems the uncomfortable paradox of *blasée* femininity. It is important to distinguish, however, that the absence of illusions in the French woman as to masculine qualities by no means implies, as a similar absence might be taken to imply with us, a more or less brutal disillusionating process as having taken place and left its scar and stain upon feminine freshness. The French woman is simply almost never *naïve*, in great things any more than in small. The French ideal excludes *naïveté*, and from a French point of view she is never more *femme* than when she is least *naïve;* to be *naïf* is the next thing to being insignificant, and to be insignificant is ignominy.

One effect of this attitude is to make the French woman much more serious in

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an intellectual sense than is possible to women whose cherishing of illusions is systematic. They are far more nearly at the centre of the situation; their comprehension of motives is far wider, their acquaintance with sociological data and causes far more intimate. They are far less dependent upon their emotions in the exercise of their judgment; and thus a perfect acquaintance with the facts and their bearings in any given case, and with the great mass of material to which secondarily and indirectly any given case is to be referred, and by which in large measure it is to be judged, relieves them of this one great reproach which among us is constantly addressed to women who make any attempt to discuss serious topics. They are in no wise driven to the makeshift of making up by the intensity of emotion for imperfect comprehension. In fine, whereas we seek the artificial stimulus for certain virtues in what may be fancifully called a "protective policy" as applied to women, the French are believers in social free trade, with individual competition and survival of the socially fittest the only winnowing principle recognized.

And the characteristic effect of each theory is by no means confined to women alone, or to women and what passes for society in general. It is very marked upon the men considered apart—as with us they have to be considered in so many relations. It is of course impossible to make of an entire sex a class by itself which, unconsidered in any but the domestic and decorative functions of life, shall have no influence upon the habits of thought and the courses of conduct of the other sex in even those matters with which the latter exclusively charges itself. In a general and vague way we are so far from denying this that we make a merit of sustaining the contrary. It is indeed because we value so much what is called "the purifying influence of woman" that we like to keep her so far removed from the dust and stain of street or forum discussion. But now and then this remoteness not only acts upon themselves in the way just indicated—throws them back upon pure feeling in matters of pure judgment, that is to say; it gives a decided twist, a divergence of marked eccentricity to the movement of exclusively masculine thought and discussion. Men who are very much with women and very little in the world betray this influence upon their philosophy quite as much, often, as they illustrate in their conduct the general "purifying influence." Instances are within the recalling of every reflecting observer. They illustrate a state of mind and temper analogous to that of the dweller in the country, as compared with the metropolitan, or if one chooses, the "cockney" temper and mind; or that of the Middle Ages philosopher compared with the modern sociologist. D'Alembert, says Mr. John Morley, adopted instead of the old monastic vow of poverty, chastity, obedience, "the manlier substitute of poverty, truth, liberty." The substitute may be more manly; undoubtedly the modern world breaking more and more completely with Middle Age ideals tends more and more so to believe. But it is certainly not more womanly as we understand the term, and in our society, owing to the influence aforesaid, many men feel that there is something radically defective in any social philosophy to which women—and women as we make them—do not subscribe.

Very slight analogy of this influence is to be encountered in France. And the reason, many persons will say, is because women as such have no influence in France, because France is socially organized entirely with a view to the interest and pleasure of man. One hears that constantly from Americans in Paris. Women are not admitted to the orchestra chairs of some of the theatres. In omnibuses and tramways *place aux dames* is a satirical phrase denoting a civility far from the heart of the ordinary French male. The cabs charge upon both sexes alike. The divorce law, so long withheld in the interest of men, with its proposition odiously unjust to women so nearly adopted, the arguments on either side during the debate were excellent illustrations of the general feeling. The vice most inimical to women is licensed and regulated for the benefit of men. Women's fate in the highest as well as in the lowest social circle is to be pursued by man—pursued, too, sometimes, brutally and prosaically. In marriage it is the men who are

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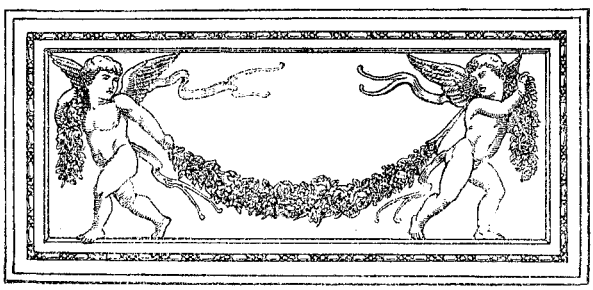
mercenary. What American in France, I say, has not heard a great deal of this from his travelling countrywomen? The Frenchman's answer to it all is that it is superficial and unintelligent, and he attributes such criticism to what he deems our habit of separating the sexes in thought and in fact, which in its turn he thinks attributable to our not having fully emerged from the pioneer stage of civilization wherein men and women have markedly distinct functions to perform and demand markedly distinct treatment and consideration. In an old society such careful and conscious distinctions are not needed; like the marching of regulars the adjustment takes care of itself. At all events what we refer to as women's influence upon man is in such a society less formal, less immediately recognizable. Co-operation between the sexes is so complete in France that their reciprocal influences are, so far as they are obviously traceable, mere matters of detail. The position of woman in France at the present time is certainly one of the results of modern civilization working upon, socially speaking, the most highly developed people of a race which "invented the muses and chivalry and the Madonna"—and of that race the people which has produced by far the greatest number of eminent women. And if it seem to us and especially to our travelling countrywomen an unworthy position, and inferior to that which women hold with us, the reason is not to be sought in the absence of a marked and rigid distinction between the sexes, in which we ourselves would have to yield the palm to the Semitic and polygamous peoples, who have carried the idea to a perfection of logical development undreamed of by us. However, the real answer to this is that French women themselves are perfectly satisfied with this position. They do not find it humiliating, as it is hardly likely they would fail to do, being tolerably susceptible, if there were not some error about its being really humiliating. Their influence upon men is perhaps not the less real for being less marked. If it is not what we mean by "purifying" it is assuredly refining. It is as hostile to grossness as women's influence with us is to immorality. Indeed it is to this influence that is to be distinctly ascribed the losing by vice of half its evil, to recall Burke's phrase. "His wife, I find, is acquainted with the whole affair. This is the woman's country!" exclaims Gouverneur Morris in his Paris diary in 1789; and it is only a Frenchman, I fancy, who would agree with M. Jules Lemaître who said the other day that if he could be just what he chose he would be first of all a beautiful woman. The conditions of the active operation of feminine influence in France are nearly the opposite of those with us. They consist in the co-operation between the sexes before alluded to, in the possession of the same social philosophy by men and women, the same opportunities, the same knowledge of motives and data, of facts and general principles. Just as with us these conditions consist in a separation and exaltation of woman's sphere far above contact with the rude strife of natural passions and complex interests, the intricate and absorbing conflict of business, politics, amusement, and *ennui* of which the real drama of human life is composed.



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A Story-teller in Willow Street, Tokio.

[This and the illustrations following from drawings by Nankoku Ozawa.]

JAPANESE ART SYMBOLS.

By William Elliot Griffis.

THE speech of the far-eastern people is characterized by intellectual poverty and the absence of imagination. The Asiatic of the extreme East is a materialist by nature, whose words can only rarely be, as European words so often are, in themselves poems. The Chinaman is born an old man, with the wrinkles of uncounted centuries of matter-of-fact experience already lined upon his forehead. The westerner is born an infant of days, to whom the young world is fairy-land.

As if to make some amends for the poverty of imagination and the absence of impersonation in language, the richness of symbolism in art is noticeable. As men sought expression of thought not only in words, but in material images, the set of symbols in the répertoire of the ultra-oriental artist differed from those of his western confrère as their faces varied in tint and feature. Even in art, however, the spark of divine genius which outflames in ideals of great sweetness, and beauty that accords with eternal law is absent in the passion of the far East which displays itself in decoration instead of creation.

Did the far-easterner as a "pre-Adamite" and older man encounter types of animal life unknown to our fathers, and to us existent only in the dreams which geology has taught us to dream? Who can study the dragon on which the sons of Sinim lavish such wealth of manipulative skill and not inquire whether his original was a winged saurian, pterodactyl, or some other colossal monster of the primeval world that "swinged the scaly horror of his folded tail" before ever species were differentiated? Did the ancestors of the Chinese and Tartar races have to fight and conquer monsters resembling these chimeras, before they won the golden fleece of the Flowery Middle Kingdom, and the Land of

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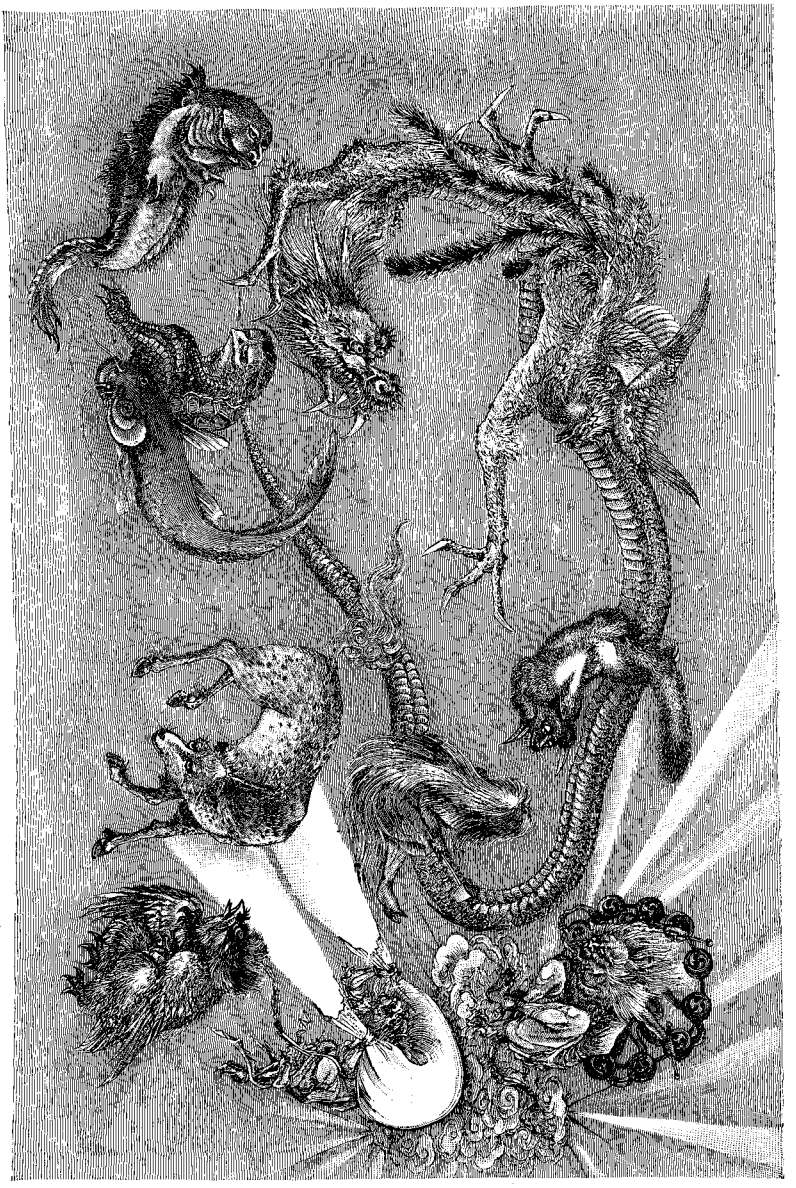

A Happy Family in Mythical Zoölogy.

Great Peace? Or is the dragon but the ideal assemblage of all the destructive forces in nature? Do we behold in him the culmination of all species, and in one incarnation the encyclopædia of all vital forces? In his head are all the powers of tooth, fang, beak, tusk, horn. With eyesight as of a demon, and breath as of fire, he can bite, shrivel up, poison, or devour. In his limbs are all the potencies of claw, hoof, fin, spine, talon, and fire-emitting joint. Study the dynamics of that tail, with its armor plates and its enginery of coil, torsion, and trip-hammer blow. What variety of motions! The flight of birds, the glide of serpents, the dart of eagles, the spring of tigers, the movement of fishes are his. Able to rise, to sink, to go forwards, backwards, sideways, to live, move, and have being in any

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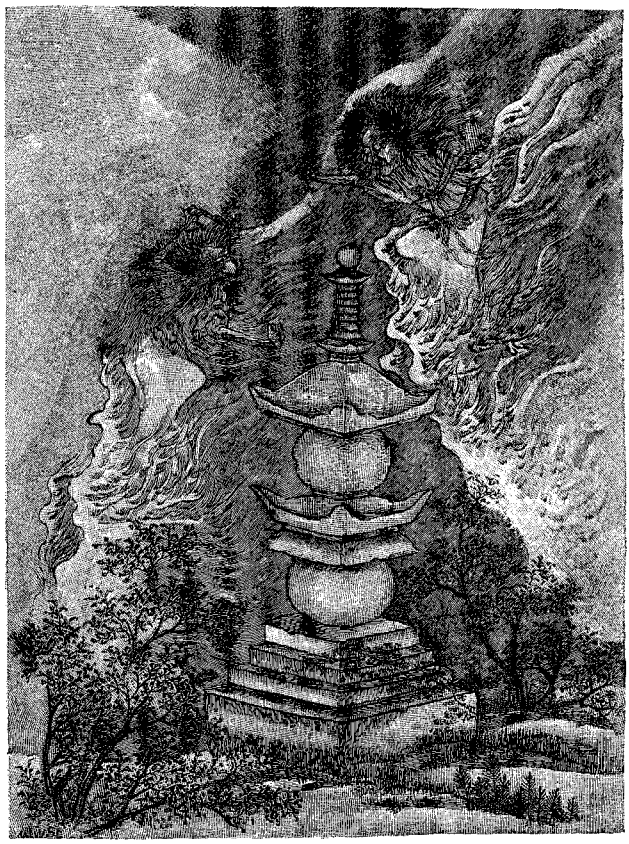
element, the dragon can cover the sun, swallow the moon, rock the earth, send destruction by fire, malaria, poison, or darkness. Who or what can resist the dragon in his strength?



The Rival Lovers.

Have we here the animated picture, in miniature, of all the enemies man has been called to encounter in subduing the land now most populous of all on earth? It may be that when the "dried up seas" of the mid-Asian deserts—once gardens and watered lands—give up their dead, the buried cities and civilizations cast out their slain, and the geology of the most ancient continent is fully known, we shall read more clearly their story, and see the prototypes of the dreams of our older earth-brethren. Certain it is that Chinese traditions of the first settlers of the Yellow River valley teem with marvellous stories of the plodding heroes and prehistoric Stanleys who made a dark continent the flowery land. The Japanese Kojiki, or Records of Ancient Things, is also a volume of achievements of the first explorers and conquerors of "The Country between Heaven and Earth," told in true Altaic style. If written in these days of telegrams, and quinine, and editor's blue pencil, its poetry would be sadly marred. How, in the face of everyday miracles, to tell properly the story of beauteous maidens rescued from eight-headed dragons, of mountain gods overcoming intruders with their breath, and of beasts, unknown to Cuvier and Agassiz, assisting heroes or marring their plans, would puzzle the original narrators as much as our so-called scientific statements would confound them. In a country like China, in which the Yellow River is a perpetual "sorrow," drowning millions of human beings periodically, as kittens are drowned; in a country like Japan in which Asama and Bandai San with tolerable regularity blow out their rocky brains and overwhelm villages in mud and ashes, the belief in a host of malignant intelligences in sea, earth, and air becomes, to the ignorant, a necessity. Their mythical zoology is not only the delirium tremens of paganism, but serves as a rough and handy system of natural philosophy. Hence the dragon, the creature of ceaseless motion, is in one sense an embodiment of the modern doctrine of the indestructibility of energy and of the correlation of forces.

Fortunately for the artist, the *tatsŭ*, as the Japanese call the dragon, is a typical organism having many varieties and endless accomplishments. All crafts, arts, and pleasures look to him for patronage.

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The Japanese Child's Dream World.

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Games and Sports of Japanese Children.

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Foolish is that westerner who imagines that in many representations the beast is the same. No, the colors, habitat, gifts, and powers of each species, variety, age, and sex vary. The first-born of the brood of nine sings and is a lover of sweet sound; hence, its figure is always cast on the ear of a bell. The blood-thirsty and war-making man-eater has his appropriate place on sword-hilt or blade. The climbing and restless fellow writhes, protrudes, or twists himself on gable ends and pillars of temples, gates, and houses. The insatiable creature of bibulous propensities is carved on drinking-cups. The brood of the female dragon numbers nine, and each of her progeny differs from the others in disposition and talents: music, architecture, conviviality, war, literature, supernatural powers of hearing, enjoyment of harmony, a passion for sedentary life, and delight in the exhibition of strength are among the varied characteristics of this happy family. Hence, the dragon on the title-page of a book, on the coign of a pagoda, on the arm of an easy-chair, on the foot of a table, or on the yoke of a bell differs in detail under the hand of carver, painter, or scribe. In number of claws, items of horse-power possessed by limb or tail, defensive armor or offensive equipment, in possibilities of flight, fire, wind, and chemical nature of breath and spittle the differences are as radical, as minute, as important to the orthodox as are the dogmas of the sects. Further, in artistic treatment, when pictorially represented, the dragon of the master Kano, or even Hokusai, differs from that of the average painter as the lion's head of Landseer growls in disdain at that of the tyro, or the sheep of Verboeckhoven baa at his copyists. Rarely, if ever, is the entire economy of the *tatsŭ* painted, carved, or cast. The artist interposes cloud, water, fire, or solid object, in order to stimulate imagination and increase the effect. Since, also, the despotic rulers of Asia claim all powers, functions, and attributes of government, it is no surprise to us that these petty vicars of God, sons of Heaven, and divinely descended emperors are called "dragons." In the ancient and constantly repeated elements of oriental rhetoric, "the dragon's" robe, countenance, chariot, and other appurtenances are, in reality, those possessed by the chief executive. With this fixed ammunition, a constant fusillade of most exalted tom-foolery is still kept up in Chinese state papers, as was formerly the case in Japanese politics. The "ruffling of the dragon's scales," is the emperor's displeasure, and the "dragon's wrath" is the anger of the same individual.

The *tatsŭ* is but the leader of a host in the menagerie of mythology, a part of which the artist Ozawa* has grouped in a sort of happy family. [P. 89.] With the weasel of actual zoölogy, every resident in town or country in Japan, not excepting great Tōkiō, is familiar, at least by the hearing of the ears. On account of earthquakes, plaster is not used for ceilings, thin boards set on lacquered black bands of wood, or covered with paper, being used instead. Over these, and down through the house partitions, the rats scamper in nightly and uproarious glee. Occasionally the racket is varied by piercing screams. An unwelcome visitor is out foraging, and the rats and mice stand little chance against the powerful claws, and superior fighting powers in the teeth of the *hitachi*. What the weasel of cold science is to the domestic rodent, the *kama-hitachi* or sickle weasel is to the imagination of bucolic humanity in Japan. This phantasm flies through the air, and with his mimic scythes, in lieu of claws, cuts and gashes the faces of people.

The *kappa* is a submarine creature, half monkey, half tortoise, in which the Japanese country urchin devoutly believes. He has a propensity to feed on small boys, and is useful to parents who wish their offspring to "hang their clothes on a hickory limb," and go no nearer the water than rivulet or puddle; for the *kappa* lives only in rivers and deep water. More than once was I warned against the *kappa*, when about to go in to swim in the Ashiwa (Footwing) river. A fresh cucumber thrown near his lurking place may, however, neutralize his appetite and thus pro-

* Nankoku Ozawa, or in English, Mr. South-Country Great-Marsh is an artist of the modern school of Japanese art who has for some years lived in Tokio. His style follows the best models of Hokusai.

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tect a swimmer of the doubtful age between that of boy and man. Until late years, in most popular treatises on animated nature, the *kappa* was gravely figured as a real animal, along with tortoises, fish, and other creatures of shell and gills.

Daikoku, the God of Wealth Driving off the Imp of Poverty.

Futen, or the wind-imp, is evidently the Japanese version of Mark Twain's centennial collector who was looking in Philadelphia for specimens of all sorts of weather, and whom Mark advised to come to Connecticut and find one hundred and thirty-three kinds in twenty-four hours. Futen is a hairy wretch who lives aloft, and according as he loosens or opens his ever-plethoric bag, he sets in motion zephyrs, breezes, cyclones, or tornadoes. Always blowing, yet never out of breath, this fellow, like Cowper's post-boy, "whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch." He enjoys dispensing influenza, and that truly Japanese scourge, catarrh. A native of the Land of the Gods never "takes cold," he "catches wind," or rather Futen catches him. In primitive Shintō worship, two gods, male and female, created by Izanagi, the primal deity in its pantheon, were long worshipped as gods of wind, and their shrines were famous. They had long uncouth names, which we may translate Heaven Pillar, and Country Pillar. The early Japanese conception was that the wind was the substance which alone supported the sky from falling flat on the earth; hence the pillars to sustain it and the people from impending catastrophe.

Raiden, the thunder-god, sits on the clouds and pounds lustily the skin-heads which he has ranged in a sort of diatonic scale. From growl to peal, from rattle to boom, he is skilful with his drums, though especially hilarious among the mountains. Of course, a great many people have seen him—that is, sections of him or his orchestra. He is always partially hidden in the clouds so as never to be fully exposed to view. One of the Mikado's iron-clads is named Raiden, or The Thunderer, while a certain sort of cracknel sold to street-urchins is sublimely named Thunder Cake.

The speciality of the *ten-gu*, or sky-imp, is his proboscis. One small face carries all his nose. He is a sort of "cock-horse," or human chicken, that lives in wild woods or mountains sky-high. Kintarō, the favorite hero of the nursery, bestrode the *tengus*, or set them fighting for his amusement. The snout or nose of the male is of amazing length, while that of the female

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is short and beak-shaped. Their chief use is to serve the god of the mountains, and to kidnap naughty children, or to scare them into good behavior. They have great wisdom in the secrets of nature which are known in part to birds and beasts, and which the king of the *tengus* taught to Yoshitsuné, the Japanese lad's ideal. A *tengu* fan is made of hawk's feathers, and is exactly like the old-fashioned pulpit air-vibrators once seen only in clergymen's hands in American churches.

The *jishin-uwo*, or earthquake-fish, is an enormous cat-fish or bull-head, whose form lies prone hundreds of leagues along all subterranean Japan. Its head rests under Kiōto, and its tail beneath Awomori. Its moustaches are a notable part of its physiognomy, and twirl for miles around. Government officers and smart young men who sport upper-lip hair of a thin and stringy sort are popularly called "cat-fish." When this colossal *uwo* flaps its tail, wriggles its body, or acts as if being skinned while refusing to get used to it, there are earth tremors of varying potency. Who but an ingenious Japanese would have thought of representing to the eye, in a map of twisted wire, the antics and gambols of the earthquake-fish? Yet this to the common eye an accomplished seismologist in the Tōkiō University has done. Resembling a wild confusion of feelers, flukes, fins, and tails in a snarl, it is yet a remarkably successful representation to the eye of the actual lines of earth-movement. In popular mythology, only one deity, Kashima, can hold the monster quiet, and this special duty the *Kami* does with amazing promptitude by pinning it down with the Kanami-ishi, or "rivet-rock of the world." As every Japanese body knows, this stone is in the province of Hitachi, and no one can lift it but Kashima. The Japanese fish holding the world (that is, Japan) upon his back seems to take the place of the tortoise of Indian and Chinese idea, as best suiting the conditions of unstable equilibrium prevailing in the rocker-shaped island of Hondo, which in unrevised atlases is incorrectly called "Niphon."

There are other members of Ozawa's happy family, and these of Chinese origin, composite creatures of marvellous qualities and accomplishments, which combine the beauties of many animal forms. The *kirin* and *hōwō*, or Phœnix and Unicorn, appear on the earth only at the birth of a sage or paragon, as harbingers of peace and blessings. The supernatural horse with a soft horn in his forehead and a marvellously curled tail seems, with the Phœnix bird, to be the opposite of the dragon. Both incarnate all the elements of gentle life and inoffensiveness. The first of all *kilin* (as the *r*-eschewing Chinese pronounce the word for their *l*-dropping Japanese neighbors) rose out of the Hoang-Ho waters, having on its back the mystic diagrams out of which the multiform systems of Chinese ideography have been developed.

Space does not permit us to tell of all the creatures in the mythical zoölogy of Japan. In many instances they are the epitome in graphic symbol of past myths, or of real struggles and conquests, the memory of which survives in imagination but not in chronology.

The symbolism of the native folk-lore and fairy-tales offers to the artist a fascinating répertoire. The Japanese excel in telling stories to the eye, as well as to the ear. Whether tattoed on the back of a foot-runner, pounded out by punch or hammer in metal, enamelled in cloisonné or niello, embroidered, inlaid, or painted, according to the manifold processes of decorative art, the familiar eye delights to read the fancy-tickling lore. In physical life the Japanese submits to the hard grind of fact, but in unsubstantial realms he roams free and wild, taking his revenge for the limitations of life. He shakes off rule and code, and traverses the universe in sport. His whole art is a protest against the monotonous uniformity of law, and the certainty of nature. In the fairy world, time and space are not; so he covers his hero with the hat edged with shell-nacre, which wraps the owner in invisibility, or throws over him the cloak which becomes wings to the wearer. As every man wants money, there are the symbols of stored or invested wealth, of ready change, and of that which comes only from toil and hard knocks. These respectively we see in the key (to the

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fireproof clay and plaster safe-house), the piles of gold *o-bans* and *ko-bans* and the mallet of Dai-koku, the god of wealth. [P. 94.] The symbols of marital felicity and fertility, of offspring and the joys of home, are the clove, or powder-horn-shaped affair, beaded at the ends, and the small crossed scrolls with dots. Accomplishment in art is prefigured by the tessaron or cloisonné mark, and in literature by roll-books or brocade-edged scrolls. The symbols of office are bundles of silk and figured satin from which robes of state are made. Last and greatest of all is the fan, or winged wand, one touch of which confers immortality, or at least oblivion of time. The Queen of the World under the Sea holds this in her hand, and the heroes of fairy-land are armed, equipped, or rewarded with one or more of these symbols. Collectively they are called *shippō*, or the seven precious things. Cloisonné work is also called *shippō*, because it was originally an imitation of jewel work in which the precious symbols figured largely. The freight of the *takaré-bunê* or treasure-ship which every Japanese hopes will "come in" on New Year's day, or at least mirror itself in his dreams the eve before, consists chiefly of *shippō;* or, with more personification, of the seven patron deities of happiness, Benten, Dai-koku, Ébisŭ, etc. The wealth of captured *oni*, or demons, and of their castles, the contents of dragon-guarded cave and deep-sea shrine, the tribute paid to conquerors and mighty men of valor by subjugated savages, the goods set before Prince Peachling, leader of the army of dog, monkey, and pheasant, and of Watanabé, slayer of the maiden-enslaving ogre, and the indemnity set by the Coreans before the Amazonian Japanese queen Jingu, are always represented as *shippō*. As in a kind of artistic shorthand, the artist by means of this group of symbols tells in brief many a long story and varying inventory.

The symbolism of household festivals and domestic celebrations, though notably visible on marriage and birthday occasions, flowers out in full on New Year's day. While the *shippō* seems to point in its origin to India and the Buddhist altar, the decorations of New Year's have their root in the native mythology. [P. 97.] When the "From-Heaven-Far-Shining-One," the sun-goddess, angry at her mischievous moon-brother, hid herself in a cave, and there was darkness in heaven and earth, the earth-gods assembled in a congress, and devised all manner of cunning inventions to excite her curiosity and entice her out. We see first of all the festoons and ropes of rice-straw twisted with three, five, or seven pendants. These separate the clean from the unclean, and keep off the unruly spirits, and were first made and hung in front of the cave. The piles of rice pastry made in the form of disks and found in every household, as are mince-pies in ours, represent the round mirror by which the heavenly lady was tempted by curiosity to come out and look at her own lovely face, thus putting an end to eclipse and darkness.

The lobster expresses the wish of your friends that you may live to be so old that your back will be bent. The dried persimmon, which looks like a fig, and is hardly inferior to one in taste, means, May you keep your sweetness in old age; and the charcoal, May your memory be imperishable. In the orange and fern, also, the people read easily the charade or rebus in art language which desires for you ten thousand years and joys.

If at a time of mating, greeting, birthday, or New Year, one should be so happy as to discover a flower, rarer and more significant than edelweiss or four-leaved clover, his happiness would be complete. The *udongé* sometimes blossoms on the cross timbers of the *tori-i* or shrine-gate, and is always hailed with rapture, as the harbinger of rare good fortune. Although it is supposed to bloom but once in a thousand years, there are natives of Japan who claim to have seen this millennial plant, the vulgar or scientific name of which is not found in the text-books. A famous Chinese dictionary calls the *ché* a divine plant, the seeds of which are the food of the genii. The *ché*, symbolical of all that is bright and good, and the *udongé* of Mikado-land, though not written with the same characters, are probably the same.

The shrine-portals or *tori-i*, referred

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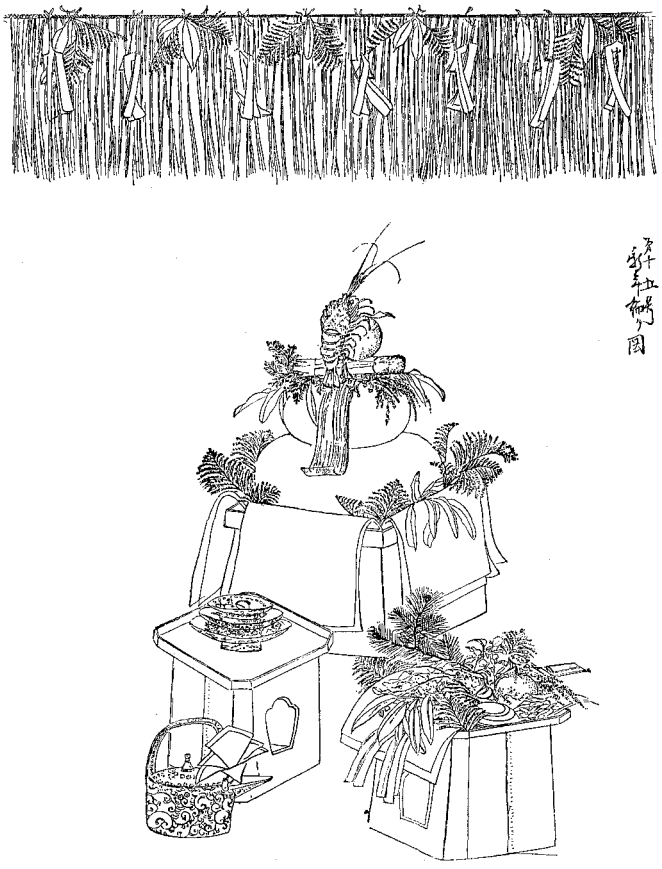
to, stand in front of Shintō holy places. Shintō, the way or doctrine of the gods, is the indigenous religion, having little that raises it above a shadowy cult, deficient as it is both in formulated doctrines or codes of morals. In essence, it consists of reverence to the dead, and in glorification of ancestors. Its foundation-idea is purification. Its symbols are the mirror, and notched strips of white paper hung upon a wand, resting in austere simplicity in shrines whereon no painter's brush or lacquerer's devices have been laid. Amazing plainness is the attribute of a Shintō tabernacle of wood left in natural and uncovered grain. No idols are seen, but prayers, lustrations, and offerings are many. Persons of vivid imagination, and travellers of that type of mind and power of description and picturing which we recognize as especially French, see in the name of the paper, *kami*, a symbol of deity (kami); in the whiteness of the paper purity; in its zig-zag shape lightning, fire, triplicity, or even the Trinity. Books have been written to prove that the Japan islanders are the lost tribes of Israel. Whatever be the fancies of the brain, it is certain that Shintō is a religion of cleanliness, and that nicety in person, house, and utensil, and refinement of taste and carriage are marked traits of the Japanese. Such powerful object-lessons in cleanliness are not taught by Shintō in vain. In making offerings to the gods, the fruits of earth, sea, and air are tastefully laid on unpainted wooden trays, and thence conveyed to the altars. In olden times the shrine-keepers bound their mouths with white paper, lest their breath should pollute the offerings. Some of the ancient native liturgies, transmitted from a time far anterior to the introduction of Buddhism, in 550 A.D., enumerate these gifts of the devout in a literary style that is very beautiful.



Symbols of New Year, Household and Wedding Festival.

In the old faith, when both church and state were comprised in Shintō, the Mikado was the vicar of the gods, and the son of Heaven. His person was sacred, and his dwelling place was a *miya* or temple. All Shintō shrines are *miya;* that is, sacred houses. It was by summoning theology to the aid of their swords and arrows that the conquerors from the Asian mainland were able to subdue the hunters and fishermen who were the aborigines of the Japan archipelago. The conquerors were agriculturists with superior gen-

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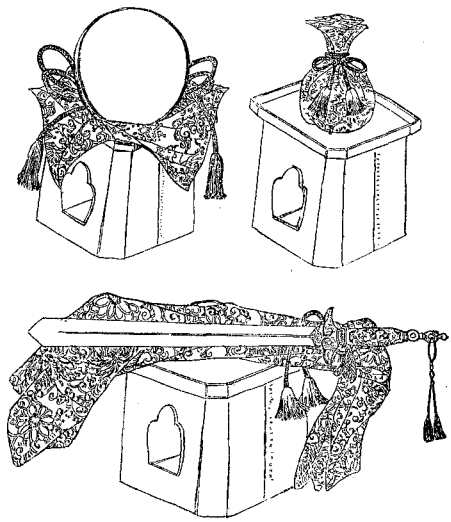
ius, discipline, weapons, tools, and ideas. Brains won the day, and forever. Iron overcame stone, industry beat back savagery, and the over-awed serfs, vastly greater in numbers, were kept from successful rebellion by being well indoctrinated in the dogmatics of Shintō. Filled with awe at the heavenly ancestry of the Mikado, and at his divinity and power with gods and men, not many generations passed before the people became politically one with their conquerors. The modern Japanese, like the Englishman, is a composite of diverse ancestry. Mr. Ernest Satow has shown that the ceremonial law of Shintō is based on a social system in which "elect" agriculturists live side by side with "heathen" hunters and fishermen —the old story of civilization against barbarism. When finally all "under Heaven" and "within the four seas" was at peace—a thought so often happily treated in native art—every soul acknowledged the Mikado as their lord, spiritual and temporal, whose person, dwelling, clothes, and belongings were holy.

The ceremonial of "coronation," or of induction into office, differs markedly in the West from the same event in the East. The kings of Europe are crowned; the Israelitish sovereign, like the Sultan of Turkey, was girded with a sword, as is sung in the forty-fifth Psalm. In Japan the regalia of sovereignty consist of the "three precious things," the possession of which constitutes sovereignty. The only civil war between rival dynasties known in Japan, the fifty years' struggle between the adherents of the "northern" and "southern" emperors during the fourteenth century, was settled by declaring the possessor of the three sacred emblems to be the rightful Mikado. The three holy symbols are a mirror, a crystal ball, and a sword.

Besides the august ghosts which in the Shintō system are deified and more or less worshipped, the people very generally believe in apparitions which have local habitations and names. Many a well, in which some love-lorn lass long ago leaped, with sleeves loaded with stones to secure gravity, nightly exhales its phantom, though covered and padlocked. Most Japanese ghosts have a damp and bedraggled look, with frowsy and unkempt hair; though I knew a corner of the prince's castle in Fukui in which the alleged ghost, a quondam lady of the court, was kind enough to wear her best clothes and appear always dry and neat. It is probably the popularity of the well as a resort for female suicides



Emblems of the Mikado's Sovereignty.

that makes the conventional ghost in Japanese art so generally a woman, and always in need of dry clothes. A variety in representation of this hair-lifting theme is a male ghost, the conception of which arose from cremation introduced by Buddhism, rather than from the long grass of the dank and mossy graveyard. However our theory may approach or recede from fact, the rival lovers of the Maiden of Unahi continue yet their feud, and struggle for supremacy amid very hot instead of very chilly surroundings. The tale is a touching one among the native classics. The two suitors for the one maiden were tested as to marksmanship, when one arrow struck the head and the other the tail of the bird swimming on the stream; and when the despairing maiden leaped into the river, both lovers plunged in after her, one seizing her by the hand, the other by the foot, and all perishing miserably together. Long afterward, a traveller spending a night near the spot was visited in a dream by one of the lovers, who told his story and asked for the loan of the traveller's

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sword. On awakening, the traveller unsheathed his weapon, and found it stained from recent use. He then visited the tomb, and found issuing from the mound a rill of blood. [Illustration on p. 90.]

To one familiar with this background of legend, poetry, and fancy, travelling in Japan is a constant charm, and the study of her art a delight. Not only in the architecture, painting, and bric-a-brac of her people, among all classes of whom the artistic sense is strong, but in the very toys, games, and sports of the children, do we behold the mirror of the legendary and historic past. [P. 92.] In the six-century-old game of polo, in the street plays of the boys, we see the old wars of the Genji and Héiké, the reds and whites, which once convulsed all Japan. Look at either the games of picture-cards or the great paper kites, and on their cartoons you read the story of Kintarō and the old Nurse of the Mountain, Yoshitsuné, the mirror of chivalry, Benkéi, the good-natured factotum, the Net of Destiny over the sleeping and the vigilant, the jewels of the ebbing and the flowing tide, Princes Fire-flash and Fire-fade, the lorn fisher-maid who dives into the dragon's under-world shrine and brings her noble lover the crystal gem under her ribs and within her opened flesh. You do not find Noah's ark, or the personages of Mother Goose, but instead, the famous figures of history, mythology, poem, and story of old Japan or still older China. Our ancients and theirs are not the same. Their traditional early world is not ours.

On what a different warp must be woven the texture of the dreams of the Japanese from that of the American child. I used to amuse myself and give my students in Fukui practice in English by asking them to rehearse their dreams. I found a vast difference in the scenery and back-ground of their nocturnal fancies from those of my own. In one respect the dreams of the foreigner and native were alike—in their desire to get to America. The constantly recurring element in the pictures beneath the home-sick teacher's eyelids was that he had visited friends, spent Sunday, and was in a hurry to catch the train back to Japan and to work. Sudden awakening often came because I had failed to reach the depot by a half minute, and the cars had gone. The Japanese lads, to whom going to America was a darling hope and even a crazing furore, frequently dreamed of crossing "the great calm sea," but always over the top of Fuji Yama, on the back of a dragon, with an occasional tumble which woke them up. The basis of *their* dreams was all Japanese, with America as a terminus; the foundation of mine was New York, with Fukui at the end of the road.

Ozawa has given us a picture of the Japanese dream world, by summoning from shadow the procession of the phantoms that are very real to the child. [P. 91.] Kinjoji, after a supper of rather too many rice cakes, has kicked off his silk coverlets, and is travelling as far away as his soul-tether will allow his spirit to stray. In the native belief, the soul is held to the body by a very slight and highly attenuated thread, and floats off in space like a bubble. If a child is rudely awakened, the soul cannot get back in time, the thread is snapped, and death ensues. Hence the native servants are usually very careful in disturbing the slumbers of the little ones.

The Japanese fairy world is very populous. Helmet, armor, and fan recall the name of many a doughty warrior, archer, and horseman. The monkey cap suggests the antics of the trained performers of most delightful nonsense; the imp-masks tell of a score or more of comedies and dances illustrative of the national mythology. Benkéi, who carries the tools of many trades on his back, figures with Yoshitsuné in two places; once, where the boy is learning the occult secrets of nature from the long-nosed king of the *tengus*, and again where with Benkéi he is warning off tresspassers from Arashi Yama, publishing the forfeit of an amputated finger for each blossom plucked. Momotarō, with his allies of pheasant, dog, and monkey, setting out to the treasure-island of the demons to capture their *shippō*, Raikō at the palace gate cutting off the arm of the imp who, armed with an iron club, had crawled down unawares and seized the sentinel's helmet, Young Thunder and the magic frog on whose back he crossed rivers, the marriage pro-

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cession of the foxes moving across a landscape on which the sun is shining during a shower, the long-legged fellows who carry the long-armed louts on their shoulders, the little elves that dance the tight-rope on the cord spread by the farmers to keep the crows off their rice-fields, the tongue-cut sparrows of nursery story, the web of fate, and the giant of destiny watching to catch Raikō, who foils him—all are set forth in Ozawa's picture and Kinjoji's dream. Fortunately the same national fancy that has summoned forth from unreality such a host of fantastic images of the brain has provided that which can devour them all, as Kronos was fabled to do with his children. In the Japanese mythical zoology there is a beast shaped more like a tapir than any other quadruped, and his voracious appetite is for dreams. When the omen of the dreams displeases, or the abundance of them is too great for comfort, the dreamer has but to cry out, "Tapir, come eat! Tapir, come eat!" and the beast being obedient the unsubstantial fabric is swallowed up and disappears even from memory.

THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE old beggar women of the Bantry streets had seldom showered their blessings upon a departing group of emigrants with such hearty good will as they did upon Mike Bogan and his little household one May morning.

Peggy Muldoon, she of the game leg and green-patched eye and limber tongue, steadied herself well back against the battered wall at the street-corner and gave her whole energy to a torrent of speech unusual for even her noble powers. She would not let Mike Bogan go to America unsaluted and unblessed; she meant to do full honor to this second cousin, once removed, on the mother's side.

"Yirra, Mike Bogan, is it yerself thin, goyn away beyant the says?" she began with true dramatic fervor. "Let poor owld Peg take her last look on your laughing face me darlin'. She'll be dape under the ground this time next year, God give her grace, and you far away lavin to strange spades the worruk of hapin the sods of her grave. Give me one last look at me darlin' lad wid his swate Biddy an' the shild. Oh that I live to see this day!"

Peg's companions, old Marget Dunn and Biddy O'Hern and no-legged Tom Whinn, the fragment of a once active sailor who propelled himself by a low truckle cart and two short sticks; these interesting members of society heard the shrill note of their leader's eloquence

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and appeared like beetles out of unsuspected crevices near by. The side car, upon which Mike Bogan and his wife and child were riding from their little farm outside the town to the place of departure, was stopped at the side of the narrow street. A lank yellow-haired lad, with his eyes red from weeping sat swinging his long legs from the car side; another car followed heavily laden with Mike's sister's family, and a mourning yet envious group of acquaintances footed it in the rear. It was an excited, picturesque little procession; the town was quickly aware of its presence, and windows went up from house to house, and heads came out in the second and third stories, and even in the top attics all along the street. The air was thick with blessings, the quiet of Bantry was permanently broken.

"Lard bliss us and save us!" cried Peggy, her shrill voice piercing the chatter and triumphantly lifting itself in audible relief above the din—"Lard bliss us an' save us for the flower o' Bantry is lavin us this day. Break my heart wid yer goyn will ye Micky Bogan and make it black night to the one eye that's left in me gray head this fine mornin' o' spring. I that hushed the mother of you and the father of you babies in me arms, and that was a wake old woman followin' and crapin' to see yerself christened. Oh may the saints be good to you Micky Bogan and Biddy Flaherty the wife, and forgive you the sin an' shame of turning yer proud backs on ould Ireland. Ain't there pigs and praties enough fer ye in poor Bantry town that her crabbedest childer must lave her. Oh wisha wisha, I'll see your face no more, may the luck o' the Bogans follow you, that failed none o' the Bogans yet. May the sun shine upon you and grow two heads of cabbage in the same sprout, may the little b'y live long and get him a good wife, and if she aint good to him may she die from him. May every hair on both your heads turn into a blessed candle to light your ways to heaven, but not yit me darlin's—not yit!"

The jaunting car had been surrounded by this time and Mike and his wife were shaking hands and trying to respond impartially to the friendly farewells and blessings of their friends. There never had been such a leavetaking in Bantry. Peggy Muldoon felt that her eloquence was in danger of being ignored and made a final shrill appeal. "Who'll bury me now?" she screamed with a long wail which silenced the whole group; "who'll lay me in me grave, Micky bein gone from me that always gave me the kind word and the pinny or trippence ivery market day, and the wife of him Biddy Flaherty the rose of Glengariff, manys the fine meal she's put before old Peggy Muldoon that is old and blind."

"Awh, give the ould sowl a pinny now," said a sympathetic voice, "'twill bring you luck, more power to you." And Mike Bogan, the tears streaming down his honest cheeks, plunged deep into his pocket and threw the old beggar a broad five-shilling piece. It was a monstrous fortune to Peggy. Her one eye glared with joy, the jaunting car moved away while she fell flat on the ground in apparent excess of emotion. The farewells were louder for a minute—then they were stopped; the excitable neighborhood returned to its business or idleness and the street was again still. Peggy rose rubbing an elbow, and said with the air of a queen to her retinue, "Coom away now poor crathurs, so we'll drink long life to him." And Marget Dunn and Biddy O'Hern and no-legged Tom Whinn with his truckle cart disappeared into an alley.

"What's all this whillalu?" asked a sober-looking clerical gentleman who came riding by.

"'Tis the Bogans going to Ameriky, yer reverence," responded Jim Kalehan, the shoemaker, from his low window. "The folks gived them their wake whilst they were here to enjoy it, and them was the keeners that was goin' hippety with lame legs and fine joy down the convanient alley for beer, God bless 'em poor souls."

Mike Bogan and Biddy his wife looked behind them again and again. Mike blessed himself fervently as he caught a last glimpse of the old church on the hill where he was christened and married, where his father and his grandfather had been christened and married and buried. He remembered the day

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when he had first seen his wife, who was there from Glengariff to stay with her old aunt, and coming to early mass, had seemed to him like a strange sweet flower abloom on the gray stone pavement where she knelt. The old church had long stood on the steep height at the head of Bantry street and watched and waited for her children. He would never again come in from his little farm in the early morning—he never again would be one of the Bantry men. The golden stories of life in America turned all at once to paltry tinsel, and a love and pride of the old country, never forgotten by her sons and daughters, burned with fierce flame on the inmost altar of his heart. It had all been very easy to plan and dream fine dreams of wealth and landownership, but in that moment the least of the pink daisies that were just opening on the roadside was dearer to the simple-hearted emigrant than all the world beside.

"Lave me down for a bit of sod," he commanded the wondering young driver who would have liked above all things to sail for the new world. The square turf from the hedge foot, sparkling yet with dew and green with shamrock and gay with tiny flowers, was carefully wrapped in Mike's best Sunday handkerchief as they went their way. Biddy had covered her head with her shawl—it was she who had made the plan of going to America, it was she who was eager to join some successful members of her family who complained at home of their unjust rent and the difficulties of the crops. Everybody said that the times were going to be harder than ever that summer, and she was quick to catch at the inflammable speeches of some lawless townsfolk who were never satisfied with anything. As for Mike, the times never seemed very different—it was sometimes rainy but usually pleasant weather. His nature was not resentful, he only laughed when Biddy assured him that the gorse would soon grow in the thatch of his head as it did on their cabin chimney. It was only when she said that, in America they could make a gentleman of baby Dan, that the father's blue eyes glistened and a look of determination came into his face.

"God grant we'll come back to it some day," said Mike softly. "I didn't know, faix indeed, how sorry I'd be for lavin' the owld place. Awh Biddy girl 'tis many the weary day we'll think of the home we've left," and Biddy removed the shawl one instant from her face only to cover it again and burst into a new shower of tears. The next day but one they were sailing away out of Queenstown harbor to the high seas. Old Ireland was blurring its green and purple coasts moment by moment; Kinsale looked low, and they had lost sight of the white cabins on the hillsides and the pastures golden with furze. Hours before the old women on the wharves had turned away from them shaking their great cap borders. Hours before their own feet had trod the soil of Ireland for the last time. Mike Bogan and Biddy had left home, they were well on their way to America. Luckily nobody had been with them at last to say good-by—they had taken a more or less active part in the piteous general leave-taking at Queenstown, but those were not the faces of their own mothers or brothers to which they looked back as the ship slid away through the green water.

"Well, sure, we're gone now," said Mike setting his face westward and tramping the steerage deck a little later. "I like the say too, I belave, me own grandfather was a sailor, an' 'tis a foine life for a man. Here's little Dan goin' to Ameriky and niver mistrustin'. We'll be sindin the gossoon back again, rich and foine, to the owld place by and by, 'tis thrue for us, Biddy."

But Biddy, like many another woman, had set great changes in motion and then longed to escape from their consequences. She was much discomposed by the ship's unsteadiness. She accused patient Mike of having dragged her away from home and friends. She grew very white in the face, and was helped to her hard steerage berth where she had plenty of time for reflection upon the vicissitudes of seafaring. As for Mike, he grew more and more enthusiastic day by day about their prospects as he sat in the shelter of the bulkhead and tended little Dan and talked with his companions as they sailed westward.

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Who of us have made enough kindly allowance for the homesick quick-witted ambitious Irishmen and women, who have landed every year with such high hopes on our shores. There are some of a worse sort, of whom their native country might think itself well rid—but what thrifty New England housekeeper who takes into her home one of the pleasant-faced little captive maids, from Southern Ireland, has half understood the change of surroundings. That was a life in the open air under falling showers and warm sunshine, a life of wit and humor, of lavishness and lack of provision for more than the passing day—of constant companionship with one's neighbors, and a cheerful serenity and lack of nervous anticipation born of the vicinity of the Gulf stream. The climate makes the characteristics of Cork and Kerry; the fierce energy of the Celtic race in America is forced and stimulated by our own keen air. The beauty of Ireland is little hinted at by an average orderly New England town—many a young girl and many a blundering sturdy fellow is heartsick with the homesickness and restraint of his first year in this golden country of hard work. To so many of them a house has been but a shelter for the night—a sleeping-place: if you remember that, you do not wonder at fumbling fingers or the impatience with our houses full of trinkets. Our needless tangle of furnishings bewilders those who still think the flowers that grow of themselves in the Irish thatch more beautiful than anything under the cover of our prosaic shingled roofs.

"Faix, a fellow on deck was telling me a nate story the day," said Mike to Biddy Bogan, by way of kindly amusement. "Says he to me, 'Mike,' says he, 'did ye ever hear of wan Pathrick O'Brien that heard some bla'guard tell how in Ameriky you picked up money in the strates?' 'No,' says I. 'He wint ashore in a place,' says he, 'and he walked along and he come to a sign on a wall. Silver street was on it. "I 'ont stap here," says he, "it aint wort my while at all, at all. I'll go on to Gold street," says he, but he walked ever since and he ain't got there yet.'"

Biddy opened her eyes and laughed feebly. Mike looked so bronzed and ruddy and above all so happy that she took heart. "We're sound and young, thanks be to God, and we'll earn an honest living," said Mike, proudly. "'Tis the childher I'm thinkin' of all the time, an' how they'll get a chance the best of us niver had at home. God bless old Bantry forever in spite of it. An' there's a smart rid-headed man that has every bother to me why 'ont I go with him and kape a nate bar. He's been in the same business this four year gone since he come out, and twinty pince in his pocket when he landed, and this year he took a month off and went over to see the ould folks and build 'em a dacint house intirely, and hire a man to farm wid 'em now the old ones is old. He says will I put in my money wid him, and he'll give me a great start I wouldn't have in three years else."

"Did you have the fool's head on you then and let out to him what manes you had?" whispered Biddy, fiercely and lifting herself to look at him.

"I did then; 'twas no harm," answered the unsuspecting Mike.

"'Twas a black-hearted rascal won the truth from you!" and Biddy roused her waning forces and that very afternoon appeared on deck. The red-headed man knew that he had lost the day when he caught her first scornful glance.

"God pity the old folks of him an' their house," muttered the sharp-witted wife to Mike, as she looked at the low-lived scheming fellow whom she suspected of treachery.

"He said thim was old clothes he was using on the sea," apologized Mike for his friend, looking somewhat consciously down at his own comfortable corduroys. He and Biddy had been well to do on their little farm, and on good terms with their landlord the old squire. Poor old gentleman, it had been a sorrow to him to let the young people go. He was a generous, kindly old man, but he suffered from the evil repute of some short-sighted neighbors. "If I gave up all I had in the world and went to the almshouse myself they would still damn me for a landlord," he said, desperately one day. "But I never thought Mike Bogan would throw up his good chances.

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I suppose some worthless fellow called him stick-in-the-mud and off he must go."

There was some unhappiness at first for the young people in America. They went about the streets of their chosen town for a day or two, heavy-hearted with disappointment. Their old neighbors were not housed in palaces after all, as the letters home had suggested, and after a few evenings of visiting and giving of messages, and a few days of aimless straying about, Mike and Biddy hired two rooms at a large rent up three flights of stairs, and went to housekeeping. Little Dan rolled down one flight the first day; no tumbling on the green turf among the daisies for him, poor baby boy. His father got work at the forge of a carriage shop, having served a few months with a smith at home, and so taking rank almost as a skilled laborer. He was a great favorite speedily, his pay was good, at least it would have been good if he had lived on the old place among the fields, but he and Biddy did not know how to make the most of it here, and Dan had a baby sister presently to keep him company, and then another and another, and there they lived up-stairs in the heat, in the cold, in daisy time and snow time, and Dan was put to school and came home with a knowledge of sums in arithmetic which set his father's eyes dancing with delight, but with a knowledge besides of foul language and a brutal way of treating his little sisters when nobody was looking on.

Mike Bogan was young and strong when he came to America, and his good red blood lasted well, but it was against his nature to work in a hot half-lighted shop, and in a very few years he began to look pale about the mouth and shaky in the shoulders, and then the enthusiastic promises of the red-headed man on the ship, borne out, we must allow, by Mike's own observation, inclined him and his hard earned capital to the purchase of a tidy looking drinking shop on a side street of the town. The owner had died and his widow wished to go West to live with her son. She knew the Bogans and was a respectable soul in her way. She and her husband had kept a quiet place, every body acknowledged, and every body was thankful that since drinking shops must be kept, so decent a man as Mike Bogan was taking up the business.

II.

THE luck of the Bogans seemed to be holding true in this generation. Their proverbial good fortune seemed to come from rather an absence of bad fortune than any special distinction granted the generation or two before Mike's time. The good fellow reminded himself gratefully sometimes of Peggy Muldoon's blessing, and once sent her a pound to keep Christmas upon. If he had only known it, that unworthy woman bestowed curses enough upon him because he did not repeat it the next year, to cancel any favors that might have been anticipated. Good news flew back to Bantry of his prosperity, and his comfortable home above the store was a place of reception and generous assistance to all the westward straying children of Bantry. There was a bit of a garden that belonged to the estate, the fences were trig and neat, and neither Mike nor Biddy were persons to let things look shabby while they had plenty of money to keep them clean and whole. It was Mike who walked behind the priest on Sundays when the collection was taken. It was Mike whom good Father Miles trusted more than any other member of his flock, whom he confided in and consulted, whom perhaps his reverence loved best of all the parish because they were both Bantry men, born and bred. And nobody but Father Miles and Biddy and Mike Bogan knew the full extent of the father's and mother's pride and hope in the cleverness and beauty of their only son. Nothing was too great, and no success seemed impossible when they tried to picture the glorious career of little Dan.

Mike was a kind father to his little daughters, but all his hope was for Dan. It was for Dan that he was pleased when people called him Mr. Bogan in respectful tones, and when he was given a minor place of trust at town elections, he thought with humble gladness that Dan would have less cause to be ashamed of

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him by and by when he took his own place as gentleman and scholar. For there was something different about Dan from the rest of them, plain Irish folk that they were. Dan was his father's idea of a young lord, he would have liked to show the boy to the old squire, and see his look of surprise. Money came in at the shop door in a steady stream, there was plenty of it put away in the bank and Dan must wear well-made clothes and look like the best fellows at the school. He was handsomer than any of them, he was the best and quickest scholar of his class. The president of the great carriage company had said that he was a very promising boy more than once, and had put his hand on Mike's shoulder as he spoke. Mike and Biddy, dressed in their best, went to the school examinations year after year and heard their son do better than the rest, and saw him noticed and admired. For Dan's sake no noisy men were allowed to stay about the shop, Dan himself was forbidden to linger there, and so far the boy had clear honest eyes, and an affectionate way with his father that almost broke that honest heart with joy. They talked together when they went to walk on Sundays and there was a plan, increasingly interesting to both, of going to old Bantry some summer—just for a treat. Oh happy days! They must end as summer days do, in shadow.

There was an outside stair to the two upper stories where the Bogans lived above their place of business, and late one evening, when the shop shutters were being clasped together below, Biddy Bogan heard a familiar heavy step and hastened to hold her brightest lamp in the doorway.

"God save you," said his reverence Father Miles who was coming up slowly, and Biddy dropped a decent courtesy and devout blessing in return. His reverence looked pale and tired, and seated himself wearily in a chair by the window—while Biddy coasted round by a bedroom door to "whisht" at two wakeful daughters who were teasing each other and chattering in bed.

"'Tis long since we saw you here, sir," she said, respectfully. "'Tis warm weather indade for you to be about the town, and folks sick an' dyin and needing your help, sir. Mike'll be up now, your reverence. I hear him below."

Biddy had grown into a stout mother of a family, red-faced and bustling, there was little likeness left to the flower of Glengariff with whom Mike had fallen in love at early mass in Bantry church. But the change had been so gradual that Mike himself had never become conscious of any damaging difference. She took a fresh loaf of bread and cut some generous slices and put a piece of cheese and a knife on the table within reach of Father Miles's hand. "I suppose 'tis waste of breath to give you more, so it is," she said to him. "Bread an' cheese and no better will you ate I suppose, sir," and she folded her arms across her breast and stood looking at him.

"How is the luck of the Bogans today?" asked the kind old man. "The head of the school I make no doubt?" and at this moment Mike came up the stairs and greeted his priest with reverent affection.

"You're looking faint, sorr," he urged. "Biddy get a glass now, we're quite by ourselves sorr—and I've some for sickness that's very soft and fine entirely."

"Well, well, this once then," answered Father Miles, doubtfully. "I've had a hard day."

He held the glass in his hand for a moment and then pushed it away from him on the table. "Indeed it's not wrong in itself," said the good priest looking up presently, as if he had made something clear to his mind. "The wrong is in ourselves to make beasts of ourselves with taking too much of it. I don't shame me with this glass of the best that you've poured for me. My own sin is in the coffee pot. It wilds my head when I've got most use for it, and I'm sure of an aching pate—God forgive me for indulgence; but I must have it for my breakfast now and then. Give me a bit of bread and cheese; yes, that's what I want, Bridget," and he pushed the glass still farther away.

"I've been at a sorry place this night," he went on a moment later, "the smell of the stuff can't but remind me. 'Tis a comfort to come here and find

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your house so clean and decent, and both of you looking me in the face. God save all poor sinners!" and Mike and his wife murmured assent.

"I wish to God you were out of this business and every honest man with you," said the priest, suddenly dropping his fatherly, Bantry good fellowship and making his host conscious of the solemnity of the church altar and the vestments. "'Tis a decent shop you keep, Mike, my lad, I know. I know no harm of it, but there are weak souls that can't master themselves, and the drink drags them down. There's little use in doing away with the shops though. We've got to make young men strong enough to let drink alone. The drink will always be in the world. Here's your bright young son; what are they teaching him at his school, do ye know? Has his characther got grown, do ye think Mike Bogan, and is he going to be a man for good, and to help decent things get a start and bad things to keep their place? I don't care how he does his sums, so I don't, if he has no characther, and they may fight about beer and fight about temperance and carry their Father Mathew flags flying about, so they may, and it's all no good, lessen we can raise the young folks up above the place where drink and shame can touch them. God grant us help," he whispered, dropping his head on his breast. "I'm getting to be an old man myself, and I've never known the temptation that's like a devil to many men. I can let drink alone, I pity those who can't. Kape the young lads out from it Mike. You're a good fellow, you're careful, but poor human souls are weak, God knows!"

"'Tis thrue fer you indade sir!" responded Biddy. Her eyes were full of tears at Father Miles's tone and earnestness, but she could not have made clear to herself what he had said.

"Will I put a dhrap more of wather in it, your riverence?" she suggested, but the priest shook his head gently and taking a handful of parish papers out of his pocket proceeded to hold conference with the master of the house. Biddy waited awhile and at last ventured to clear away the good priest's frugal supper. She left the glass, but he went away without touching it, and in the very glow of his parting blessing she announced that she had the makings of a pain within, and took the cordial with apparent approval.

Mike did not make any comment, he was tired and it was late, and long past their bedtime.

Biddy was wide awake and talkative from her tonic, and soon pursued the subject of conversation.

"What set the father out wid talking I do' know?" she inquired a little ill-humoredly. "'Twas thrue for him that we kape a dacint shop anyhow, an' how will it be in the way of poor Danny when it's finding the manes to put him where he is?"

"'Twant that he mint at all," answered Mike from his pillow. "Didn't ye hear what he said?" after endeavoring fruitlessly to repeat it in his own words—"He's right, sure, about a b'y's getting thim books and having no characther. He thinks well of Danny, and he knows no harm of him. Wisha! what'll we do wid that b'y, Biddy, I do' know! 'Fadther,' says he to me to-day, 'why couldn't ye wait an' bring me into the wurruld on American soil,' says he, 'and maybe I'd been prisident,' says he, and 'twas the thruth for him."

"I'd rather for him to be a praste meself," replied the mother.

"That's what Father Miles said himself the other day," announced Mike wide awake now. "'I wish he'd the makings of a good praste,' said he. 'There'll soon be need of good men and hard picking for 'em too,' said he, and he let a great sigh. 'Tis money they want and place they want, most o' them bla'guard b'ys in the siminary. 'Tis the old fashioned min like mesilf that think however will they get souls through this life and through heaven's gate at last, wid clane names and God-fearin, dacint names left after them.' Thim was his own words indade."

"Idication was his cry always," said Bridget, blessing herself in the dark. "'Twas only last confission he took no note of me own sins while he redded himself in the face with why don't I kape Mary Ellen to the schule, and me not an hour in the day to rest me poor bones. 'I have to kape her in, to mind the shmall childer,' says I, an' 'twas

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thrue for me, so it was." She gave a jerk under the blankets, which represented the courtesy of the occasion. She had a great respect and some awe for Father Miles, but she considered herself to have held her ground in that discussion.

"We'll do our best by them all, sure," answered Mike. "'Tis tribbling me money I am ivery day," he added, gayly. "The lord-liftinant himsilf is no surer of a good buryin' than you an' me. What if we made a praste of Dan intirely?" with a great outburst of proper pride. "A son of your own at the althar saying mass for you, Biddy Flaherty from Glengariff!"

"He's no mind fer it, more's the grief," answered the mother, unexpectedly, shaking her head gloomily on the pillow, "but marruk me wuds now, he'll ride in his carriage when I'm under the sods, give me grace and you too Mike Bogan! Look at the airs of him and the toss of his head. 'Mother,' says he to me, 'I'm goin' to be a big man!' says he, 'whin I grow up. D'ye think anybody'll take me fer an Irishman?'"

"Bad cess to the bla'guard fer that then!" said Mike. "It's spoilin' him you are. 'Tis me own pride of heart to come from old Bantry, and he lied to me thin yesterday gone, saying would I take him to see the old place. Wisha! he's got too much tongue, and he's spindin' me money for me."

But Biddy pretended to be falling asleep. This was not the first time that the honest pair had felt an anxiety creeping into their pride about Dan. He frightened them sometimes; he was cleverer than they, and the mother had already stormed at the boy for his misdemeanors, in her garrulous fashion, but covered them from his father notwithstanding. She felt an assurance of the merely temporary damage of wild oats; she believed that it was just as well for a boy to have his freedom and his fling. She even treated his known lies as if they were truth. An easy-going comfortable soul was Biddy, who with much shrewdness and only a trace of shrewishness, got through this evil world as best she might.

The months flew by. Mike Bogan was a middle-aged man and he and his wife looked somewhat elderly as they went to their pew in the broad aisle on Sunday morning. Danny usually came too, and the girls, but Dan looked contemptuous as he sat next his father and said his prayers perfunctorily. Sometimes he was not there at all, and Mike had a heavy heart under his stiff best coat. He was richer than any other member of Father Miles's parish, and he was known and respected everywhere as a good citizen. Even the most ardent believers in the temperance cause were known to say that little mischief would be done if all the rumsellers were such men as Mr. Bogan. He was generous and in his limited way public spirited. He did his duty to his neighbor as he saw it. Everyone used liquor more or less, somebody must sell it, but a low groggery was as much a thing of shame to him as to any man. He never sold to boys, or to men who had had too much already. His shop was clean and wholesome, and in the evening when a dozen or more of his respectable acquaintances gathered after work for a social hour or two and a glass of whiskey to rest and cheer them after exposure, there was not a little good talk about affairs from their point of view, and plenty of honest fun. In their own houses very likely the rooms were close and hot, and the chairs hard and unrestful. The wife had taken her bit of recreation by daylight and visited her friends. This was their comfortable clubhouse, Mike Bogan's shop, and Mike himself the leader of the assembly. There was a sober-mindedness in the man; his companions were contented though he only looked on tolerantly at their fun, for the most part, without taking any active share himself.

One cool October evening the company was well gathered in, there was even a glow of wood fire in the stove, and two of the old men were sitting close beside it. Corny Sullivan had been a soldier in the British army for many years, he had been wounded at last at Sebastopol, and yet here he was, full of military lore and glory, and propped by a wooden leg. Corny was usually addressed as Timber-toes by his familiars, he was an irascible old fellow to deal with, but as clean as a whistle from long

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habit and even stately to look at in his arm-chair. He had a nephew with whom he made his home, who would give him an arm presently and get him home to bed. His mate was an old sailor much bent in the back by rheumatism, Jerry Bogan; who, though no relation, was tenderly treated by Mike, being old and poor. His score was never kept, but he seldom wanted for his evening grog. Jerry Bogan was a cheerful soul, the wit of the Celts and their pathetic wistfulness were delightful in him. The priest liked him, the doctor half loved him, this old-fashioned Irishman who had a graceful compliment or a thrust of wit for whoever came in his way. What a treasury of old Irish lore and legend was this old sailor! What broadness and good cheer and charity had been fostered in his sailor heart! The delight of little children with his clever tales and mysterious performances with bits of soft pine and a sharp jackknife, a very Baron Munchausen of adventure, and here he sat, round backed and head pushed forward like an old turtle, by the fire. The other men sat or stood about the low-walled room. Mike was serving his friends, there was a clink of glass and a stirring and shaking, a pungent odor of tobacco, and much laughter.

"Soombody, whoiver it was, thrun a cat down in Tom Auley's well lass night," announced Corny Sullivan with more than usual gravity.

"They'll have no luck thin," says Jerry. "Anybody that meddles wid wather, 'ill have no luck while they live, faix they 'ont thin."

"Tom Auley's been up this three nights now," confides the other old gossip. "Thim dirty by's troublin his pegs in the sthy, and having every stramash about the place, all fer revinge upon him fer gettin' the police afther thim when they sthole his hins. 'Twas as well fer him too, they're dirty bligards, the whole box and dice of them."

"Whisper now!" and Jerry pokes his great head closer to his friend. "The divil of 'em all is young Dan Bogan, Mike's son. Sorra a bit o' good is all his schoolin', and Mike's heart'll be soon broke from him. I see him goin' about wid his nose in the air. He's a pritty boy, but the divil is in him an' 'tis he ought to have been a praste wid his chances and Father Miles himself tarkin and tarkin wid him tryin' to make him a glory of pride to his people after all they did for him. There was niver a spade in his hand to touch the ground yet. Look at his poor father now! Look at Mike, that's grown old and gray since winther time." And they turned their eyes to the bar to refresh their memories with the sight of the disappointed face behind it.

There was a rattling at the door-latch just then and loud voices outside, and as the old men looked, young Dan Bogan came stumbling into the shop. Behind him were two low fellows, the worst in the town, they had all been drinking more than was good for them, and for the first time Mike Bogan saw his only son's boyish face reddened and stupid with whiskey. It had been an unbroken law that Dan should keep out of the shop with his comrades; now he strode forward with an absurd travesty of manliness and demanded liquor for himself and his friends at his father's hands.

Mike staggered, his eyes glared with anger. His fatherly pride made him long to uphold the poor boy before so many witnesses. He reached for a glass then he pushed it away—and with quick step reached Dan's side, caught him by the collar and held him. One or two of the spectators chuckled with weak excitement, but the rest pitied Mike Bogan as he would have pitied them.

The angry man pointed his son's companions to the door, and after a moment's hesitation they went skulking out, and father and son disappeared up the stairway. Dan was a coward, he was glad to be thrust into his own bedroom upstairs, his head was stupid, and he muttered only a feeble revenge. Several of Mike Bogan's customers had kindly disappeared when he returned trying to look the same as ever, but one after another the great tears rolled down his cheeks. He never had faced despair till now, he turned his back to the men, and fumbled aimlessly among the bottles on the shelf. Someone came in unconscious of the pitiful scene and impatiently repeated his order to the shopkeeper.

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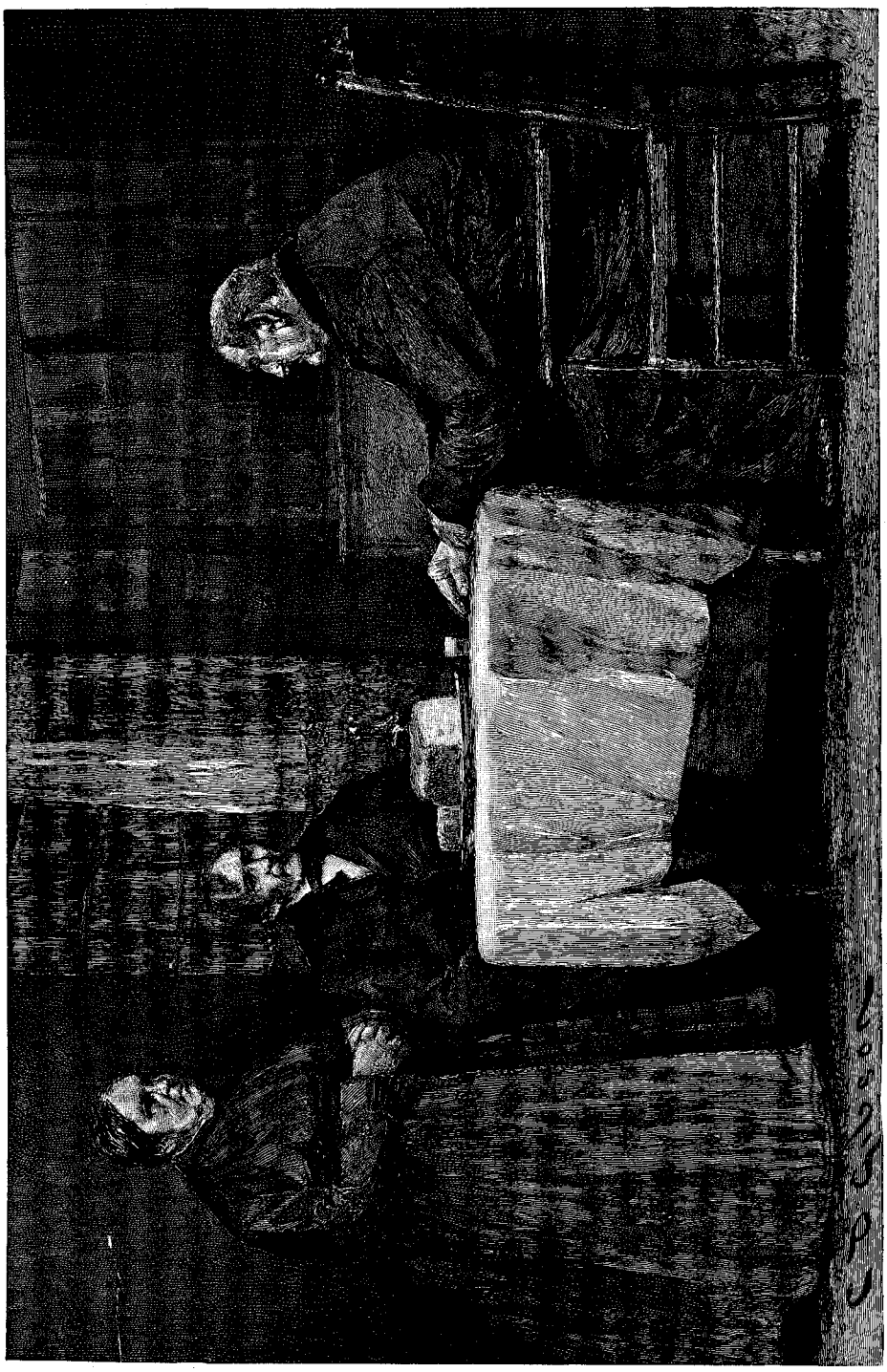

"'I wish to God you were out of this business and every honest man,' said the priest."

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"God help me boys, I can't sell more this night!" he said brokenly. "Go home now will ye and lave me to myself."

They were glad to go, though it cut the evening short. Jerry Bogan bungled his way last with his two canes. "Sind the b'y to say," he advised in a gruff whisper. "Sind him out wid a good captain now, Mike, 'twill make a man of him yet."

A man of him yet! alas, alas—for the hopes that had been growing so many years. Alas for the pride of a simple heart, alas for the day Mike Bogan came away from sunshiny old Bantry with his baby son in his arms for the sake of making that son a gentleman.

III.

Winter had fairly set in, but the snow had not come, and the street was bleak and cold. The wind was stinging men's faces and piercing the wooden houses. A hard night for sailors coming on the coast—a bitter night for poor people everywhere.

From one house and another the lights went out, in the street where the Bogans lived, at last there was no other lamp than theirs, in a window that lighted the outer stairs. Sometimes a woman's shadow passed across the curtain and waited there, drawing it away from the panes a moment as if to listen the better for a footstep that did not come. Poor Biddy had waited many a night besides this. Her husband was far from well, the doctor said that his heart was not working right, and that he must be very careful, but the truth was that Mike's heart was almost broken by grief. Dan was going the downhill road, he had been drinking harder and harder, and spending a great deal of money. He had smashed more than one carriage and lamed more than one horse from the livery stables, and he had kept the lowest company in vilest dens. Now he threatened to go to New York, and it had come at last to being the only possible joy that he should come home at any time of night rather than disappear no one knew where. He had laughed in Father Miles's face when the good old man after pleading with him had tried to threaten him.

Biddy was in an agony of suspense as the night wore on. She dozed a little to wake with a start, and listen for some welcome sound out in the cold night. Was her only boy freezing to death somewhere? Other mothers only scolded if their sons were wild, but this was killing her and Mike, they had set their hopes so high. Mike was groaning dreadfully in his sleep to-night—the fire was burning low, and she did not dare to stir it. She took her worn rosary again and tried to tell its beads. Mother of Pity, pray for us!" she said, wearily dropping the beads in her lap.

There was a sound in the street at last but it was not of one man's stumbling feet but of many. She was stiff with cold, she had slept long, and it was almost day. She rushed with strange apprehension to the doorway and stood with the flaring lamp in her hand at the top of the stairs. The voices were suddenly hushed. "Go for Father Miles!" said somebody in a hoarse voice, and she heard the words. They were carrying a burden, they brought it up to the mother who waited. In their arms lay her son stone dead; he had been stabbed in a fight, he had struck a man down who had sprung back at him like a tiger. Dan, little Dan was dead, the luck of the Bogans, the end was here, and a wail that pierced the night and chilled the hearts that heard it, was the first message of sorrow to the poor father in his uneasy sleep.

The group of men stood by—some of them had been drinking, but they were all awed and shocked. You would have believed every one of them on the side of law and order. Mike Bogan knew that the worst had happened. Biddy had rushed to him and fallen across the bed; for the minute her aggravating shrieks had stopped; he began to dress himself, but he was shaking too much; he stepped out to the kitchen and faced the frightened crowd.

"Is my son dead then?" asked Mike Bogan, of Bantry, with a piteous quiver of the lip, and nobody spoke. There was something glistening and awful about his pleasant Irish face. He tottered where he stood, he caught at a chair to steady himself. "The luck o'

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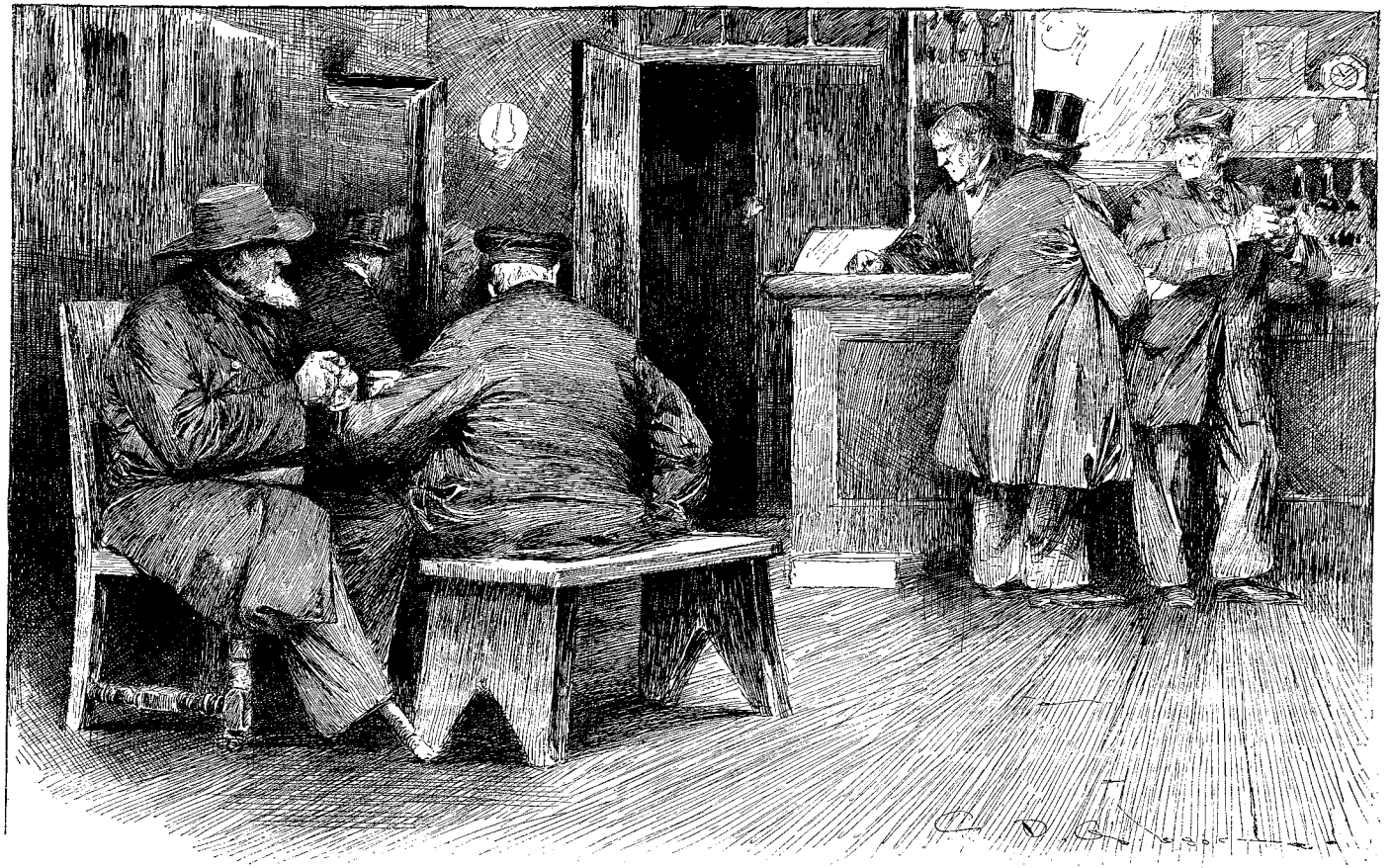

"As the old men looked young Dan Bogan came stumbling into the shop."

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the Bogans, was it?" and he smiled strangely, then a fierce hardness came across his face and changed it utterly. "Come down, come down!" he shouted, and snatching the key of the shop went down the stairs himself with great sure-footed leaps. What was in Mike? was he crazy with grief? They stood out of his way and saw him fling bottle after bottle and shatter them against the wall. They saw him roll one cask after another to the doorway, and out into the street in the gray light of morning, and break through the staves with a heavy axe. Nobody dared to restrain his fury—there was a devil in him, they were afraid of the man in his blinded rage. The odor of his carefully chosen stock of whiskey and gin filled the cold air—some of them would have stolen the wasted liquor if they could, but no man there dared to step forward, and it was not until the tall figure of Father Miles came along the street, and the patient eyes that seemed always keeping vigil, and the calm voice with its flavor of Bantry brogue, came to Mike Bogan's help, that he let himself be taken out of the wrecked shop and away from the spilt liquors to the shelter of his home.

A week later he was only a shadow of his sturdy self, he was lying dreaming on his bed of Bantry Bay and the road to Glengariff—the hedge roses were in bloom, and he was trudging along the road to see Biddy. He was troubled on the old farm at home and he could not put the seed potatoes in their trench, for little Dan kept falling in and getting in his way. "Dan's not going to be plagued with the bad craps," he muttered to Father Miles who sat beside the lad. "Dan will be a fine squire in Ameriky," but the priest only stroked his hand as it twitched and lifted on the coverlet. There was a blaze of light before his eyes. Why, it must be the yellow gorse all in bloom. What was Biddy doing, crying and putting the candles about him? Then his poor brain grew steady.

"Oh, my God, if we were back in Bantry! I saw the gorse bloomin' in the t'atch d'ye know. Oh wisha wisha the poor ould cabin an' the green praties that day we come from it—with our luck smilin us in the face."

"Whisht darlin: kape aisy darlin!" mourned Biddy, with a great sob. Father Miles sat straight and stern in his chair by the pillow—he had read the prayers for the dying, and the holy oil was already shining on Mike Bogan's forehead. The keeners were swaying themselves to and fro, there where they waited in the next room.

BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

By Richard Hovey.

Passion and pain, the outcry of despair,
The pang of unattainable desire,
And youth's delight in pleasures that expire,
And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair
Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer
Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire.
Then through a mighty sorrowing, as through fire,
The soul burnt pure yearns forth into the air
Of the dear earth and, with the scent of flowers
And song of birds assuaged, takes heart again,
Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine,
And turns with healing to the world of men,
And high above a sweet strong angel towers
And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

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THE ETHICS OF CONTROVERSY.

By George P. Fisher.

THERE are laws of war. These do not continue unaltered. Even in the distant past, the person of a herald was sacred, and treaties confirmed with an oath could not be broken without provoking the wrath of gods and men. With the progress of civilization, one savage custom after another has been discarded from warfare. To drop poison into the wells about an enemy's camp, to shoot arrows tipped with venom, would shock the moral sense of all warriors advanced above the grade of barbarism. Luckily, hostilities are not now carried forward as in the days when "the god-like Achilles" dragged the corpse of "the noble Hector" at the tail of his chariot around the walls of "windy Troy," nor as when that consummate general and typical "filibuster," Alexander of Macedon, with the exaggeration of a copyist, pierced the ankles of Batis, and with leathern thongs tied his body, while he was yet alive, to the axle of his car, and then drove it at full speed before the eyes of his applauding troops. Prisoners taken in battle are no more slaughtered, nor are they consigned to hopeless slavery. The international code has been improved so far that the lives of non-combatants, and their property—if only it be on the land!—are protected. In how many particulars has the brutality that formerly prevailed in war disappeared through the progress of humane sentiment!

It is worth while to take a glance at another species of warfare, where the encounter is bloodless, but which has often kindled not less passion than contests in which the field resounds with the thunder of artillery. What shall be said of the spirit in which intellectual conflicts are waged? Has there been a like ethical progress here? What more remains to be done in order to get rid of the displays of injustice and ferocity that still characterize them? About matters concerning which opinions vary, there has been, as all know, a "strife of tongues" since the world began. Since the invention of the art of writing, the pen has served as a new instrument of combat. Now that the printer's art scatters broadcast copies of whatever is written; now that, besides books, we have an enormous multiplying of magazines and newspapers; now that the arena of debate spreads over all the provinces of science and æsthetic art, of politics, theology, and letters, the aggregate amount of intellectual contention has immeasurably increased. It is not probable, as it was once believed by some, that the devil invented movable types; but it is only too apparent that the devil mingles his influence in the use of them. The importance of finding out the rules of civilized and Christian conduct in the struggles of "word-warriors,"—to borrow a phrase of Richard Baxter—of adhering to these rules, and of trying to realize a higher ideal in this occupation than the fashion of the day exhibits, will not be denied. It may be that some good will be done by calling attention to the subject. Certainly it is one sphere where righteousness and decency still have fields to conquer. Even though little that is novel in the way of ethical suggestion be brought forward, it can do no harm to insist on familiar obligations. The theme is the proper temper, and the proper method and means, of controversial discussion.

We may stop to say that there are many people who deprecate controversy altogether. Especially when the truths of religion are the subject, there is a strong aversion in many minds to everything of the sort. But where there is much intellectual activity on any subject, controversies are sure to arise, for the simple reason that men will not think alike. Most of the Apostle Paul's writings are controversial. They were

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called out by errors which it was necessary for him to oppose. There has never been any great religious revival which has not been connected with active controversy. If evils attend it, at least it furnishes a sign of life; and almost anything is better than stagnation. The period of religious earnestness in the ancient Church, the Protestant Reformation, the religious revivals of the last century, were fruitful in theological debates. The thing to be desired is not the complete avoidance of controversy, which is not to be expected, but the regulation of it according to Christian principles.

We will begin with one plain rule of the moral code, yet one that is very often violated. The controversialist is bound to state with entire fairness the position and the arguments of his opponent. This rule is broken in other ways than by a wilful distortion of an adversary's doctrine or a mis-statement of his proofs. When these gross offences are not committed, there may still be a choice of phraseology with an intent, more or less conscious, by the very manner of stating the opinion to be controverted, to stir up a prejudice against it. There is a large opportunity for a want of candor in "the way of putting things," in cases where no distinct error is expressed. Many writers, not reckoned among the polemics, are guilty in this particular. One principal fault of Gibbon, in the famous xivth and xvth chapters on the Christian religion, lies just here. Language is adroitly chosen to suggest something beyond what is actually said. This remark applies to other passages in Gibbon besides those evidently meant to be ironical. It takes very slight touches of the pencil to turn a portrait into a caricature. Nothing is more common than to incorporate a sneer into the description of views which one intends to confute. Words or phrases are worked in that involve disparagement. It is like the raising of the eyebrows, or a curl of the lip, in speaking. It is equivalent in its impression to interrupting an opponent, who is seeking to explain himself, by ejaculations of disapproval or contempt. He receives a stab while he is in the act of telling what he wishes to establish. "Mr. A. asserts with a confident air;" "Mr. A. does not scruple to affirm," etc.; "Mr. A. superficially argues," or "flippantly claims," or "with plausible sophistry would fain persuade us," etc. —but there is no end to the possible turns of expression, to the offensive insinuations, the store of wounding adjectives and adverbs, at the command of an expert disputant, whereby a dislike is awakened at the start for the cause which he is anxious to overthrow. Not that it is wrong to call a spade a spade. Not that no occasions are conceivable when such forms of depreciation, even at the threshold, are justifiable. But in all ordinary cases they are indefensible, because they preclude that candid hearing of the other side which is requisite for an intelligent and sound verdict. Sometimes a controversialist will contrive by the use of a single word, not fairly applicable, to create an impression unfavorable to the doctrine which he is undertaking to state. Hume defines a miracle as a "transgression" of a law of nature. There may have been no sinister purpose in the choice of this term. Perhaps there was not. From the point of view of etymology, it is a correct use. But "transgression" properly denotes a departure from a *moral* law. The word has this evil association cleaving to it. Apply it to a deviation from the ordinary course of nature, and you at once awaken in the hearer's mind a certain feeling of objection to its occurrence—a certain presumption against it. Respecting the general rule on which we are commenting, the best idea of its import, and, at the same time, of its worth, may be gained by looking at examples of its honorable observance. They excite always an involuntary admiration. They impress us in the way that instances of magnanimity, when there is a temptation in the opposite direction, naturally strike the mind. One such illustration is afforded, I think, in the controversial writings of John Stuart Mill. I do not forget that Dean Mansel complained of Mill that he had misinterpreted Hamilton's and Mansel's own doctrines, in important particulars; but I feel sure that if this was the fact it was the result of an honest mistake. Mill wrote much controver-

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sially, and no one can fail to mark his custom of fully and fairly stating the propositions or arguments which he is about to examine and to confute. His statement is often made more strongly in the interest of his opponent than the latter could make it for himself. I am not among those who adopt the theory of the "associational school" (of which Hume was the founder), and I find occasion to dissent from Mill as often as to agree with him. But I thankfully recognize the benefit derived from noticing the manly and even generous spirit in which he sets forth antagonistic opinions. There is no insidious belittling of the doctrines to be opposed —no slurs artfully introduced with the description of them. The spokesman on the other side is attentively, even respectfully, heard. It hardly need be said that there is a great advantage in this procedure; for here, as elsewhere, "honesty is the best policy." When a polemical writer takes this course, he shows, at the outset, that he has no misgivings as to the strength of his cause. He has full confidence in his ability to cope with his opponent. He is not trying to trip him up before they have had time to grapple. A client of Mr. Lincoln relates that, in a suit of much consequence, he spoke to the jury for several hours in such a strain that he seemed to be giving away the case—so clearly and forcibly did he describe the grounds which the adverse party might adduce in behalf of his cause. But then the sagacious lawyer turned, and with complete success proceeded to pull down the structure which he had built up. He had left no room for charges of misrepresentation; he had gained the advantage of acquainting the jury beforehand with what could be said on the other side that was likely to be effective.

Honesty in quotation is another law binding on disputants. To present false or mangled extracts is an offence akin to forgery. Few men are bad enough to invent outright what they pretend to quote, and if they were, the detection of the crime would be too easy. Yet the records of controversy show how seductive the temptation is to present garbled, or otherwise misleading, citations. Cite a fragment of a sentence, a portion of a paragraph, and leave out the other portion which qualifies the import of it. Tear a passage from its connection, and place it in a different setting, when the impression caught by it will be materially changed. These are familiar devices; often they are not so much the product of conscious, deliberate knavery as they are the well-nigh unconscious offspring of partisan heat. There have been few theological polemics who have struck harder blows than Bossuet. An old mystical writer says of him that if he had happened to be born in England, he would have been as zealous a champion of the Anglican church as he was of the church of Rome; and this because he was by nature belligerent. His genius was that of a warrior; he was predestined to take up arms for that body, whatever its name, in which his lot should be cast. Unfortunately, Bossuet was an offender against the canon which we are now considering. In his celebrated book on the Variations of Protestantism, he fortifies his assertions by garbled quotations from the writings of the Reformers. Sir William Hamilton, whose information was generally derived at first hand, unwarily copied Bossuet's citations from Luther, and was convicted of the mistake by Archdeacon Hare. Luther's unguarded style makes him an easy prey to dexterous polemics, and great is the number who have paraded isolated expressions torn from his writings, and made to bear a sense not intended by their author. Not that they are worse offenders than sundry Protestant divines in their conflicts with Rome and in their disputes with one another. Old Dr. Routh, of Magdalen College, said to a student who asked for some precept to guide him through life: "Always verify your references." If he had extended the precept and enjoined on him to verify the references of other people, the pupil would have had occasion to discover an amount of moral obliquity which he probably did not imagine to exist. Let it not be supposed that the sin of misquotation lies at the door of theologians exclusively. It is just as frequent among party writers on topics literary, political, or scientific. In general, it

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must be remembered that the besetting sins of the controversialist are such as spring from human nature when it is under the influence of strong personal or partisan feeling. No contests have been more venomous than those between philologians. Grammar is accounted a dry subject, but the contention that it has caused would seem to justify a different opinion. We need go no farther back than the days of Bentley, and the battles in which he took part, to see what an amount of bitterness can be infused into the warfare of linguists. An account, though imperfect, of the combat of Boyle and Bentley, is given by the elder D'Israeli, in his rambling book on the Quarrels of Authors. In truth, it matters not what the particular question in controversy may be, it is always possible for wrath to be kindled, and for the contest to degenerate into a mere strife for victory. Then the inducement to resort to unlawful weapons is apt to smother scruples of conscience. If the *odium theologicum*, as some have said, contains ingredients of peculiar malignity—derived, one might fancy, from infra-mundane abodes—it cannot be said to surpass in intensity the hatred which has been kindled among disputants in other departments.

A chronic and seemingly incurable vice among controversialists is one that will be recognized as familiar, as soon as it is mentioned. It is the imputation to another of opinions which it is assumed, whether truly or falsely, are logically inferred from those which he professes. "He *must* believe so and so, because it is implied in the assertion"—and so forth. "He virtually teaches"—it is a mercy if "undoubtedly holds" is not added—"the noxious error," etc. In some way, the unhappy opponent is saddled with the burden of whatever inferences may be drawn by wit or malice from his utterances. What is worse, it is not unusual for his disavowal of these consequences either to pass unnoticed, or, in case the controversial temper burns fiercely, to be received with open or implied distrust. Theological debates, from the most ancient to the most recent times, have abounded in this sort of injustice. Now as there are not many persons into the circle of whose opinions there has not crept, unperceived, some erroneous idea which, if followed out in its ramifications, would be fatal to all sound doctrine, it is quite easy for logical fanaticism or malignant partisanship to convict anyone of damnable heresies. Speaking of logical fanaticism, it is worth while for us distinctly to call attention to this particular malady—partly intellectual, whatever share moral infirmities may have in it. There are those who are afflicted with this peculiar form of narrowness. With the logical instinct overgrown, deficient in sympathy, and incapable of any width of view, they appear incompetent to dissociate from an opinion professed by another anything that can be linked with it in a chain of syllogisms. It will be a great gain to the cause of morality if the day shall come when to attribute to another doctrines disavowed or not professed by him, but forced into his creed by a process of argument, shall be universally seen to be—what it really is—untruthful and unchristian.

Another controversial sin is quibbling. This consists in avoiding the essential issue, and in shifting the debate to some incidental, subordinate point on which its decision does not at all depend. This is the resort of that class of disputants who approach an opponent in the hope "to catch him in his talk." He has used inexact phraseology, it may be. He has plainly meant to say one thing, but can be interpreted, without a violation of grammatical rules, as saying another. An honorable debater, conscious of the validity of his cause, will scorn to avail himself of such a resource. A chivalrous debater will state the case for him better than he has stated it for himself. He will, moreover, abstain from pointing his guns to a statement that is merely incidental or subordinate. He will choose rather to march up boldly in the face of the adversary. Here again, the captious habit does not appear to be always deliberate and conscious. There is a class of minds that cavil because it is their nature to. They have no just perspective. Small things and large things are in their eyes of the same size. They do not address themselves to the main point, because to

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their vision there is no main point. Some there are to whom a verbal slip is treated as a mortal sin. But all that quibbling which is voluntary is culpable. To raise a dust over an insignificant error, and thereby to hinder bystanders from seeing the real thing contended for, is one of the common tricks of controversy. It is an old artifice for wasting time and drawing off attention from the merits of the question.

All fallacious modes of arguing, or of evading arguments, if these modes are discerned to be sophistical, are morally unworthy. It is impertinent to object to a reasoner's style, as if the validity of his proofs depended on that. It is no answer, for example, to say of another that his arguments are "abstract" or "metaphysical." In a debate in the Senate of the United States, by way of objection to propositions of Calhoun, Benton said that they were "abstractions." To this the South Carolina statesman rejoined, with much spirit, that *right* is an abstraction, and that to say of a doctrine or of a course of reasoning that it is "abstract," is to say nothing pertinent against it. That sort of objection was irrelevant to the issue. Jonathan Edwards, in his day, had to encounter the objection that his arguments were "metaphysical." He pronounces the objection to be "vague and impertinent." "The question is not," he remarks, "whether what is said be metaphysics, physics, logic, or mathematics, Latin, English, French or Mohawk, but whether the reasoning be good and the arguments truly conclusive." His idea is that one might as rationally object to the validity of a course of reasoning that it is presented in one language rather than another, as to object that it is "metaphysical."

It would seem to be an ethical axiom that one ought never to use arguments that are not, in his own judgment, valid. A man is convinced of the truth of a proposition for certain definite reasons. Other grounds are frequently alleged, and they may be adapted to impress many other minds. There is a temptation, especially when one is bent on carrying a point against opposers, to lay hold of such considerations, even although one's own conviction does not rest upon them, and they are really perceived to be invalid. They answer a temporary purpose, and the end is practically held to sanctify the means. The Church of Rome has produced no more astute and formidable apologist than the great Cardinal and Jesuit, Bellarmine. In his work against heresies, he provides an arsenal of weapons to be used in defence of the creed against Protestant and other impugners of it. He states the objection to be met, or the difficulty to be solved. Then he presents in numerical array the various answers, or ways in which it may be disposed of. These are often incompatible with one another. His own preference, his own opinion, is frequently indicated; yet there stand in a row all the different modes of rebuttal to which one may resort. One is left to choose out of the catalogue whichever accords with one's individual taste, or is suited to the exigency. In this place, too, we may find an illustration of the general truth that the path of honesty is also that of expediency. Ordinarily a man will succeed best in convincing others by bringing forward the reasons which have convinced himself, and on which his own faith reposes. When he fetches arguments from afar, which take no hold upon his own mind and heart, even if he do not, in some way, betray the fact, he is incapable of urging them with the living power that springs from sincerity.

Some controversialists are prone to express "grief" that those who differ from them should think as they do. Expressions of this kind are especially common in religious debates. One has a right to be sorry that a dissenter from his opinions professes what seems to him hurtful error. But this intrusion of personal feeling has no proper place in an argument. The party opposed can balance it by a corresponding expression of mental pain on account of the opinions of his antagonist. Or he can meet it with a more cutting response. Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, was one of the sturdiest of the old ministers of New England. Professor Park, in his Reminiscences of him, states that on sending out from his rural parish a printed sermon on the Atonement, he

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received from a magisterial metropolitan divine the following note: "May 1st. My dear brother, I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it;" to which the following answer, equally laconic, was immediately returned: "May 3d. Dear sir, I have read your letter, and laughed at it. Yours, Nath'l Emmons."

It is generally admitted that "personalities" are forbidden in debate. But who can present a scientific classification of the myriad forms of personal disparagement by which controversialists attempt to weaken the influence of their foes? The motive, to be sure, may not be to blunt the edge of an argument. Conflict breeds irritation, offensive words provoke retaliation. The assailant is paid in his own coin and with usurious interest. There is no more eloquent prose writer in English than John Milton. There are parts of the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing which in elevation and spirit surpass the splendor of Burke in his finest passages. In other essays of Milton, the lofty, sustained fervor of the diction is well matched to the nobleness of the thought. Yet there is intermingled not only a grandeur of invective, but almost diverting interludes of fierce and even coarse abuse, which strikingly illustrate the controversial style of that age. In the Second Defence of the People of England, there occur the magnificent paragraphs in which, in response to the railing of Salmasius, the Poet describes his own person, how he lost his eyesight "in liberty's defence," his manner of life in his youth, and his travels abroad, from which he hurried home to take part in the contest of Parliament for freedom in England. Salmasius had taunted him with being blind, comparing him to the one-eyed monster of heathen fable. "I certainly never supposed," remarks Milton, with a kind of pathetic humor, "that I should have been obliged to enter into a competition for beauty with Cyclops." Salmasius had qualified the comparison by adding of Milton's person that "there could not be a more spare, shrivelled, and bloodless form." In dignified and touching sentences, Milton is thus led to speak of his own looks, saying of his eyes: "So little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will." Shortly after, he refers to the poets, heroes, and sages of old who, like himself, have been afflicted with blindness, and to the consciousness of divine favor, and of a light within, which had attended him. It was the "overshadowing of heavenly wings" that had darkened his vision. Yet he turns from these pathetic, glowing, and beautiful observations, called out by ribald remarks respecting his appearance, to say to Salmasius: "Respecting yours, though I have been informed that it is most insignificant and contemptible, a perfect mirror of the worthlessness of your character and the malevolence of your heart," etc. Of one who had applauded Salmasius in verse, Milton says that he "must have been a miserable judge, and without any feeling of propriety, to lavish such a prodigality of praise on a grammarian; a race of men who have been always thought to act a sort of subordinate and menial part to the bard." A few pages before, he had styled Salmasius a "a grammatical louse, whose only treasure of merit, and hope of fame, consisted in a glossary." With sneers at the occupation of his adversary, Milton connects an apostrophe to the unfortunate verse-maker who had praised him: "Take away, O ass! those panniers of airy nothingness; and speak, if you can, three words that have an affinity to common sense; if it be possible for the tumid pumpkin of your skull to discover anything like the reality of intellect. In the meantime, I abandon the pedagogue to the rods of his scholars." These extracts indicate what an adept Milton was in the rhetoric of abuse. They are interesting chiefly as occurring, like coarse weeds in a bed of roses, in the midst of passages inspired by tender and lofty sentiment.

It is not simply the looks and occupations of their opponents on which angry polemics have delighted to dwell. Even their names have furnished many an occasion for malicious puns and other sorts of disrespect and contempt. Their relatives have not been spared, when there was anything in their family or national

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pedigree to be laid hold of and converted into a missile. It awakens encouragement for the future that the farther back we go the more rough and merciless are the diatribes of authors. Luther has few rivals in the line of unsparing personal denunciation. But the Italian literati of the Renaissance age are excelled by none in the fierce virulence which they carry into quarrels that relate to nothing higher than literary themes. The merciless, filthy tirades of Poggio and his enemies, Filelfo and Valla, are probably unmatched in the voluminous record of literary squabbles. Yet Poggio was an ardent student and explorer for lost manuscripts—so ardent that he bribed monks to steal them.

What course shall be adopted respecting the imputation of unworthy motives in controversial discussion? There is no other rule than that of the Sermon on the Mount; but, as in other relations, it must be interpreted and applied aright. The most pithy comment on the precept, "Judge not," is that of the fine old critic, Bengel: "Sine scientia, amore, necessitate." That is to say, do not judge another unfavorably except from knowledge, good-will, and a call of duty. "Nevertheless," he adds (with a reference to the precept that follows: "give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine"), "canis pro cane, et porcus pro porco est habendus." That is, a dog is to be held to be a dog, and a swine a swine. He might have referred also, against a sweeping literalism of interpretation, to the declaration, "By their fruits, ye shall know them." Still there remains as a great law of conduct, applicable in all human intercourse, the rule to abstain from accusations not supported by evidence, and not required by some paramount obligation.

It need not be said to any reader of the public journals—not to speak of other vehicles of thought and speech—to what extent controversies are degraded by the imputation, on insufficient grounds or occasions, of sinister designs and selfish motives. To justify charges or insinuations of this nature, something more is requisite than suspicion. It is not enough to show that an opinion of an opponent coincides with his interests. That may be, and yet his opinion may be an honest one. It may be that he would hold it if his interests were on the other side. There must be other proofs, circumstances of a more convincing nature, that point to one conclusion, before he can fairly be charged with insincerity. Take, for example, the political debate between Protection and Free-trade. The bare fact that an advocate of Protection is a manufacturer who is personally profited by the tariff, does not excuse the accusation of hypocrisy, or even of unconscious self-deception from the bias of self-interest. He might, perhaps, be a Protectionist if his purse did not plead on that side. An advocate of Free-trade is not to be accused of feeling a stronger sympathy with Great Britain than with his own country, or with not caring for the condition of the laboring class. For it is quite conceivable that his economical theory is held in connection with a cordial patriotism, and that he believes that the laborers would not be harmed if it were framed into a law. Not forgetting, as Bengel says, that "canis pro cane, et porcus pro porco est habendus," we can still affirm that if offensive allegations of a personal sort were eliminated from our current political debates, and attention were concentrated on the arguments *pro* and *con*, we should not only be much nearer a solution of vexed questions, but there would, also, be at the same time an immense gain for good manners and for morality.

To limit denunciation to corrupt character or to the actions that spring from it, would be a restriction without warrant. No doubt the habit of looking on an intellectual error as a moral offence is one of the principal sources of acrimony in discussions. Some men speak and write as if they considered any dissent from their views, which ventures to express itself, as a personal affront, to be visited with signs of resentment. Strong, however, as the temptation is unlawfully to substitute invective for reasoning, in battle with obnoxious doctrine, it must be allowed that abstract principles may be immoral. Their destructive tendency may be manifestly

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connected with their immoral quality. In such cases, wholesome severity may be a duty. The combatant must take a scourge in his hand. There is plenty of scriptural authority for the infliction of this sort of merited chastisement. Here we have a case where no definite lines can be drawn. Circumstances must decide whether justice calls for, and charity permits, the use of caustic speech.

Burke was alarmed at the spread of political doctrine in England which he believed to be false in its foundations and fatal in the consequences which it threatened. Hence he published (in 1790) his "Reflections on the Revolution in France." His attack on the sermon of Dr. Price before the Revolution Society may have been sharpened a little by prior political differences. There can be no question, however, of the sincere abhorrence with which the English orator regarded the doctrines and tendencies of the discourse, which he described as containing "some good moral and religious sentiments, and not ill-expressed, mixed up in a sort of porridge of various political opinions and reflections." Price's comparison of the benefits and the evils of the occurrences in France struck him as inhuman, so acute was his sense of the atrocity of the transactions in Paris. "No theatric audience in Athens," he exclaims, "would bear to see a principal actor, as it were, weighing in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages." Burke's disdain of the persons against whom he writes could not be more emphatically set forth than in the following passage:

"The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." One who approves of Burke's estimate of the revolutionary doctrines will regard with sympathy the condemnation that is heaped on them and the propagators of them. Whoever dissents from this verdict will think his invectives and sarcasms unrighteous. One thing to be remembered is that a philippic, especially if it is overdone, is liable to awaken sympathy with the person against whom it is levelled. It may even serve to advertise writings and to give them an importance not before possessed. Hume, in his autobiography, after speaking of the neglect with which his books were long treated, found at last that they were attracting notice. "Answers"—he humorously remarks—"by reverends and right reverends came out two or three in a year; and I found, by Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company." Of Hurd's attack upon his book on Natural Religion, which had, he tells us, all the bad traits of "the Warburtonian school" of fierce polemics, Hume says: "This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance." Hume was a writer who always reasoned, and never railed, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his arguments. The only proper way to meet him was with the weapons of logic, handled in a cool, dispassionate spirit.

It is not wandering too far from our subject to enter a protest against the disposition of zealous people to set up an outcry of anger and displeasure when ideas at variance, in a marked degree, with their traditional opinions are broached for the first time—opinions brought forward in a sober way, by men engaged in scientific investigation. The effect of such passionate demonstrations, if they have any effect, is to place temporary barriers in the way of the progress of science, and to alienate some minds from religion. It is not pleasing

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to remember the general screech that was raised by the publications of Darwin, followed as it has been by the public declaration of such orthodox divines as Canon Liddon, that his theory of evolution is not incompatible with the essential principles of the Christian system.

As to the right to use ridicule in controversy, there was a curious discussion in which the affirmative was maintained by Shaftesbury and his school, Akenside and Lord Kaimes being on the same side, and Warburton, the most furious critic of his time, taking the opposite. Warburton, who, to be sure, was more at home in coarse defamation than in any exercise of genuine wit or humor, nevertheless tries to make fun of his antagonists while arguing at the same time against the propriety of ridicule. One of the arguments used in this debate on the negative side was the baleful result of the comedies of Aristophanes in tending to procure the death of Socrates. If the question is to be gravely considered, the decision will have to be that no law can be laid down upon the use of satire, burlesque, and other forms of witty or humorous writing, provided they are really directed against something intrinsically absurd, and most effectively shown to be absurd by such methods of exposure. The occasions when ridicule is appropriate, and the bounds within which it ought to be confined, admit of no exact definition. He who is possessed of the capacity to forge and wield a weapon of this character is responsible for the righteous and temperate use of it, as he is for the exercise of other talents. Certainly, to banish it altogether would be to strike out from literature productions that could ill be spared. He must be a rigorous moralist indeed who would commit to the flames the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, that exquisite satire upon a finical, demoralizing casuistry. In the field of oratory, the strongest effects have been produced, and legitimately produced, by the apposite use of ridicule. In Webster's famous reply to Hayne, the picture of that statesman, marching at the head of the local militia, to levy war against the United States, was one of the most telling passages in the speech. The spectacle there depicted, to be sure, does not seem so ridiculous in the light of more recent events; but at that day it seemed ludicrous, and answered its end. It had the merit, moreover, of including in itself a sound argument against an untenable theory of State Rights. While a place rightfully belongs to ridicule in the exposure and overthrow of absurd or sophistical doctrine, it must be, at the same time, remembered that in current debates of all sorts, perhaps no instrument of warfare is more abused by being employed on every occasion, and to excess.

Angry people, like people who are in love, often afford diversion to spectators who do not share in their emotions. Their violent or dulcet tones, as the case may be, draw a smile from the indifferent bystander. One can hardly avoid mingling with regret an amused feeling in witnessing the displays of overheated disputants, from whom we are too far removed to be affected with any profounder sentiment. In the last century, a violent debate sprung up between the Rev. Augustus Toplady, and the renowned Methodist leader, John Wesley. Both were in orders in the Church of England. Toplady wrote the hymn which is sung in all the churches:

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

His diary, not to speak of other evidences, shows that he was sincerely religious, and believed himself, even in his theological combats, to be doing God service. He was a much younger man than Wesley. Wesley, to do him justice, was far less intemperate in his expressions than his opponent. The rancor was chiefly on the side of Toplady. The subject of their long, intermittent conflict was the tenet of predestination, which Toplady loved as much as Wesley hated—a subject which is of universal interest to ingenious minds, and which, if we may credit Milton, was the question discussed in a debating-club of fallen angels in Pandemonium. Toplady printed a Calvinistic treatise of Zanchius in favor of this tenet. Wesley printed an "abridgment" of it, in

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which the most obnoxious features were made to stand out, and which ended thus:

"The sum of all is this: one in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damned, do what they can. Reader, believe this, or be damned. Witness my hand.

"A—— T——"

Wesley had said nothing directly of Toplady more severe than to style him "a bold young man." Of course, neither party would absolve the other from the consequences which were conceived to flow from his system. The holy rage of Toplady found a vent in a printed "Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley." "Blush," he says, "Mr. Wesley, if you are capable of blushing. For once, publicly acknowledge yourself to have acted criminally; 'unless,' to use your own words on another occasion, 'shame and you have shook hands and parted.'" Alluding to Wesley's closing paragraph, the irate author remarks: "In almost any other case, a similar forgery would transmit the criminal to Virginia or Maryland, if not to Tyburn. If such an opponent can be deemed an honest man, where shall we find a knave?" It is curious to find Toplady, in close connection with his red-hot anathemas, dilating at some length on the evils of bigotry! Wesley's Reply was met with a Rejoinder: "More Work for Mr. John Wesley," etc. In the Preface, Toplady tells us that he does not "bear the least ill-will to his person," and that he has kept the following sheets for some weeks "merely with a view of striking out, from time to time, whatever might savor of undue asperity and intemperate warmth." How far he succeeded in this laudable effort at self-restraint may be judged from what he says of "the impudent cavil that predestination makes God the author of sin," and that he (Toplady) ascribes the sin of Judas to God. "Without the least heat or emotion, I plainly say, Mr. Wesley lies." Wesley gave to his old antagonist an occasion for an attack on a different matter. When Dr. Johnson published his tract against the American colonies, "Taxation no Tyranny," Wesley, who had now come to favor the home government, published a brief pamphlet which, though nothing but an abstract of Johnson's, contained no reference to it. It was a strange proceeding, but may have been the result of an understanding with Johnson, who liked Wesley, and found, it would appear, no fault with what he had done. Toplady now appeared with a pamphlet entitled, "An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered, occasioned by what is called Mr. John Wesley's Calm Address to our American Colonies." Toplady, opening with the motto,

"Another Face of Things was seen,
And I became a Tory,"

adopts the style of Scripture:

"Whereunto shall I liken Mr. John Wesley? and with what shall I compare him?

"I will liken him to a low and puny tadpole in divinity, which proudly seeks to disembowel an high and mighty whale in politics.

"For it came to pass, some months since, that Dr. Samuel Johnson set forth an eighteen-penny pamphlet, entitled, Taxation no Tyranny.

"And, some days ago, a Methodist weathercock saluted the public with a two-penny paper (extracted by whole paragraphs together from the aforesaid doctor), ycleped, A calm Address to our American Colonies. The occasion whereof was this:

"There dwelleth, about 99 miles, one furlong, and thirteen inches, from a place called the Foundery — [this was the place where Wesley preached]—in Moorfields (next door to a noted mad-house) a priest, named Vulposo," etc., etc.

For an example of violent controversy, outside of the province of theology, we might recall the protracted war of Hobbes with the scientific professors at Oxford. Hobbes, in his old age, ventured into the field of mathematical discussion. He indulged the belief that he could square the circle. He roused against him Wallis and Ward, the Oxford authorities in this branch, who, besides their hostility to Hobbes's the-

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ology and ethics, snatched the opportunity to avenge an attack which he had made on the system of study pursued in the universities. The contest went on, with several long vacations, for a score of years. The adversaries of Hobbes carried too many guns for the old philosopher, and he was worsted in the combat. The titles of some of the publications indicate its character. Hobbes published, in 1656, his "Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics, one of Geometry, the other of Astronomy, in the University of Oxford." The reply bore the title: "Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School Discipline for not saying his Lessons right." A wrangle between them about the sense of a Greek word dictated the title of another book by Hobbes. This title, or the closing part of it was: "Marks of the Absurd Geometry, Rural Language, Scottish Church Politics, and Barbarisms of John Wallis, Professor of Geometry and Doctor of Divinity." A dispute on abstruse questions in mathematics flowed out into torrents of mutual accusations relating to the part which each had taken in the political changes of the age—a matter where Wallis was more vulnerable than on topics of pure science. "'Tis no argument of your contempt," wrote Hobbes, referring to himself, "to spend upon him so many angry lines as would have furnished you with a dozen of sermons." Hobbes, able man as he was, had waded beyond his depth. At a later day, Wallis humorously wrote: "I am now employed upon another work, as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics. It is, to teach a person dumb and deaf to speak and to understand a language."

These two controversies, one of them theologic and the other scientific, in one of which Wesley, and in the other Hobbes was the conspicuous figure, are presented as specimens from an herbarium, the volumes of which would make a vast library. The way in which, at the present day, we regard such manifestations of polemical spite, may indicate the impression which many current debates will be apt to make in future times, in case the record of them should survive, and curious readers should be found to peruse it.

IN BOHEMIA.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

I came between the glad green hills,
  Whereon the summer sunshine lay,
  And all the world was young that day,
As when the Spring's soft laughter thrills
  The pulses of the waking May:
You were alive; yet scarce I knew
The world was glad, because of you.

I came between the sad green hills,
  Whereon the summer twilight lay,
  And all the world was old that day,
And hoary age forgets the thrills
  That woke the pulses of the May:
And you were dead—how well I knew
The world was sad because of you.

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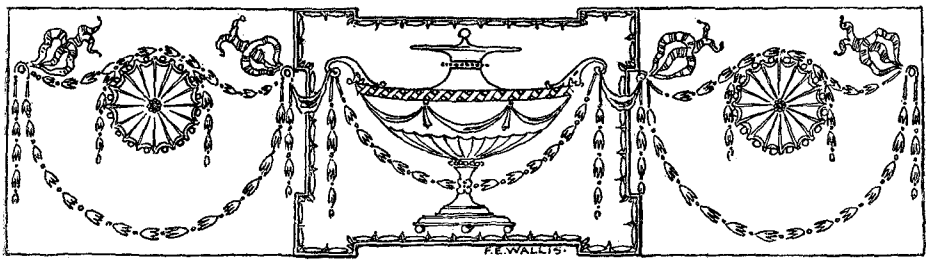

ODD STICKS, AND CERTAIN REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "he was an odd stick."

THE running of the first train over the Eastern Road from Boston to Portsmouth—it took place somewhat more than forty years ago—was attended by a serious accident. The accident occurred in the crowded station at the Portsmouth terminus, and was unobserved at the time. The catastrophe was followed, though not immediately, by death, and that also, curiously enough, was unobserved. Nevertheless, this initial train, freighted with so many hopes and the Directors of the Road, ran over and killed—LOCAL CHARACTER.

Up to that day Portsmouth had been a very secluded little community, and had had the courage of its seclusion. From time to time it had calmly produced an individual built on plans and specifications of its own, without regard to the prejudices and conventionalities of outlying districts. This individual was purely indigenous. He was born in the town, he lived to a good old age in the town, and never went out of the town, until he was finally laid under it. To him, Boston, though only fifty-six miles away, was virtually an unknown quantity—only fifty-six miles by brutal geographical measurement, but thousands of miles distant in effect. In those days, in order to reach Boston you were obliged to take a great yellow clumsy stage-coach, resembling a three-story mud-turtle—if the zoölogist will, for the sake of the simile, tolerate so daring an invention; you were obliged to take it very early in the morning, you dined at noon at Ipswich, and clattered into the great city with the golden dome just as the twilight was falling, provided always the coach had not shed a wheel by the roadside or one of the leaders had not gone lame. To many worthy and well-to-do persons in Portsmouth this journey was an event which occurred only twice or thrice during life. To the typical individual with whom I am for the moment dealing, it never occurred at all. The town was his entire world; he was as parochial as a Parisian; Market Street was his Boulevard des Italiens, and the North End his Bois de Boulogne.

Of course there were varieties of local characters without his limitations: venerable merchants retired from the East India Trade; elderly gentlewomen, with family jewels and personal peculiarities; one or two scholarly recluses in by-gone cut of coat, haunting the Atheneum reading-room; ex-sea captains, with rings on their fingers, like Simon Danz's visitors in Longfellow's poem—men who had played busy parts in the bustling world, and had drifted back to Old Strawberry Bank in the tranquil sunset of their careers. I may say, in passing, that these ancient mariners, after battling with terrific hurricanes and typhoons on every known sea, not infrequently drowned themselves in pleasant weather in small sail-boats on the Piscataqua River. Old sea-dogs who had

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commanded three-thousand-ton ships had naturally slight respect for the potentialities of sail-boats twelve feet long. But there was to be no further increase of these Odd Sticks—if I may call them so, in no irreverent mood—after those innocent looking parallel bars indissolubly linked Portsmouth with the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. All the conditions were to be changed, the old angles to be pared off, new horizons to be regarded. The individual, as an eccentric individual, was to undergo great modifications. If he were not to become extinct—a thing little likely—he was at least to lose his prominence.

However, as I have said, local character, in the sense in which the term is here used, was not instantly killed; it died a lingering death, and passed away so peacefully and silently as not to attract general, or perhaps any, notice. This period of gradual dissolution fell during my boyhood. The last of the cocked-hats had gone out, and the railway had come in, long before my time; but certain bits of color, certain half obsolete customs and scraps of the past were still left over. I was not too late, for example, to catch the last Town Crier—one Nicholas Newman, whom I used to contemplate with awe, and now recall with a sort of affection.

Nicholas Newman—a name for a novel!—was a most estimable person, very short, somewhat bow-legged, and with a bell out of all proportion to his stature. I have never since seen a bell of that size disconnected with a church-steeple. The only thing about him that matched the instrument of his office was his voice. His "Hear All!" still deafens memory's ear. Mr. Newman's duties were to cry auctions, funerals, mislaid children, travelling theatricals, public meetings, and articles lost or found. He was especially strong in announcing the loss of reticules, usually the property of elderly maiden ladies. The unction with which he detailed the several contents, when fully confided to him, would have seemed satirical in another person, but on his part was pure conscientiousness. He would not let so much as a thimble or a piece of wax, or a portable tooth, or any amiable vanity in the way of tonsorial device, escape him. I have heard Mr. Newman spoken of as "that horrid man." He was a picturesque figure. Peace to his *manes!*

Possibly it is because of his bell that I connect the Town Crier with those dolorous sounds which I used to hear rolling out of the steeple of the Old North every night at nine o'clock—the vocal remains of the Colonial curfew. Nicholas Newman has passed on, perhaps crying his losses elsewhere, but this nightly tolling is, I believe, still a custom. I can more satisfactorily explain why I associate with it a vastly different personality, that of Sol Holmes, the barber, for every night at nine o'clock his little shop on Congress Street was in full blast. Many a time at that hour I have flattened my nose on his window-glass. It was a gay little shop (he called it "an Emporium") as barber-shops generally are, decorated with circus-bills, tinted prints, and gaudy fly-catchers of tissue and gold paper. Sol Holmes—whose antecedents to us boys were wrapped in thrilling mystery, we imagined him to have been a prince in his native land—was a colored man, not too dark "for human nature's daily food," and enjoyed marked distinction as one of the few exotics in town. For in those days the foreign element was at its minimum, and we had Home Rule. Holmes was a handsome man, six feet or more in height, and as straight as a pine. He possessed his race's sweet temper, simplicity, and vanity. His martial bearing was a positive factor in the effectiveness of the Portsmouth Greys, whenever those bloodless warriors paraded. As he brought up the rear of the last platoon, with his infantry cap stuck jauntily on the left side of his head and a bright silver cup slung on a belt at his hip, he seemed to youthful eyes one of the most imposing things in the display. To himself he was pretty much "all the company." He used to say, with a drollness which did not strike me until years afterwards, "Boys, I and Cap'n Towle is goin' to trot out 'the Greys' to-morroh." Sol Holmes's tragic end was in singular contrast with his sunny temperament. One night, long ago, he threw himself from the deck of a Sound steamer, somewhere be-

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tween Stonington and New York. What led or drove him to the act never transpired.

There are few men who were boys in Portsmouth at the period of which I write but will remember Wibird Penhallow and his blue wheelbarrow. I find it difficult to describe him other than vaguely, possibly because Wibird had no expression whatever in his countenance. With his vacant white face lifted to the clouds, seemingly oblivious of everything, yet going with a sort of heaven-given instinct straight to his destination, he trundled that rattling wheelbarrow for many a year over Portsmouth cobble-stones. He was so unconscious of his environment that sometimes a small boy would pop into the empty wheelbarrow and secure a ride without Wibird arriving at any very clear knowledge of the fact. His employment in life was to deliver groceries and other merchandise to purchasers. One day he appeared at a kitchen door with a two-gallon molasses jug, the top part of which was wanting. It was no longer a jug, but a tureen. When the recipient of the damaged article remonstrated with, "Good gracious, Wibird! you have broken the jug," his features lighted up and he seemed immensely relieved. "I thought," he remarked, "I heerd somethink crack!"

Wibird Penhallow's heaviest patron was the keeper of a variety-store, and the first specimen of a pessimist I ever encountered. He was an excellent specimen. He took exception to everything. He objected to the telegraph, to the railway, to steam in all its applications. Some of his arguments, I recollect, made a deep impression on my mind. "Now-a-days," he once observed to me, "if your son or your grandfather drops dead at the other end of creation, you know of it in ten minutes. What's the use? Unless you are *anxious* to know he's dead, you've got just two or three weeks more to be miserable in." He scorned the whole business, and was faithful to his scorn. When he received a telegram, which was rarely, he made a point of keeping it a while unopened. Through the exercise of this whim he once missed an opportunity of buying certain goods to great advantage. "There!" he exclaimed, "if the telegraph hadn't been invented the idiot would have written to me, and I'd have sent a letter by return coach, and got the goods before he found out prices had gone up in Chicago. If that boy brings me another of those tape-worm telegraphs I'll throw an axe-handle at him." His pessimism extended up, or down, to generally recognized canons of orthography. They were all iniquitous. If k-n-i-f-e spelled knife, then, he contended, k-n-i-f-e-s was the plural. Diverting tags, written by his own hand in conformity with this theory, were always attached to articles in his shop-window. He is long since *ded*, as he himself would have put it, but his phonetic theory appears to have survived him in crankish brains here and there. As my discouraging old friend was not exactly a public character, like the Town Crier or Wibird Penhallow, I have intentionally thrown a thin veil over his identity. I have, so to speak, dropped into his pouch a grain of that magical fern-seed* which was supposed by our English ancestors, in Elizabeth's reign, to possess the quality of rendering a man indistinct.

Another person who singularly interested me at this epoch was a person with whom I had never exchanged a word, whose voice I had never heard, but whose face was as familiar to me as every day could make it. For each morning as I went to school and each afternoon as I returned, I saw this face peering out of a window in the second story of a shambling yellow house situated in Washington Street, not far from the corner of State. Whether some malign disease had fixed him to the chair he sat on, or whether he had lost the use of his legs, or, possibly, had none (the upper part of him was that of a man in admirable health), presented a problem which, with that curious *insouciance* of youth, I made no attempt to solve. It was an established fact, however, that he never went out of that house. I cannot vouch so confidently for the cob-webby legend which wove itself about him. It was to this effect: He had formerly been the master of a large mer-

* "We have the receipt of fern-seed," says Gadshill, in the First Part of Henry IV., "we walk invisible."

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chantman running between New York and Calcutta; while still in his prime he had abruptly retired from the sea, and seated himself at that window—where the outlook must have been the reverse of exhilarating, for not ten persons passed in the course of the day, and the jingle of the hurried bells on Parry's bakery-cart was the only sound that ever shattered the silence. Whether it was an amatory or a financial disappointment that turned him into a hermit was left to ingenious conjecture. But there he sat, year in and year out, with his cheek so close to the window that the nearest pane became permanently blurred; for after his demise the blur remained.

In this Arcadian era it was possible, in provincial places, for an undertaker to assume the dimensions of a personage. There was a sexton in Portsmouth, his name escapes me, but his attributes do not, whose impressiveness made him own brother to the massive architecture of the Stone Church. On every solemn occasion he was the striking figure, even to the eclipsing of the involuntary object of the ceremony. His occasions, happily, were not exclusively solemn: he added to his other public services that of furnishing ice-cream for evening-parties. I always thought, perhaps it was the working of an unchastened imagination, that he managed to throw into his ice-creams a peculiar chill not attained by either Dunyon or Peduzzi—*arcades ambo*—the rival confectioners.

Perhaps I should not say rival, for Mr. Dunyon kept a species of restaurant, and Mr. Peduzzi limited himself to preparing confections to be discussed elsewhere than on his premises. Both gentlemen achieved great popularity in their respective lines, but neither offered to the juvenile population quite the charm of those prim, white-capped old ladies who presided over certain snuffy little shops, occurring unexpectedly in silent side-streets where the footfall of commerce seemed an incongruous thing. These shops were never intended in nature. They had an impromptu and abnormal air about them. I do not recall one that was not located in a private residence and was not evidently the despairing expedient of some pathetic financial crisis, similar to that which overtook Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon in The House of the Seven Gables. The horizontally divided street door—the upper section left open in summer—ushered you, with a sudden jangle of bell that turned your heart over, into a strictly private hall haunted by the delayed aroma of thousands of family dinners. Thence, through another door, you passed into what had formerly been the front-parlor, but was now a shop, with a narrow brown wooden counter, and several rows of little drawers built up against the picture-papered wall behind it. Through much use the paint on these drawers was worn off in circles round the polished brass knobs. Here was stored almost every small article required by humanity, from an inflamed emery cushion to a peppermint Gibraltar—the latter a kind of adamantine confectionery which, when I reflect upon it, raises in me the wonder that any Portsmouth boy or girl ever reached the age of fifteen with a single tooth left unbroken. The proprietors of these little nick-nack establishments were the nicest creatures, somehow suggesting venerable doves. They were always aged ladies, sometimes spinsters, sometimes relicts of daring mariners, beached long before. They always wore crisp muslin caps and steel-rimmed spectacles; they were not always amiable, and no wonder, for even doves may have their rheumatism; but such as they were, they were cherished in young hearts, and are, I take it, impossible to-day.

When I look back to Portsmouth as I knew it, it occurs to me that it must have been in some respects unique among New England towns. There were, for instance, no really poor people in the place; everyone had some sufficient calling or an income to render it unnecessary; vagrants and paupers were instantly snapped up and provided for at "the Farm." There was, however, in a gambrel-roofed house here and there, a decayed old gentlewoman, occupying a scrupulously neat room with just a suspicion of maccoboy snuff in the air, who had her meals sent in to her by the neighborhood—as a matter of course, and involving no sense of dependency on her side. It is wonderful

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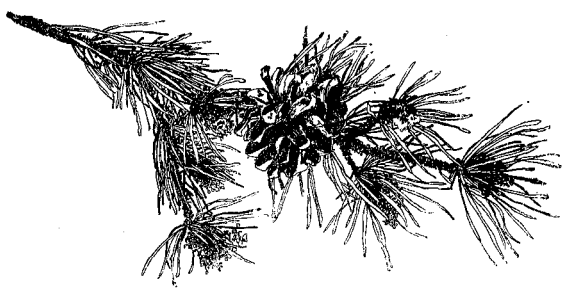
what an extension of life is given to an old gentlewoman in this condition!

I would like to write about several of those ancient Dames, as they were affectionately called, and to materialize others of the shadows that stir in my recollection. But the two or three I have limned, inadequately, but I trust not ungently, must serve. The temptation to deal with some of the queer characters that flourished in this seaport just previous to the Revolution, is very strong. I could set in motion an almost endless procession; but this would be to go outside the lines of my purpose, which is simply to indicate one of the various sorts of changes that have come over the *vie intime* of formerly secluded places like Portsmouth—the obliteration of odd personalities, or, if not the obliteration, the disregard of them. Everywhere in New England the impress of the past is fading out. The few old-fashioned men and women—quaint, shrewd, and racy of the soil—who linger in pleasant mouse-colored old homesteads strung along the New England roads and by-ways, will shortly cease to exist as a class, except in the record of some such charming chronicler as Sarah Jewett, on whose sympathetic page they have already taken to themselves a remote air, an atmosphere of long-kept lavender and pennyroyal.

Peculiarity in any kind requires encouragement in order to reach flower. The increased facilities of communication between points once isolated, the interchange of customs and modes of thought make this encouragement more and more difficult each decade. The naturally inclined eccentric finds his sharp outlines rubbed off by unavoidable contact with a larger world than owns him. Insensibly he lends himself to the shaping hand of new ideas. He gets his reversible cuffs and paper-collars from Cambridge, the scarabæus in his scarf-pin from Mexico, and his ulster from everywhere. He has passed out of the chrysalis state of Odd Stick; he has ceased to be parochial; he is no longer distinct; he is simply the Average Man.



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WALTER SCOTT.

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